May 5, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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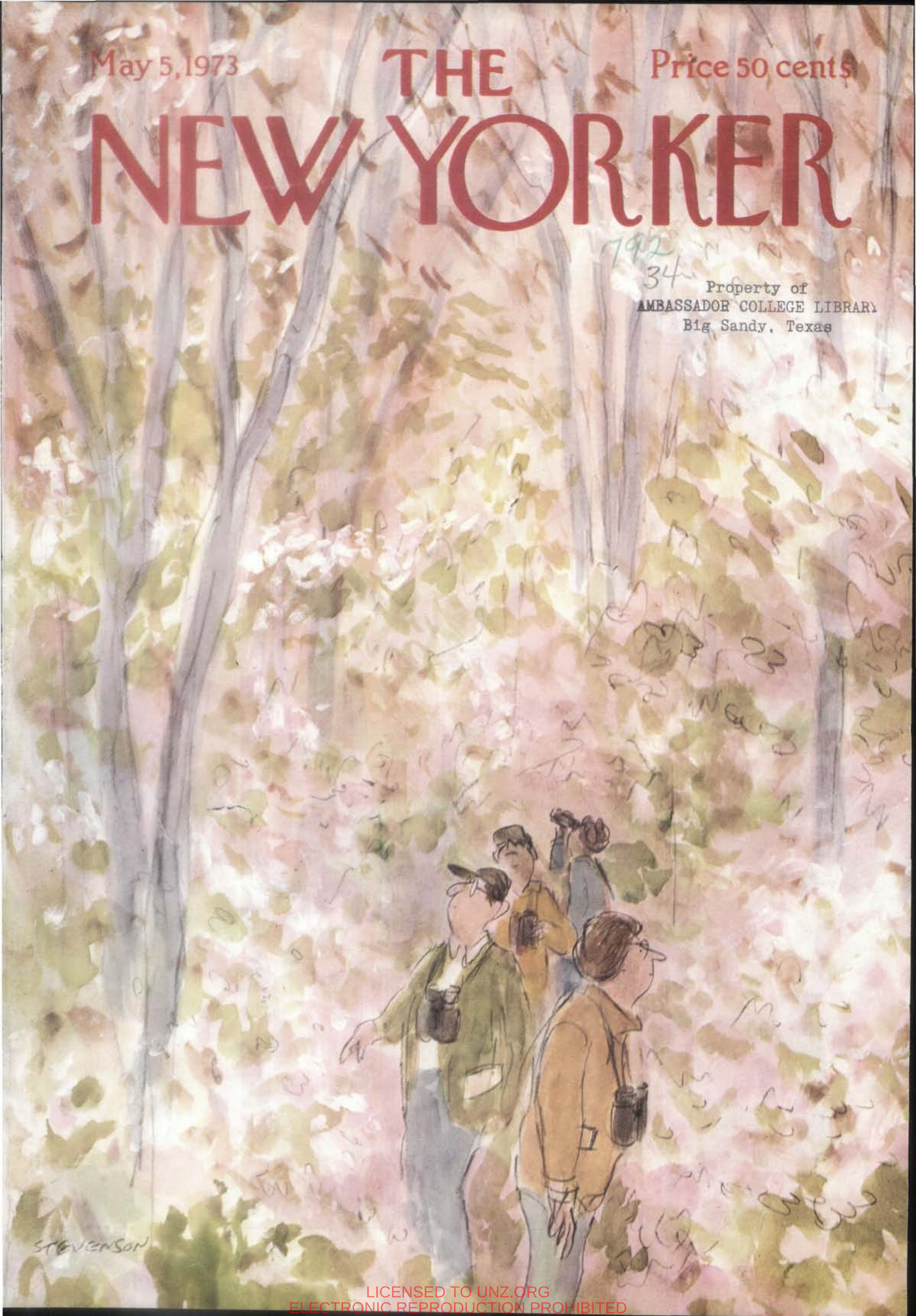

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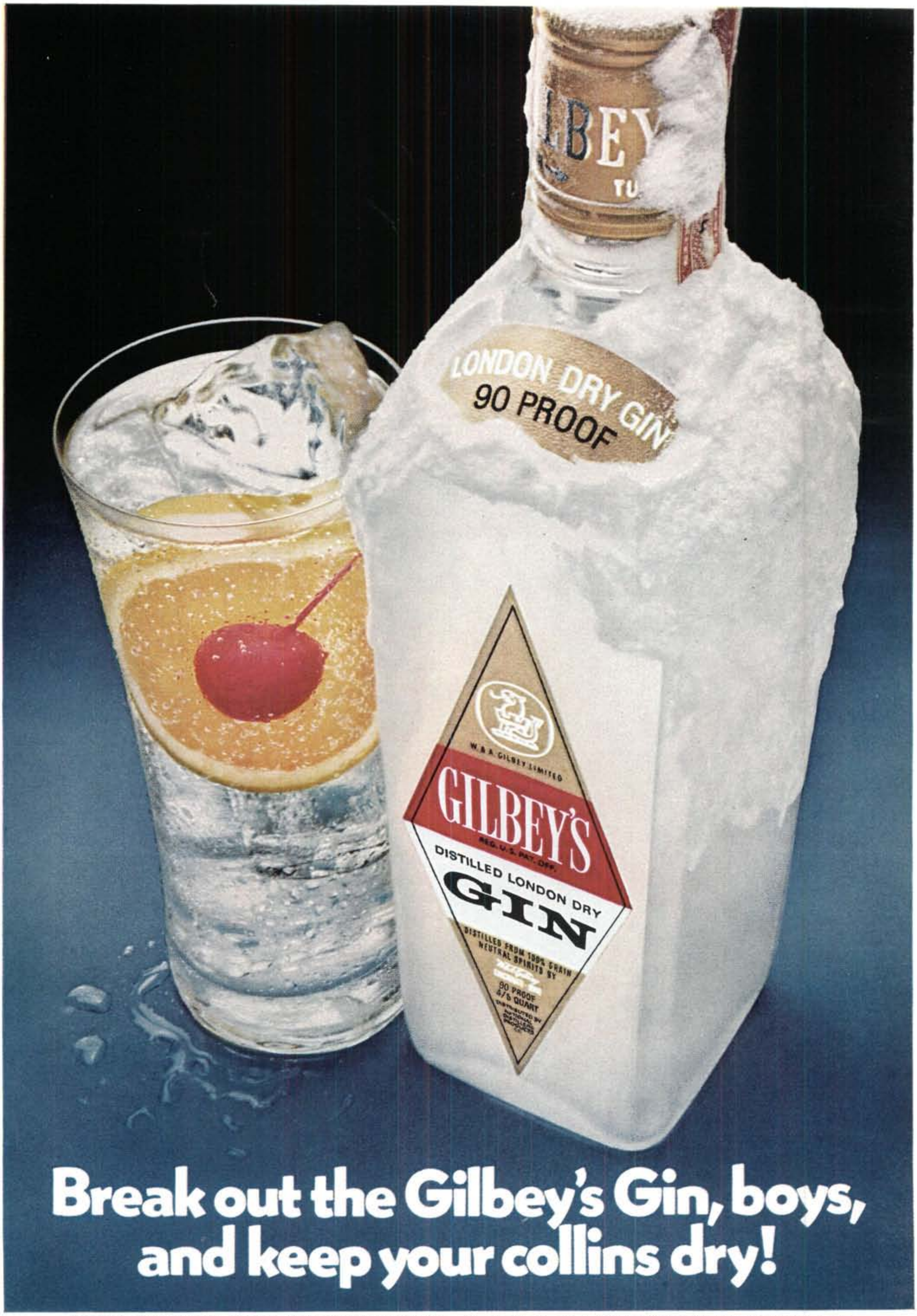
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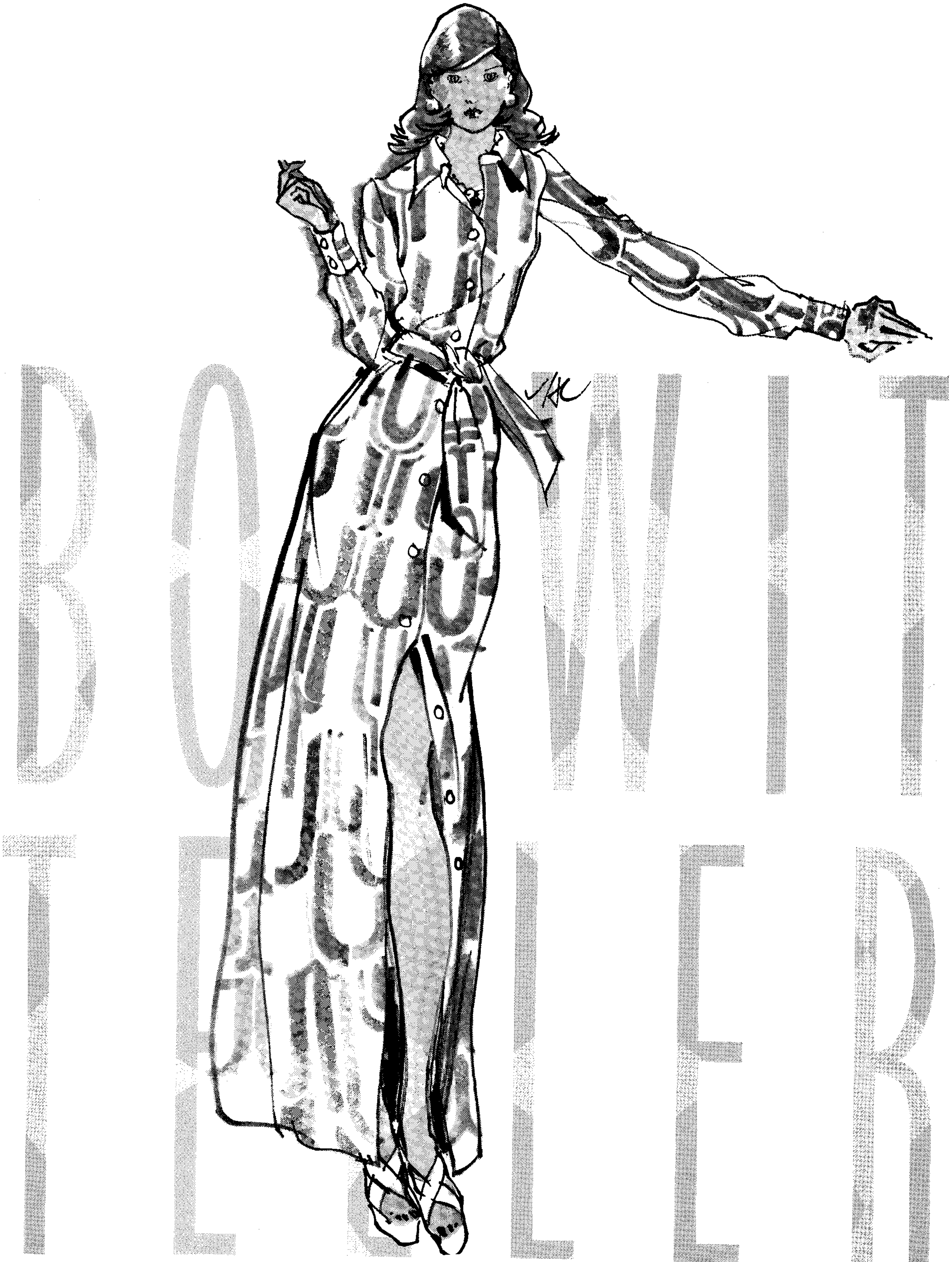

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alpha Beta—Laurence Luckinbill and Kathryn Walker in a two-character play by E. A. Whitehead, imported from London. Preview Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3, at 7. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Changing Room—Semi-pro Rugby in the North of England is plainly a tough game. David Storey tells us what the players say before, during, and after the game, as they horse around in their chilly locker room, but we never get to know them. Admirably acted by a large cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Crystal and Fox—Rue McClanahan and Will Hare in a play by Brian Friel. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dr. Hero—A workshop production of a play by Israel Horovitz that is itself in the works. Much of the first act is nonvintage Horovitz, but there are some lively scenes in the second. Through it all, we follow the progress, from birth to death, of someone who aspires to be the World's Greatest Man. Edward Berkeley directed. (Shade Company, 230 Canal St. 431-3479. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **riverwind**, a musical by John Jennings, will be the final production in this season's series. Opens Thursday, May 3, and will run through Sunday, May 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. GR 7-0351. Fridays through Mondays at 8:30. Closes Monday, May 7.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—Final performances of "Video Free America," a closed-circuit underground video documentary soap opera, created by Arthur Ginsberg. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday, May 2-5, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 6, at 3 and 7:30.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: **alice in wonderland**, at the N.Y.U. Theatre, Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 6, and Wednesday through Friday, May 9-11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Beckett's **endgame**, at the Normandy Theatre, Saturday, May 12, at 7:15, and final performance Sunday, May 13, at

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DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Robert Weber, Frank Modell, Edward Koren, George Price, George Booth, Eldon Dedini, Warren Miller, Charles Saxon, Robert Day, Lee Lorenz, Peter Porges, William Steig, Charles Barsotti, John Corcoran, Henry Martin, William Von Riegen*

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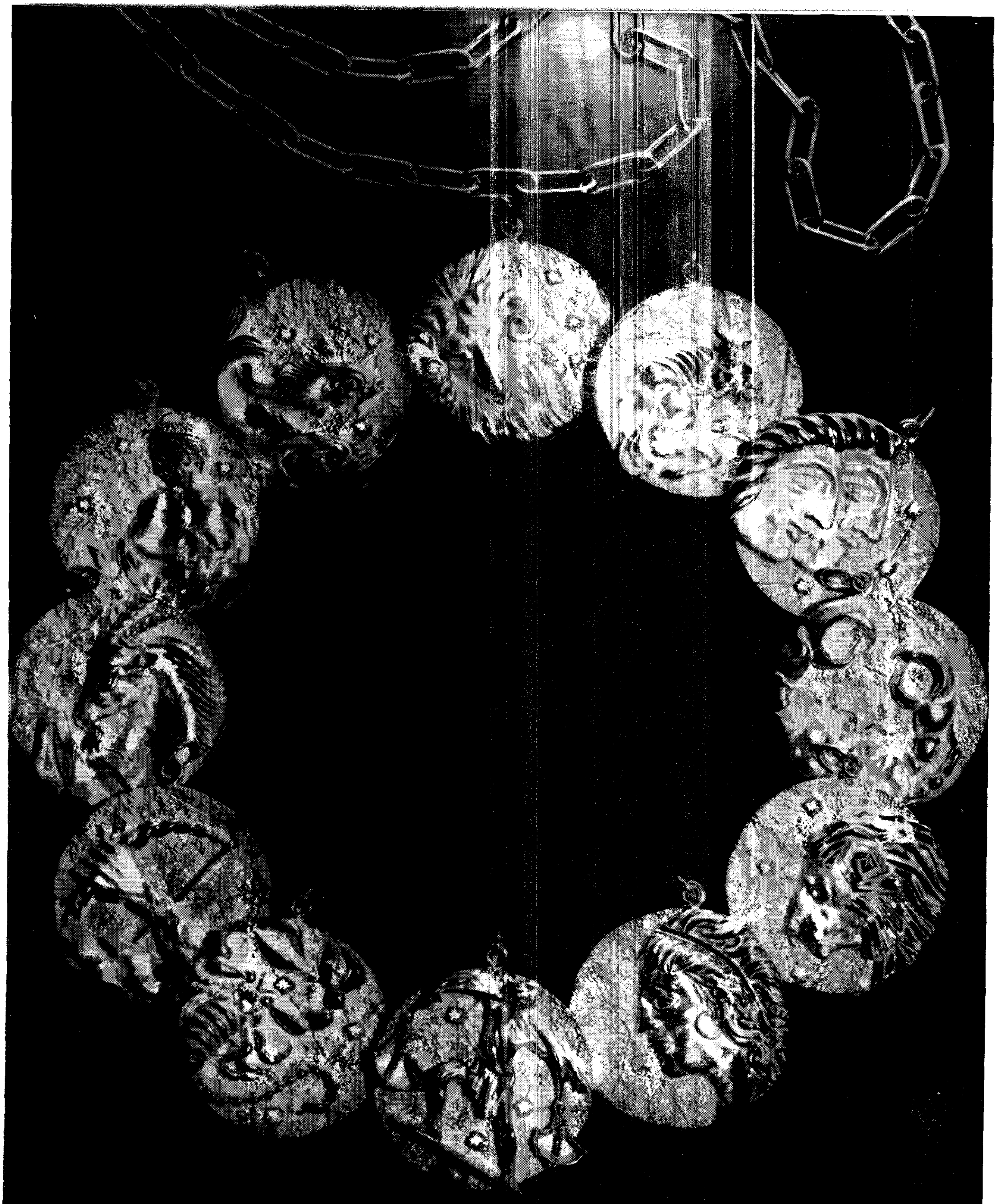

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. (111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Orphan—David Rabe's attempt to apply the myth of the Oresteia to certain contemporary events, among them our fighting in Vietnam and the Manson murders, is not entirely successful or convincing. Nevertheless, his play, for all its strain and distracting complexity, has some fine theatrical moments, and it is much better written than many plays that do work. The performance, under the direction of Jeff Bleckner, is first-rate. With John Harkins, Mariclare Costello, W. B. Brydon, Laurie Heineman, and Tom Aldredge, among other good actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation of 1926. Last seen Off Broadway nine weeks ago; now opening at the Bijou, 45th St., W., 757-8455, on Monday, May 7, at 7; previews through Saturday, May 5. Performances nightly, except Sundays, at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; starting Tuesday, May 8, curtain time will be 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 9, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and Ken Howard, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 19.)

Spoon River Anthology—A revival of Charles Aidman's adaptation of Edgar Lee Masters' book. With Robert Elston. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Sunshine Boys—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays and also Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

Whiskey—This play about a boozy television cowboy troupe is Terrence McNally's best and funniest comedy so far, and it is given a first-rate production under Kevin O'Connor's direction. The five good actors are (alphabetically speaking) Susan Browning, Beeson Caroll, Charlotte Rae, Tom Rosqui, and Michael Sacks. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

The Women—A nasty, ill-written comedy of the thirties, which little deserves to be remembered, much less revived. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,414 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 9, at 2.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** George Rose and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 2, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Duo Concertant," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." ...¶ Thursday, May 3, at 8: "Agon" and "The Goldberg Variations."...¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon."...¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in Three Movements."...¶ Sunday, May 6, at 1: "Jewels."...¶ Sunday, May 6, at 7: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Orpheus," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 8: "Dumbarton Oaks," "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Deux," and "Agon."...¶ Wednesday, May 9, at 8: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon."...

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Thursday, May 10, at 8: "Watermill," "In the Night," and "Episodes."... ¶ Friday, May 11, at 8: "Watermill," "Concerto Barocco," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 12, at 8: "Watermill," *divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée,"* and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinées), in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday, May 2: "La Sylphide," "Fandango," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 8-13: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, May 2: "El Penitente," "Mendicants of Evening" (première), and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Cave of the Heart," "Myth of a Voyage" (premèrie), and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Secular Games," "Mendicants of Evening," and "Seraphic Dialogue."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Secular Games," "Myth of a Voyage," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "El Penitente," "Cave of the Heart," and "Myth of a Voyage."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Mendicants of Evening," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Mendicants of Evening," and "Cave of the Heart."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Secular Games," "Myth of a Voyage," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Seraphic Dialogue," "El Penitente," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Diversion of Angels," "Cave of the Heart," and "Myth of a Voyage." (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 27—Tuesday evening, May 8: "Streams," "Myth," "Cry," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 9: "Blues Suite," "Streams," and "Revelations.". . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Myth," "Love Songs," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Blues Suite," "Clear Songs After Rain," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Streams," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Blues Suite," "Clear Songs After Rain," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Tōpéng Dance Theatre of Bali—Three dancers and eight gamelan musicians, in a benefit performance. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8. For tickets, call 228-5307.)

Midi Garth Dance Theatre—"Images of Our Time," "Time and Memory," "Anonymous," and "Prelude to Flight." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The annual spectacle of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of basketball playoffs, both performances on Sunday, May 6, and the evening performance on Tuesday, May 8, will be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 28.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—A seagoing squire, to judge by the nautical oddments about. John Foster, a pianist with funk and forward-looking ideas, directs a trio Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. The notable sax of Ernie Wilkins will join the group on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5. No music Sundays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

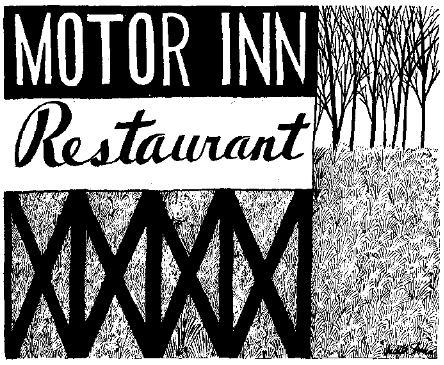
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks border three sides of a small stage occupied by the Ace Trucking Company, an improvisational comedy troupe; through Monday, May 7. On Wednesday, May 9, the great Chicago-blues harmonica player James Cotton will arrive with his band. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue Notes and black-eyed peas. A trio backs up the bass of Sam Jones on Wednesday, May 2, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8-9. Junior Mance, a pianist given to tremolos of blue notes, will lead his trio Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6. Another trio, this one belonging to pianist Barry Miles, comes in on Thursday, May 10. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A good-natured dining establishment, with a convivial bar and some interesting canvases on the walls. The tasteful, inventive guitar work of Joe Beck will be accompanied by a bassist through Saturday, May 5, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, Bill Rubenstein is at the piano between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, as are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and it is just one of those things, the way the crowd loves Bobby and Bobby loves the crowd, and everything is wry—but not acerbly so—in this little piece of the world which hardly ever changes. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, one of the great ones, departs with her bassist, Milton Suggs, after Wednesday, May 2, leaving the central area of this restaurant to another echo from the past, the singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. The trio will remain through June 30, playing Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, Roland Hanna is at the piano. Dining in relaxed surroundings.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Folk singer Carolyn Hester alternates with singer Steve Grossman through Saturday, May 5. Folk group Breakfast Special and folk singer Ellen Warshaw will be added to the folk population on Tuesday, May 8. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 6, they will play an all-Stephen Sondheim program from five to eight, before their regular session. Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Saxophonist James Moody's quartet and the singing duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss trade sets through Saturday, May 5. Beginning Monday, May 7, the quartet of the mellow tenor-saxophonist Stan Getz and the trio of pianist Monty Alexander will share the stage. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between eight and two, a big band under the leadership of Dick Cone and Leo Ball makes big sounds.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. Pianist-organist and composer-arranger Doug Carn leads a quintet that features vocalist Jean Carn through Sunday, May 6. Wily trumpeter Clark Terry has a fine time mugging, mumbling, and squeaking with his quintet from Tuesday, May 8. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by saxophonist Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Mondays, pianist and vocalist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the Mezzanine, the revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?"

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Liam Clancy, who sings from his collection of Irish folk tunes Tuesdays through Sundays, will start sharing the bill with folk singer Patrick Sky on Tuesday, May 8. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys, a country-music group flavored with regional ethnicity, and British singer and ex-Zombie Colin Blunstone will be here through Monday, May 7. Doc Holliday, a rock band, commandeers the sound system beginning Wednesday, May 9. The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folkies and rockers. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows from nine each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. The harp, piano, and voice of Corky Hale are rounded out by her drummer, guitarist, and bassist Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, from nine to midnight, a Dixieland band entertains. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Pianist Kenny Barron's trio performs Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, followed by the trio of Junior Mance Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12. Music from ten until three except Sundays and Mondays, when guitarist Melvin Sparks heads a trio from nine to two. No live performers Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Bob Brown sings and plays piano with bassist Jack Gregg Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret of unimpeachable demeanor. Novella Nelson sings through Saturday, May 5, and singer Teri Thorton will take the stage on Tuesday, May 8. Permanent members of the crew are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Benskin is present from seven-thirty to one. Daniels and the other entertainers appear at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. In addition, through Saturday, May 5, cocktail concerts are offered from five-forty-five to seven-thirty: on Wednesday, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet plays classical music, and Thursday through Saturday, singer-composer Kathe Green accompanies herself at the piano. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sam's Jazz Upstairs, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—This well-lit, wood-panelled, and checkered-tableclothed large square room has become a stronghold for noteworthy jazz. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two. Dancing and supper.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli produces pleasant sounds for solos and for accompanying singer Marlene VerPlanck. Also on the premises is pianist Charlie Cochran and his bassist, Ernie Furtado. On Mondays, new talent. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters will be occupied by guitarist Mark Elf's trio Friday and Saturday, May 4-5. Music from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six and eight Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, and will leave after Sunday, May 6, when she appears at four-thirty and six-thirty.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Bassist Charles Mingus is presenting his quintet Tuesdays through Sundays beginning at nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Less austere but just as rigorous are drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, who will be sequestered here nightly from ten. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman joins the proceedings. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Only authentic artifacts in this museum. Saxophonist Rahsaan Roland Kirk guides his quintet through Sunday, May 6. Roy Haynes, a drummer whose style may change with the times but whose prowess remains constant, will descend the staircase with his quintet on Tuesday, May 8. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, with Dee Dee Bridgewater singing. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)— A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at ten-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Also, singer John C. Attle performs at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** trombonist Urbie Green is heading a dance band, for which his wife Kathy Green does the vocals. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio alternates with the Greens; Mondays, the Roger Steele trio fills the interludes, and Sundays, it plays alone. Music from seven-thirty weekdays, from five-thirty on Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of dancers are taking turns with Cuban singer Blanca Rosa Gil. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 9, is the final night for Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes and comic Sal Richards. Next evening brings on the Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose, who do rhythm and blues, and pop singer Natalie Cole (daughter of Nat King Cole). Shows at eight-fifteen, eleven-thirty, and one-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Horace Diaz's orchestra and a soft-rock band called Boogie from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, May 5, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's trio will prevail Sunday through Saturday, May 6-12.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singers Daniel and Dimitri have the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the rooftops of Manhattan, Julie Wilson will be the nightingale at dinner and supper through Saturday, May 5. The establishment reopens on Monday, May 7, to admit Raphael, a singer from Spain. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is setting forth soprano interludes by Nina Van Pallandt at dinner and supper. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays.

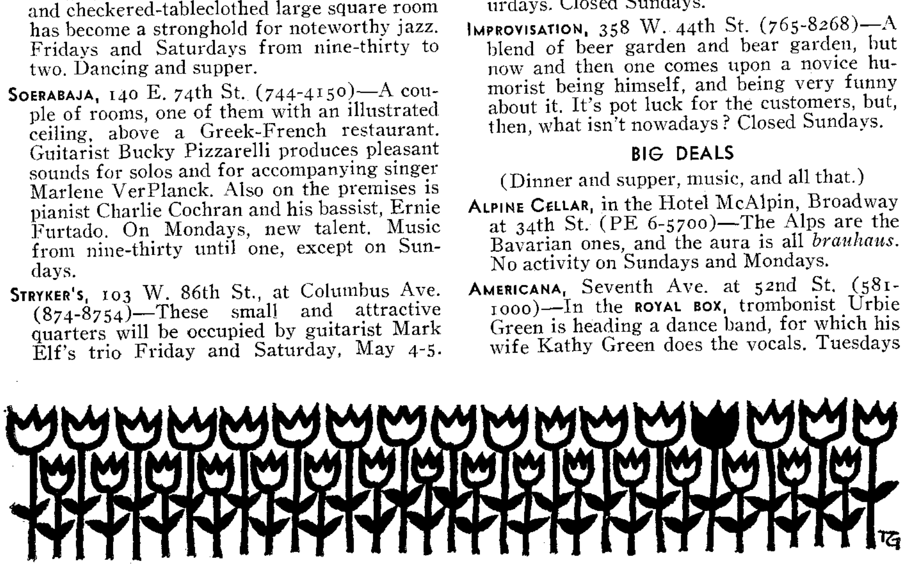
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** will reopen on Tuesday, May 8, with the Lettermen, a cheery choral crew, as the dinner and supper fare. The Charles Turecamo band will provide the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revivalist musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek Revivalist meet-



L'HEURE BLEUE-1912

MITSOUKO-1921

SHALIMAR-1925

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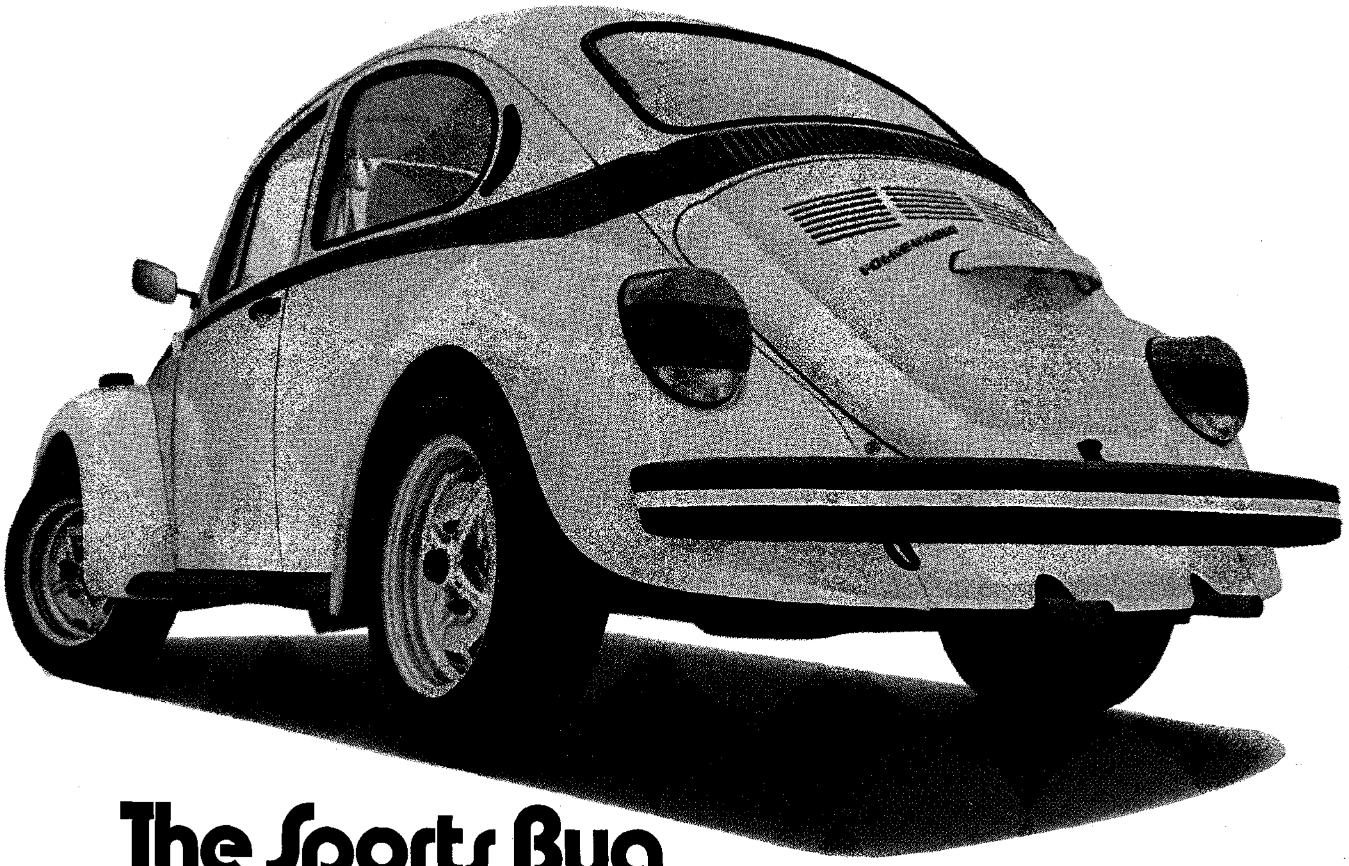

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Special high-gloss paint job. In Saturn Yellow. Or Marathon Silver Metallic.

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We built only a limited number of our special-edition Sports Bug.

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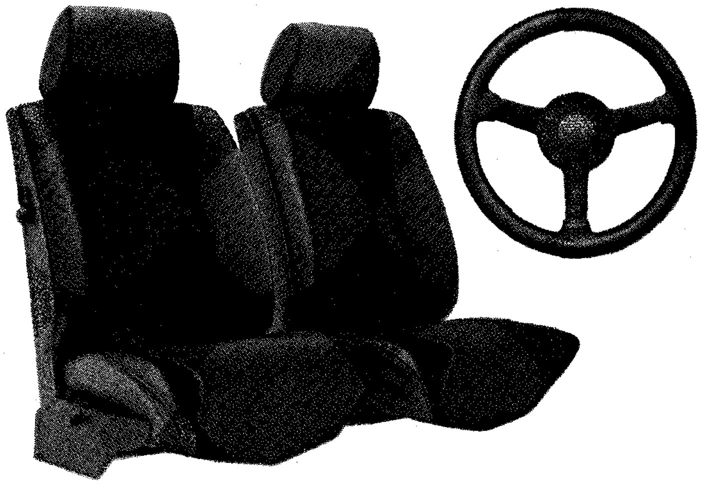

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ing, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome is on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): A collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A busy bar and tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri sings from atop the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's mod concept of Imperial Rome. Songs and guitar from Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): No rush, no fuss. Piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette is the current pianist in this aged Village bar. His hours are eight to two every night but Monday and Tuesday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. Piano by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, pride of Western Australia, is at the piano from four-thirty to ten-thirty. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Sunday and Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, if not the view over the Park, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, some tiny, some very large, in bronze and terra-cotta, also plaster bas-reliefs and drawings; through May 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BENNY ANDREWS—A large, socially conscious painting, plus studies for it, by a black artist; through Saturday, May 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL BAXTE (1890-1972)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by this School of Paris artist who worked in New York and abroad; through May 14. (Glezer, 870 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays.)

GISELA BEKER—Geometrical abstractions by a German descendant of the Bauhaus; starting Tuesday, May 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JUDITH BERNSTEIN / ROSEMARY MAYER—Large charcoal drawings of screws by a self-conscious feminist. / Fabric works from ceiling to floor. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through May 16. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Semi-abstract landscapes by this Woodstock artist; through May 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM BOUTIS—Painted-cardboard columns, wood reliefs, painted boxes, and Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Friday, May 11. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID LEE BROWN—Abstract steel sculptures; through May 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—Abstractions stressing color and light; through Saturday, May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through May 19. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRYSSA—Constructions and sculptures in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, May 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARROLL CLOAR—Not-quite-naïve works by an artist who lives in Memphis and paints mostly scenes of his Arkansas childhood; through Saturday, May 5. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

ALAN COTE—Large paintings consisting of bars of color; starting Saturday, May 5. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN CRILE—Paintings of patterned carpets; through May 17. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANNE DARBOVEN—Abstract pen drawings by a conceptualist; through May 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

VESTIE DAVIS—Paintings of Brooklyn and Coney Island by a seventy-year-old naïf; first one-man show here. Through May 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY DEBLASI—Lyrical abstractions; through Thursday, May 10. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DECHAR—Large paintings of outsize pears; through May 26. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Polyester figures representing the theme of "The Devouring Mothers;" through Tuesday, May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARK DI SUVERO—Drawings by this sculptor known for his huge works in wood and steel; through June 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LAMAR DODD—Abstract landscapes by an older-generation American painter; through Saturday, May 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JUDITH DOLNICK / RICHARD BOGART—Abstract paintings. / Romantic landscapes. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Through May 19. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau to be presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; starting Saturday, May 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD FLEISCHNER—Pewter and bronze sculptures, somewhat surreal; through Saturday, May 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON / ROLAND TOPOR—Color drawings of cityscapes with figures. / Realistic figure drawings that aim at black humor. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Through Saturday, May 12. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD FRIEDBERG—Works in many mediums—sand, wood, metal, and string, e.g.—with some resemblance to Kandinsky; starting Saturday, May 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Abstract cast-bronze sculptures; through May 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WERNER GROSHANS—Portraits, still-lifes, and rather surreal landscapes by a member of the National Academy; through May 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT HASELTINE—Thirty-three bronze and marble works by a well-known sculptor of championship horses; through May 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALLEN HERMES—Realistic figurative bronzes; through May 15. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Early ink drawings; through May 19. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

DARRYL HUGHTO—Abstract paintings based on the spiral; through May 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER JEMISON—Paintings of abstracted natural forms, plus ceramic masks, by an American Indian; through May 26. (American Art, 133 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MORTON KAISH—Paintings of nude couples; through Saturday, May 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE KRASNER—Recent paintings by this Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, May 12. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings featuring the V shape by this artist who has experimented in many modes; through May 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLOTTE LICHTBLAU / SY GRESSER—Expressionist paintings in varying degrees of abstraction. / Stone and wood sculptures. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Through May 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Sculptures done since 1962; through Saturday, May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ELEANOR LOCKSPEISER—Abstract paintings with ground eggshells in some; through Saturday, May 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

RON LUSKER—Paintings related to Abstract Expressionism; through May 17. (Artist House, 131 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY MARINSKY / ALLEN SAALBURG—Bronze sculptures representing everyday life in an Italian village. / Paintings of Americana. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Through Saturday, May 5.)

MARISOL—Sculptures of giant wooden fish, highly lacquered; starting Thursday, May 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Colored Plexiglas rectangular shapes by a West Coast Minimalist; starting Saturday, May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES OLITSKI—Spray paintings with a one-color central field; starting Saturday, May 5. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St.)

TOMMY PALMORE—Nudes and animals in unusual settings; through Saturday, May 12. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—A charcoal drawing on view here entitled "Yvonne" shows a reclining half-nude with an arm crooked over her head, viewed from a grotesque, almost gynecological angle. Her tense, sad face and relaxed, disregarded body are among the triumphs of modern figure drawing, and typify the achievement of this artist, who was born in Bucharest in 1885 as Julius Mordecai Pincas (of which Pascin, adopted in 1905, is an anagram) and hanged himself in Paris at the age of forty-five. The exhibition includes paintings (produced with thinned oil paint, so that they have the quality of watercolors) and drawings (made in Paris, Cuba, and New York, and representing various stages of the artist's development), and all are dominated by Pascin's quick, free, nervously energetic line, which resonates with the grief and weariness of German Expressionism. A paperback book of a hundred and nine of Pascin's drawings, with a fine introductory essay by Alfred Werner (Dover), has been thoughtfully put on sale at the gallery. Through May 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Massimo Pierucci—Whimsical sculptures, some with moving parts; through May 19. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Antoine Poncet—Sculptures in marble and bronze by an artist who worked with Arp; through May 19. (Modern Master Tapestries, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alan Price—Realistic paintings of Long Island sea and shore scenes, also lithographs by Stow Wengenroth; starting Tuesday, May 8. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Gloria Greenberg—India-ink gouaches on unstretched folded canvas. / Highly colored abstractions. (55 Mercer Street. Through Wednesday, May 9. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Phillip Schreibman—Palette-knife applications of heavy bars of color; starting Tuesday, May 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

David Smyth—A steel-and-concrete sculpture that occupies the entire gallery; through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Julian Stanczak / Fritz Bultman—Paintings in which color is organized in relation to a grid pattern. / Abstract bronzes with suggestions of figurative elements. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Through May 19. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Suttman—Sculptures in bronze and bas-reliefs containing elements of still-life, figures, and architectural shapes; starting Tuesday, May 8. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

William T. Wiley—About forty works, consisting of constructions, paintings, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs, by a West Coast artist identified with "Funk" art, a style related to Dada and Surrealism; starting Saturday, May 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

John Willenbecher—Constructions based on a labyrinth of ladders and spheres; starting Tuesday, May 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Paintings and drawings of people, objects, and interiors; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ellen Wolff—Abstract paintings built up with various substances to resemble ancient carvings; through Saturday, May 12. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and wall hangings on the theme of letters of the alphabet and numbers; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the Vienna school of "Fantastic Realism;" through Friday, May 11. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bauermeister, Mallory, Brusca, and others; starting Tuesday, May 8. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Modern masterpieces from the Hermitage State Museum in Leningrad and the Pushkin Museum in Moscow, just exhibited at the National Gallery in Washington; starting Thursday, May 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. Closed Thursday, May 3, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8-9, at 6. Admission is $2.) . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: "Protest" art by nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Peter Saul, Benny Andrews, Sylvia Sleigh, George Segal, Lester Johnson, and June Leaf; through May 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Peirce, Etnier, and others; through May 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Realist paintings by Ralph Goings, romantic-realist landscapes by Stephen Woodburn, and small paintings by Richard Pettibone; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The third international benefit exhibit of works by "young artists" from about fifty countries; starting Friday, May 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and ceramics by nine women of this artists' housing project; starting Friday, May 4. (Fridays, 6 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Collages, constructions, and shaped and rectangular canvases by three women artists; through Friday, May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: American women print-makers of the thirties and forties, among them Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Angna Enters, Marion Greenwood, and Clare Leighton; through May 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy-five flower paintings by masters of the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries, among them van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Redon, Prendergast, and Demuth; through Saturday, May 5.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Cecil Beaton—Black-and-white portraits made between 1922 and 1932 of literary figures, movie stars, and beautiful girls, including *the Sitwells, Daphne du Maurier*, Tallulah Bankhead, Johnny Weismuller, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, John Wayne, and the photographer's sister Baba; through Saturday, May 12. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Imogen Cunningham—Two retrospectives, which overlap in some instances, but are not identical, of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety this month. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through May 13. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Through July 1. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Walker Evans—Robert Frost wrote of metaphor as "saying one thing and meaning another, saying one thing in terms of another, the pleasure of ulteriority," and throughout this exhibition—which includes three early pictures of details of the Coney Island roller-coaster, a number of the famous sharecropper interiors and portraits of the thirties, and a landscape taken last month—ulteriority dominates and makes other people's overtly reproachful photographs of the other America seem weak and inconsequential in contrast. Evans organizes his photographs around the handsome relics of nineteenth-century vernacular that still exist in old farmhouses and on the streets of decaying small towns—architectural details, commercial signs, pieces of furniture, and objects of use—and permits the squalor and disorder that are his real subject to merely glimmer out of his elegant compositions, which they do with the distinctness of a cry. Some of the pictures in the exhibition are from among those that appeared in "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," James Agee's great work about himself, which arose from a magazine assignment that he and Evans received to, as Agee bitterly described it, "pry intimately into the lives of an undefended and appallingly damaged group of human beings, an ignorant and helpless rural family, for the purpose of parading the nakedness, disadvantage, and humiliation of these lives before another group of human beings, in the name of science, of 'honest journalism' (whatever that paradox may mean), of humanity, of social fearlessness, for money, and for a reputation for crusading and for unbias which, when skillfully enough qualified, is exchangeable at any bank for money." This exhibition, and a rereading of Agee's book prompted by it, demonstrate how far into the heart of things the oblique can take us, and how much truth there is in "dishonest" art. Through May 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Irene Fay—Landscapes and portraits, taken in upstate New York, the West Indies, and England, whose reserve is a kind of signature; through Friday, May 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Stephen Gersh—Quiet, concise New England landscapes and studies of trees, plants, and rocks, which reflect the influence of Ansel Adams, for whom Gersh worked as an assistant between 1962 and 1964; through Saturday, May 5. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Prize News Photos—An exhibition of the winners in various categories of the annual New York Press Photographers Association awards; through Saturday, May 5. (Burlington House, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through June 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28. . . . ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through July 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. Starting Saturday, a complementary show will be at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Bruce Nauman exhibition is conceptual art at its most uncompromising: bor-

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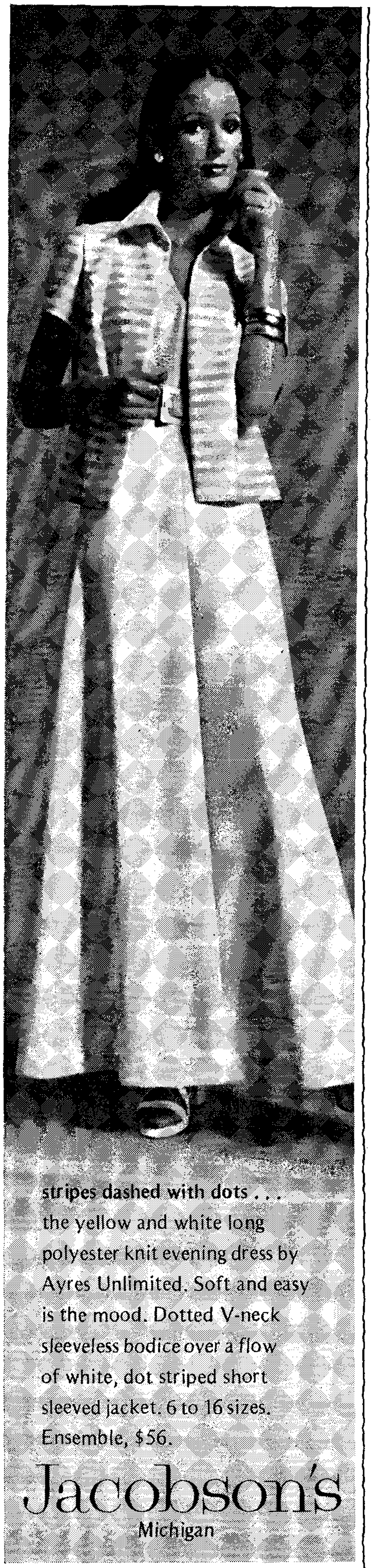

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing but not dull, tasteless but not vulgar, ugly but elegant, witty but humorless. Nauman has defined art as "an activity you do when you don't have a steady job," and among the more than a hundred and fifteen by-products of his unemployment on view here are a forty-eight-foot-long corridor, made of wallboard and lit by a fluorescent green light, through which a person can creep sidewise; a TV screen on which an upside-down mouth strenuously enunciates "lip sync" over and over; another TV screen, showing a man slowly smearing his naked chest with lather; a composite black-and-white photograph of "two messes on the studio floor;" a color photograph entitled "Waxing Hot," which shows a pair of hands waxing the red plastic letters "H O T;" "Dark," a large rusted-steel plate, on the underside of which the artist claims he has written the word "dark;" a fibre-glass sculpture called "Six Inches of My Knee Extended to Six Feet;" and a purple neon sign entitled "My Last Name Exaggerated 14 Times Vertically." Through May 13. . . . ¶ Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 3. . . . ¶ Seventeen paintings by Gladys Nilsson, a member of the "Hairy Who" Chicago group that exploited comic-strip drawing and color; through May 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, May 2, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program in which Virgil Thomson will referee Lukas Foss's "Map," a musical game between contestants and tape.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through June 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Dancing in the Dark" is the name of a delightful tribute to the lyricist Howard Dietz, which the museum has mounted in a corner on the third floor, and which features a continuous sound track of twenty-six songs and medleys, most of them with music by Arthur Schwartz. ("I Love Louisa," sung by Fred Astaire; "Something to Remember You By," sung by Helen Morgan; and "Dancing in the Dark," sung by Bing Crosby, are among the golden oldies on the program.) The visual offerings include sheet-music covers, programs, photographs of shows and films, memorabilia (things like diamond cufflinks given to Dietz by Sam Goldwyn, and a pair of jade matchbook holders from Moss Hart), primitive oil paintings done by Dietz, and three poems printed in the Columbia *Jester* of 1917 for whose author one would not have predicted a career in lyric-writing. Through Sunday, May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through Sunday, May 6. . . . ¶ A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; through May 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the New York première of Ernest Bloch's "Macbeth," in English. Staged by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, May 9, and Friday, May 11, at 8, and Sunday, May 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Puccini's "Il Tabarro," in Italian, and "Gianni Schicchi," in English, the first staged by James Lucas and the second by M. M. Streicher. Anton Coppola will conduct the Manhattan Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, May 12, at 8, and Sunday, May 13, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting the final performances of the season—A varied program on Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2; Saturday, May 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); and performances of Dvořák's "Stabat Mater" on Thursday, May 10, at 8:30; Friday, May 11, at 2; and Saturday, May 12, at 8:30 (all with Edith Mathis, soprano; Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano; Peter Schreier, tenor; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting the last two in a series of concerts. Wednesday, May 2, at 8: A performance of Act III of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" in concert form, with Helga Dernesch and Karen Altman, sopranos; Jess Thomas, tenor; Donald Gramm and Martti Talvela, basses; men of the Chicago Symphony Chorus; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: A Mozart-Bruckner program; no soloists.

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra, with Clive Lythgoe, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Leslie Guinn, baritone; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at midnight.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jerold Siena, tenor, and Edward Pierson, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

Leonard Bernstein's Liturgical Music—Alan Mehlman directing the Temple Israel Festival Choir, the Trinity School Boys Choir, and an instrumental ensemble, with David Cryer and Jonas Javna, tenors. (Temple Israel, 112 E. 75th St. Friday, May 4, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; Michael Best, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 6, at 4. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, May 6, at 4. For information about tickets, call CI 7-4199.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Sean Daniel, baritone; and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus—David Randolph directing, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Sophia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; William Metcalf, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Roger Scimé and Jesse Ceci—Piano and violin, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Ars Cameralis Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 6.)

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall, Sunday, May 6—Yo-yo Ma, cello, at 2. . . . ¶ Paula Robison, flute, at 3. . . . ¶ Vermeer String Quartet at 4.

Joyce Mathis—Soprano, with Suzanne Bloch, lute. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in the last in a series of concerts, this one a program of operatic arias, with the New England Conservatory Concert Orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The first of two programs of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Patricia Brooks, Alan Titus, and Abbey Simon—Soprano, baritone, and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, May 8, at 6.)

Edmund LeRoy—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

David Glazer—Clarinet, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Paula Hatcher and Richard Phillips—Flute and guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 8, the second concert having been postponed from Dec. 13.)

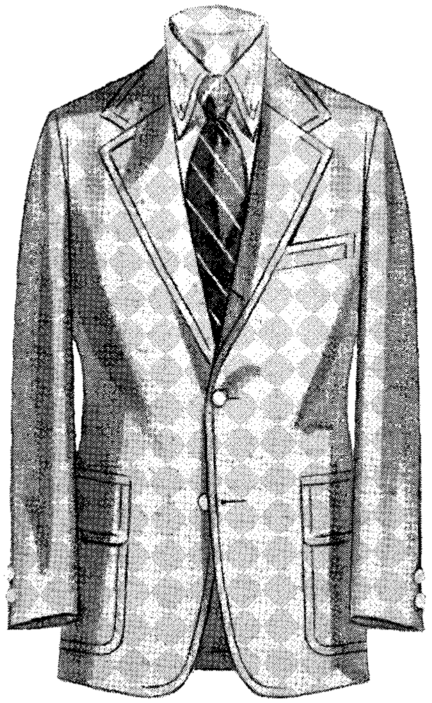
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 2, at 5:45: **Al Carmines**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 9, at 5:45: **Marian McPartland.**

J. Geils Band, Frampton's Camel, and Tranquility—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Jim Croce—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.

New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble—Gunther Schuller conducting a program of music by Scott Joplin. (Minskoff Theatre,



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(trə-dish'ən) *n.* The handing down of stories, beliefs, customs, etc. from generation to generation. A long established custom or practice.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Sunday, May 6, at 4 and 7.)

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Shawn Phillips—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 8.

Bert Lucarelli—Oboist, in a program part classical and part rock and jazz, with the Musemorphoses. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Shirley Bassey and Woody Herman—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8.

Countsmen—Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Jo Jones, Gene Ramey, Chuck Folds, and Tiny Grimes. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, May 12, at 2. For information about tickets, call 479-6086.)

B. B. King, Glencoe, and Wishbone Ash—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 12, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 2, at 7:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 11, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 12, at 2.... Shea Stadium: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 8:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 4, at 8:05; Saturday, May 5, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 6, at 2:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Monday through Wednesday, May 7-9, at 8:05.... ¶ Mets vs. Yankees, Thursday, May 10, at 8:05 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball).

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—National Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Sunday, May 6, at 2:10, and Tuesday, May 8, at 8:30.)... ¶ The U.S.S.R. Olympic Basketball Team vs. a United States team. (Monday, May 7, at 9.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 5.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.)... ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 12.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5.)

Horse Show—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6.)... ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 11-13.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 5.)... ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 9, and Saturday, May 12.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 5; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 9; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 12.... Garden State Park, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.... Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. ... Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 4.... ¶ "Patience," Saturday, May 12, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Ballet—The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting "The Prince and the Pauper." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call MU 5-7754.)

Stage Shows—By the Bil Baird Marionettes: "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... Meri Mini Players: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." Starting Tuesday, May 8, there will be a new show, "Our Neighbor World," which will explore man's present knowledge of the moon. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lectures—Three talks by Virgil Thomson: "Open Roads and Booby Traps in Opera Production," Friday, May 4, at 2.... ¶ "Words and Music," Monday, May 7, at 7.... ¶ "The Music Reviewer and His Assignment," Tuesday, May 8, at 7. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The fourth in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by William Friedkin, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Friedkin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

American Indian Exposition—Over a hundred Indian craftsmen demonstrating their skills as silversmiths, potters, basket- and rug-weavers, and quill- and bead-workers. In addition, there is a display of leather tunics, war bonnets, and other artifacts, plus books on the history of American Indians and on their religion and customs. (Statler Hilton Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. Thursday, May 3, from 9 to 6; Friday, May 4, from 9 to 9; and Saturday, May 5, from 9 to 6.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—Among the items on view are a miniature bed, a wine basket, a backgammon table, and a series of pictures entitled "The Creation," all done in petitpoint, gros point, crewelwork, or embroidery. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Wednesday, May 2, through Wednesday, May 9. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 8, and Tuesday, May 15, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 8 belong to Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Ford, Jr., 1120 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Levitt, 10 E. 82nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Foeko H. W. van der Laan, 10 E. 81st St.; Mr. William F. Draper, 160 E. 83rd St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Yura Arkus Duntov, 240 E. 72nd St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

Flea Markets—Soho Fleas (corner of Grand and Wooster Sts.): Open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5.... Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. ... Antiques Flea Fair-East (York Ave. at 90th St.): A benefit show. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.... New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 2, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, including French and other gold and enamel snuffboxes; from a number of owners.... ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at 8: Ten Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, from the private collection of Norton Simon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 2, at about 8:30: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the Norton Simon Foundation and the Norton Simon, Inc., Museum of Art. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 3, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 3, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Antiquities, including an Egyptian mummy case and a Roman stone-and-glass mosaic; from the Troy Public Library, in Troy, New York, and other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8, and Saturday, May 5, at 10:15: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 2: Autographs, including a three-page letter from George Washington, a letter from John Paul Jones to Thomas Jefferson, and one from Daniel Boone; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 8:30: A benefit auction of letters, manuscripts, paintings, furniture, and decorative objects; donated by Leonard Bernstein, Richard Rodgers, and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 4. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 9, at 10:15 and 2: Continental porcelains, from the estate of Princess Désirée Windisch-Graetz. Exhibition starts Friday, May 4. (Admission to the sales Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 2-4, by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 2 at 5:30: "They Had to See Paris" (1929), directed by Frank Borzage, with Will Rogers and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ May 3 at 5:30: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 3 at 8 and May 4 at 2: "Punishment Island" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 4 at 5:30 and May 5 at noon: "People on Sunday" (1929), directed by Robert Siodmak; Dutch and French titles. . . . ¶ May 5 at 3: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1965). . . . ¶ May 5 at 5:30: "Clouds at Sunset" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 6 at 12:30 and 3: "College" (1927), directed by James W. Horne, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ May 6 at 5:30: "With Beauty and Sorrow" (1965). . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "Clouds at Sunset" (1967). . . . ¶ May 7 at 5:30: "Double Suicide" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5:30: A program of films by Phill Niblock. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924). . . . ¶ May 10 at 5:30: "Double Suicide" (1969). . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through May 3: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz. . . . May 5-6: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh. . . . May 9-10: "The Crowd Roars" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks. . . . ¶ May 4: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964), directed by Billy Wilder, with Dean Martin and Kim Novak. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Cocteau, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays and no ten-o'clock show on May 6. On Friday, May 4, at 6, 8, and 10, special screenings of films by Gerson. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—May 2: "Ruby," directed by Richard Bartlett. . . . ¶ May 3: "Far Out, Star Route," directed by Lenny Lipton. . . . ¶ May 4-5: "Red Squad," directed by Howard Blatt, Steve Fischler, Francis Freedland, and Joe Sucher. . . . ¶ May 6 and 8: "American Dreams and Nightmares," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ May 9: "Choice Chance Woman Dance," directed by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Starting May 10: "Maidstone," directed by Norman Mailer. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules and ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Auto Race—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 28.

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Vs. Baltimore, May 13 (day doubleheader). Detroit, May 14-15 (night). Milwaukee, May 16-17 (n) and May 18 (at 6). Texas, May 25 (n) and May 26-28 (d). Oakland, May 29-31 (n). California, June 1 (n) and June 2-3 (d). . . . SHEA STADIUM: Vs. Pittsburgh, May 18 (night) and May 19-20 (day). St. Louis, May 21-22 (n) and May 23 (d). Los Angeles, June 8 (n) and June 9-10 (d). San Francisco, June 11-13 (n). San Diego, June 15 (n).

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. May 31-June 2.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. May 19.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 9.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. June 5-6.) . . . ¶ Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. June 6.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. June 7-10.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 25-26 and May 28-June 2.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. May 27.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 3.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 7-10.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 13-17.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 19.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 2-3.)

Racing—At BELMONT: May 14-June 16. The Belmont, June 9. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 19. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J., June 4-Aug. 11. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 25-July 24.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 2-3.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): A special three-week season, June 4-23. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's four-week season of "Promenades" will run from May 16 through June 9. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Renata Scotto, soprano, May 14. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Speculum Musicae, May 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, May 20. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, May 22. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Maureen Forrester, contralto, and John Ogdon, piano, May 15. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello, May 19.

Ballet—Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 15-June 3.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Cyrano," a musical version of the Rostand classic, starring Christopher Plummer. Anthony Burgess wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael J. Lewis composed the score. . . . ¶ E. G. Marshall in "Nash at Nine," a musical with verses and lyrics by the late Ogden Nash, and music by Milton Rosenstock. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with George C. Scott, Julie Christie, Nicol Williamson, Elizabeth Wilson, Cathleen Nesbitt, Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, and Lillian Gish.

Other Dates—May Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 16. . . . ¶ Commencements: Barnard and Columbia, May 16; Smith, May 27; Vassar, June 3; Brown and Yale, June 4; N.Y.U., June 5; Annapolis, June 6; Dartmouth, June 10; Princeton, June 12; and Harvard, June 14. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 19. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 25-June 10. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 28. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council, May 29-June 22. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 8: "Save the Tiger."
From May 9: "Slither."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 5: "Top Hat" and "Evergreen."
May 6-8: "Secret Six" and "Manhattan Melodrama."
From May 9: "Thousands Cheer" and "George White's Scandals."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 3: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "The Threepenny Opera."
May 4-8: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
From May 9: "Two People" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Young Winston."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 8: "Up the Sandbox" and a film to be announced.
From May 9: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"I Love You Rosa."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 3: "Scorpio."
May 4-9: To be announced.
From May 10: "L'Amour."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Nelson Affair."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Soylent Green."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Deep Thrust."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Save the Tiger."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 2: "To Be Free."
May 3-9: "You're Lying."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Dirty Little Billy."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 8: "César and Rosalie."
From May 9: "Deliverance."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 3: "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."
From May 4: "Sleuth."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"And Now the Screaming Starts."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scorpio."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 8: "Sounder."
From May 9: "The Sound of Music."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"High Plains Drifter."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Fist of Fury."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 8: "Deep Thrust."
From May 9: "Hitler: The Last Ten Days."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Charley-One-Eye."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 8: "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From May 9: "Ludwig."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 6: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From May 7: "An Autumn Afternoon."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 3: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."
From May 4: "Sleuth."

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 8: "Young Winston"/"Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis"/"Blow-Up" and "Brewster McCloud"/"Deliverance" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
From May 9: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 3: "Children of Paradise."
May 4-8: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
From May 9: "The Cocoanuts" and "Horsefeathers."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 8: "Young Winston" and "Fragment of Fear."
From May 9: To be announced.

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 8: "The Sound of Music."
From May 9: "Fist of Fury."

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Book of Numbers."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 3: "Charlotte's Web."
From May 4: To be announced.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 8: "I Am a Dancer."
May 9-10: Theatre closed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Here Comes Every Body."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wedding in White."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 8: "Deliverance."
From May 9: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 8: "A Separate Peace" and "Harold and Maude."
From May 9: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Getaway" and "Pocket Money."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From May 9: "Wicked, Wicked."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 2: "The Sword of Doom" and "Warring Clans."
May 3-4: "Samurai Rebellion" and "Daredevil in the Castle."
May 5-6: "The Hidden Fortress" and "Sanjuro."
May 7-8: "Samurai: Part I" and "The Ambush."
May 9-10: "Samurai: Part II" and "Goyokin."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 8: "Save the Tiger."
From May 9: "Ten from Your Show of Shows" and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 3: "That Man from Rio" and "The Thief of Paris."
May 4-6: "Duck Soup" and "The Cocoanuts."
May 7-8: "Gimme Shelter" and "Putney Swope."
May 9-10: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Fist of Fury."

RIVIERA, *B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)*
Through May 3: "5 Fingers of Death" and "The Wild Bunch."
From May 4: "Sleuth."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 8: "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."
From May 9: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

THE AMBUSH (1970)—With Toshiro Mifune and Shintaro Katsu, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 7-8.)

L'AMOUR—With Michael Sklar, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Eastside Cinema; starting May 10.)

AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS—A horror-suspense film, with Peter Cushing and Herbert Lom. Directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Juliet 2.)

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON (1962)—A Japanese film directed by Yasujiro Ozu. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 7.)

BAD COMPANY—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Olympia; through May 8.)

BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

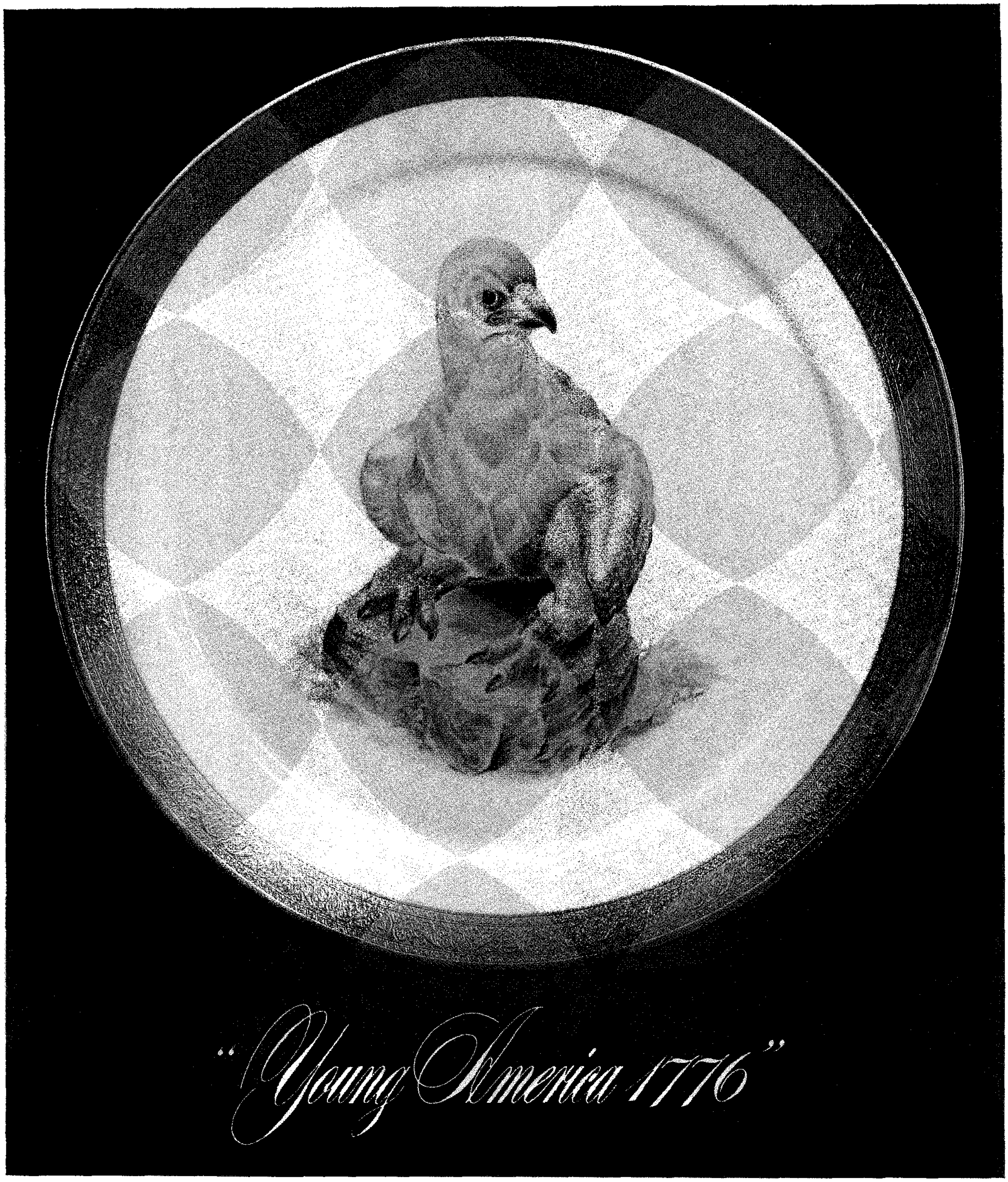
BOOK OF NUMBERS—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (DeMille.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet.)

CABARET (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of



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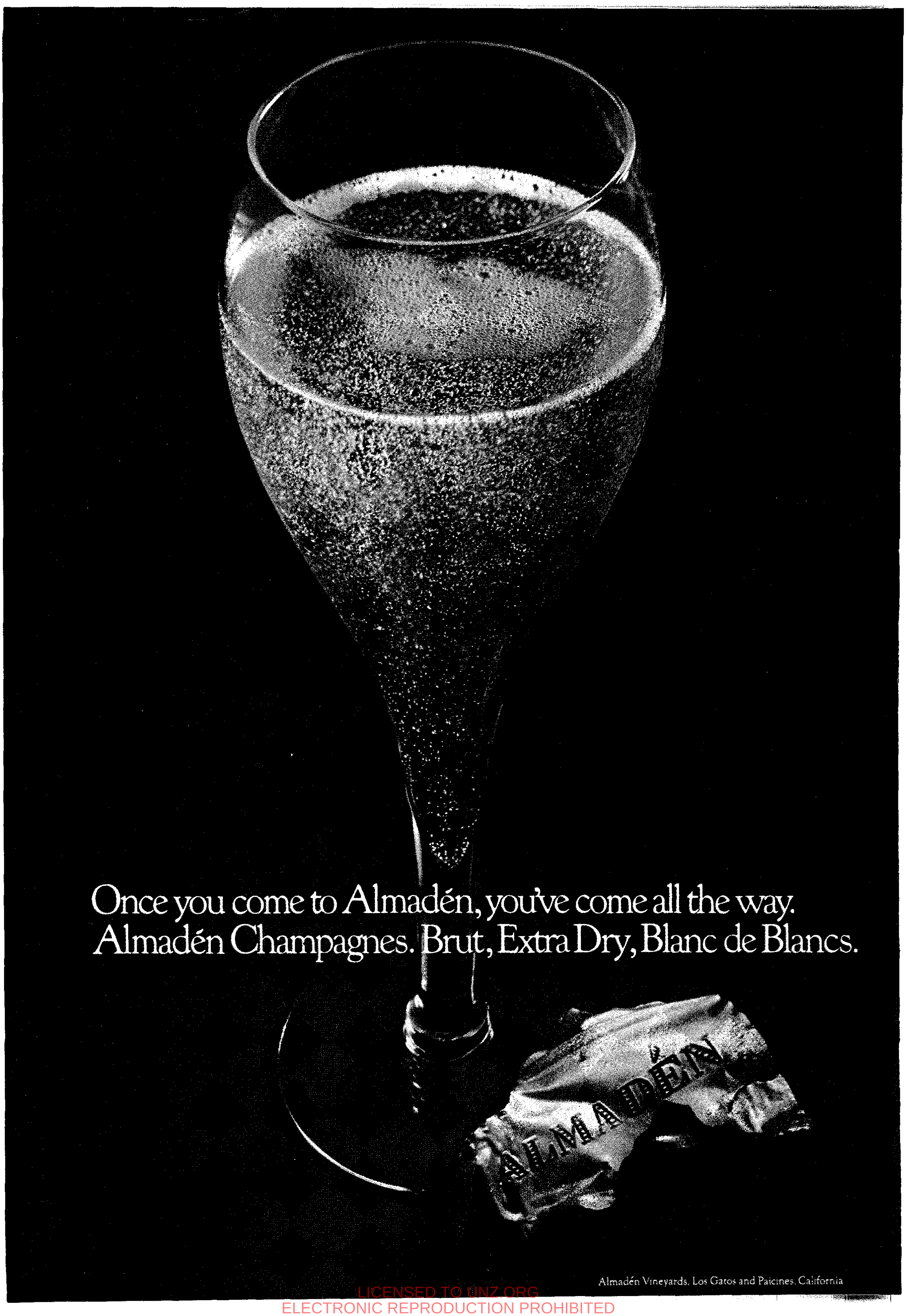

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; May 4-8.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. (72nd Street East; through May 8.)

Charley-One-Eye—A Western drama, with Richard Roundtree and Roy Thinnes. Directed by Don Chaffey. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated version of the E. B. White story. (Guild; through May 3.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; through May 3.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Thalia; May 4-6. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting May 9.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II.)

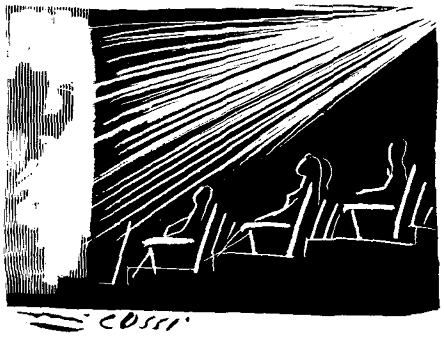
Daredevil in the Castle (1961)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 3-4.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 6.)

Deep Thrust—Made in Hong Kong. Yes. (East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through May 8.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Quad Cinema and Cinema Studio; through May 8. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 9.)

Dirty Little Billy—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Columbia I.)



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Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia; May 4-6.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Playboy. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through May 8.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, the flower-faced English Jessie Matthews, with her gorgeous satin pajamas and her famous high kicks, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Musical-comedy lovers used to dream of a pairing of the two, but, except for Ginger, he was stuck dragging girls like Joan Leslie through their paces, while Jessie Matthews stayed in England and had to carry her movies by solos, or by comic turns with Sonnie Hale. Here (with Sonnie Hale) she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy than American musicals of the same period. Victor Saville directed; the songs, including "Over My Shoulder Goes One Care" and "Dancing on the Ceiling," are by Rodgers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 5.)

Fist of Fury—With Bruce Lee, directed by Lo Wei. (Loews Ciné and Riverside. . . . ¶ National; starting May 9.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Riviera; through May 3.)

Fragment of Fear (1970)—With David Hemmings, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 8.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-8.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

George White's Scandals (1945)—Rambunctious comedienne Joan Davis in a jerry-built musical from R.K.O. Assorted songs, mostly mediocre. With Gene Krupa and his band, Ethel Smith, and hard-working, generally tedious Jack Haley. Felix E. Feist directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 9.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Beacon.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Thalia; May 7-8.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

Goyokin (1969)—A Japanese film, directed by Hideo Gosha. (New Yorker; May 9-10.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 8.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill and Paramount.)

Here Comes Every Body—An unintentionally comic thing about group encounters in California and learning to love yourself. Made by John Whitmore, an English baronet who has dropped his Bart. in favor of anonymity and free-lance contemplation on an island in the Bahamas. (Festival.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 5-6.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum.)

Hitler: The Last Ten Days—With Alec Guinness, directed by Ennio de Concini. (86th St. East; starting May 9.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Elgin; starting May 9.)

I Am a Dancer—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. (Ziegfeld; through May 8. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 2, 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 2, 5, 7, and 9. Reserved seats only.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (34th St. East.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; May 9-10.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing—Maggie Smith, with her limp-asparagus wrists and her Restoration-comedy brilliance, practically rescues this love story set in Spain and directed by Alan J. Pakula with an awful lot of visual effects. The neurotic young hero is played by Timothy Bottoms, who is not the sort of ass Shakespeare had in mind. Worth seeing for Maggie Smith. (Greenwich; through May 3.)

Ludwig—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 9.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; May 4-8.)

Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a melodrama deluxe from M-G-M, photographed by James Wong Howe, directed by W.S. Van Dyke, and with a screenplay by Oliver Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The cast includes William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. There's a song by Rodgers and Hart that later became known as "Blue Moon." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-8.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-8.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 9.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin on stage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Fine Arts.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 6.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 9.)

Pocket Money—Rather glibly elegiac picture about rodeo riding and picking up steers in Mexico. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin stare at each other pregnantly and try to imply volumes about the way vagrants and underdogs are cheated by the bosses of any system, including the rodeo business. Maybe the film means to be more laconically sophisticated than it seems after the first hour. (Beacon.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Thalia; May 7-8.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; May 9-10.)

Samurai—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954), May 7-8. . . . Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), May 9-10. (New Yorker.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous antimilitarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 3-4.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 5-6.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Cinema Malibu. . . . ¶ Art and Symphony; through May 8.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Scorpio—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ East Side Cinema; through May 3.)

Secret Six (1931)—When M-G-M got hold of a good thing, it was put to use; they threw Clark Gable into eleven films in 1931. This one is an elaborate melodrama with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown, and Lewis Stone. George Hill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6-8.)

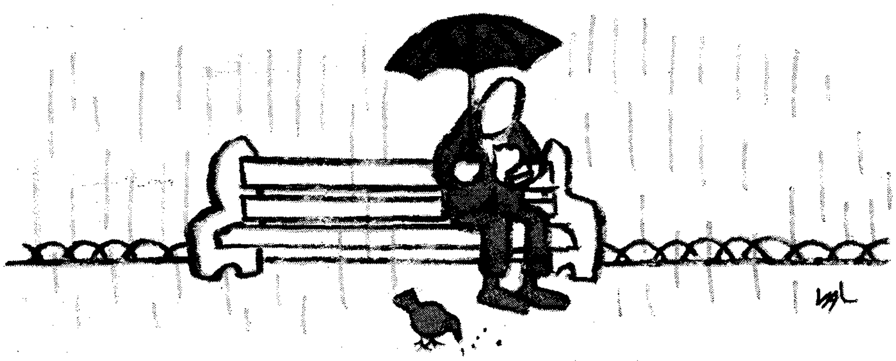
A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Embassy 72nd St. and Olympia; through May 8.)

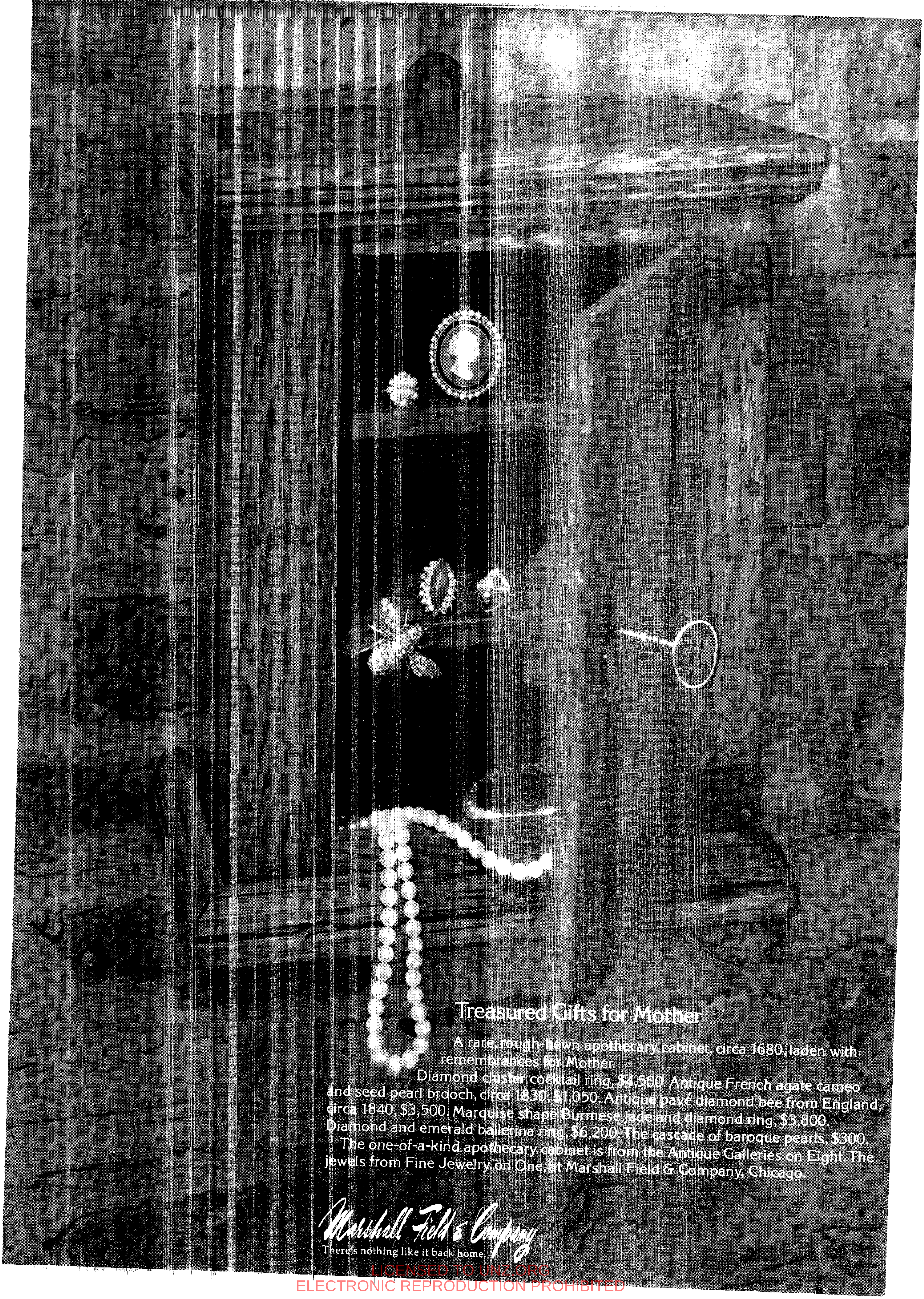
Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 9.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Juliet 1, Greenwich, and Riviera; starting May 4.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W.D. Richter. (Baronet. . . . ¶ Art; starting May 9.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield,





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Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (U.A. East; through May 8.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National; through May 8. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting May 9.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (East 59th Street 1.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (New Yorker; May 2.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting May 9.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; through May 3.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; through May 3.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously supine that she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Juliet 1; through May 3.)

Thousands Cheer (1943)—Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star M-G-M musical, and Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom (i.e., mediocrity) on the venture when he condescended to play boogie-woogie; his boogie-woogie is surely the worst ever recorded. With Judy Garland, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 9.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

To Be Free—With Barbara Douglas, directed by Ned Bosnick. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 2.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day—to Be Caught in the Rain?" and "Cheek to Cheek;" and it's a lovely movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 5.)

Two People—It's meant to be a sensitive modern love story, but it's impersonal and inexpressive and has no interest, except for some handsome travelogue footage of Morocco by Henri Decae. Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner are the lovers—he an American who deserted in Vietnam and she a model. Robert Wise directed, from a script by Richard De Roy. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 9.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Loews 83rd St.; through May 8.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Gramercy; through May 8.)

Warring Clans—A Japanese film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. (New Yorker; May 2.)

Wedding in White—A Canadian film, directed by William Fruet, who also wrote the script. With Donald Pleasence and Carol Kane. (Little Carnegie.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—(The discreet comma was not always in the title.) Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Quad Cinema; through May 8.)

Wicked, Wicked—With David Bailey, directed by Richard L. Bare. (Loews 83rd St.; starting May 9.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Riviera; through May 3.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 8.)

You're Lying—Vilgot Sjöman directed this quasi-documentary about a petty criminal who gets turned into a big-time grumbler, alcoholic, and thief because of our vicious prison methods. Sjöman made "My Sister, My Love," a period film about incest, which was very delicate, with the substance of "Cosi Fan Tutte;" then he made "I Am Curious—Yellow," which was gross, like this film. In Swedish. (First Avenue Screening Room; May 3-9.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

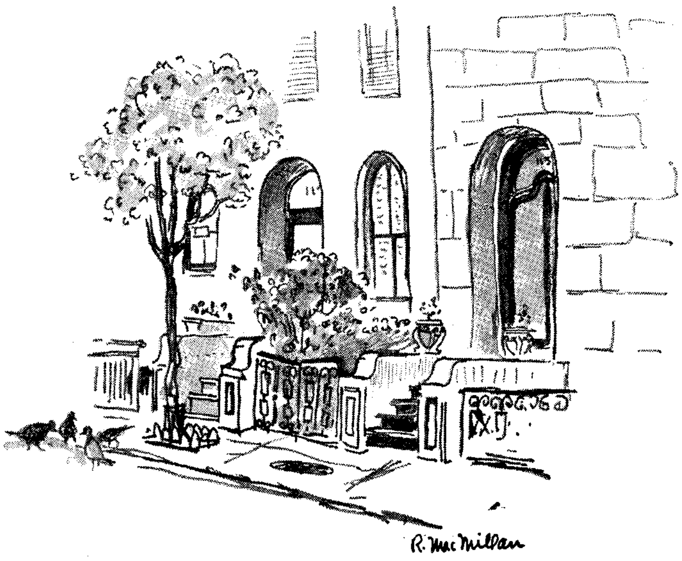
Notes and Comment

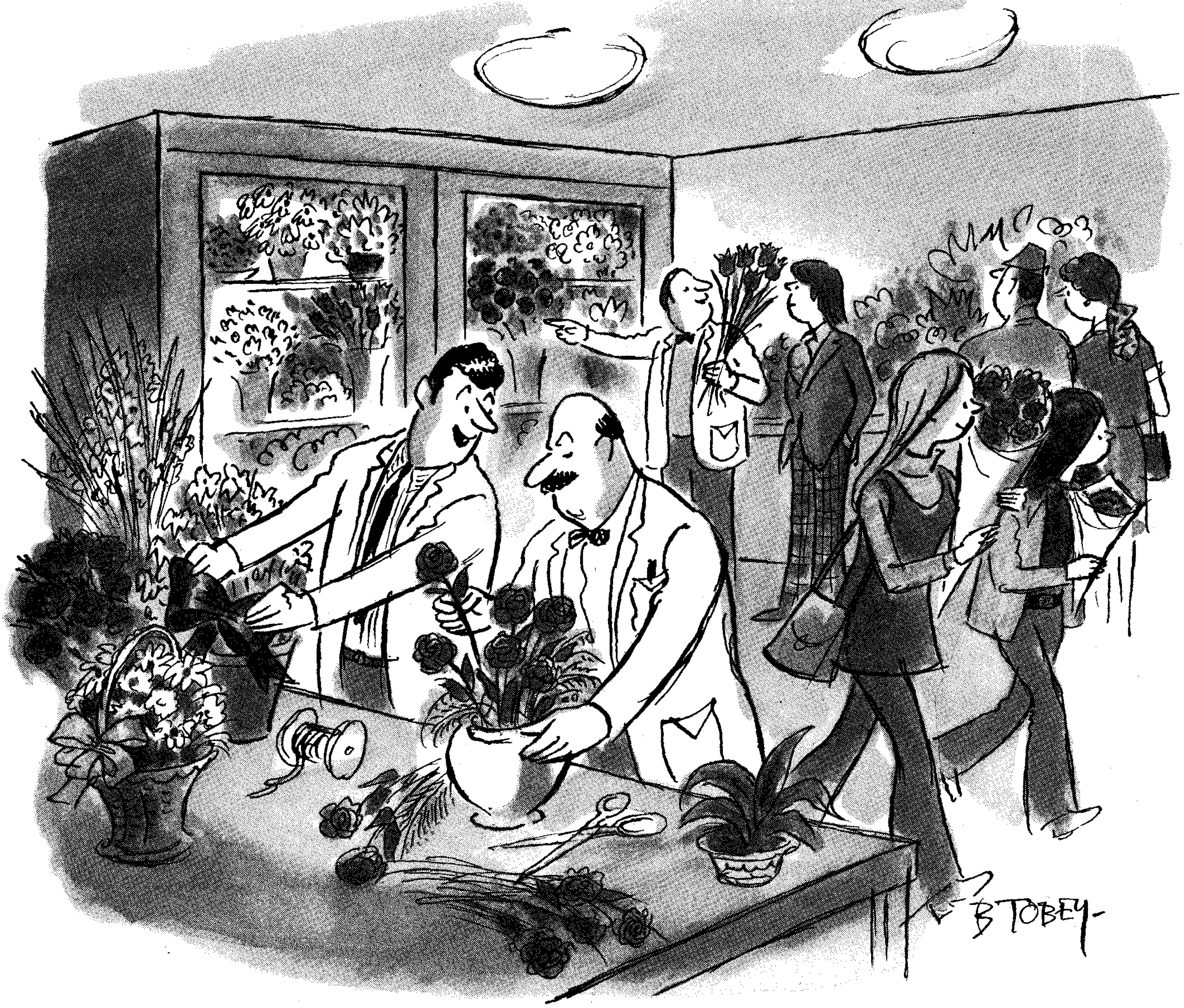
THE cracking of the Watergate case illumines and reaffirms the greatness of the American form of government. The slow unfolding of the case has been a gruelling course of study for the entire country, in which we have been shown once again, as in a high-school civics course, why we are a republic and why we must remain one. It has not been, however, a lesson in the strength of public opinion. Something that must be faced is that the public, like the President, was not much aroused by the Watergate case for a full ten months. The public had not ruled out the possibility that high Administration officials were involved in planning and then in covering up the incident. Rather, a large portion of the public believed these things to be true, but, in a striking reversal of its traditional response to governmental corruption, it did not care to pursue the matter any further. This was, one hopes, the nadir of public opinion as an institution in our national life. When public opinion has lost the will to compel a thorough investigation into the apparent subversion of a Presidential election by officials of the Administration in power, it has been neutralized as a voice in the basic affairs of the Republic.

What finally did break the case was the force of sheer truth in a system that is as helpless to deny the truth as it is to deny public opinion when public opinion is aroused. In the last few months, we have seen the power of truth, acting almost in spite of the public mood, turn our political life upside down. In effect, the public was dragged from a willful ignorance by the truth. In Hannah Arendt's words, "truth has a despotic character." The truth is that which *compels* our minds' assent. And in a democracy certain forms of truth do more than compel our minds' assent; they compel us to act. In a democracy, we are not permitted to seek out the truth about our affairs and then to ignore what we learn. When evidence of murder comes to light, indictments must be brought and a trial held. Our system is arranged to make such action reflexive. We must hold the trial whether we want to or not. In sermons, political speeches, and the like, truth and justice are often given a favorable mention together with other ideals, such as compassion and decency. But these other ideals are a different matter altogether. We may be exhorted to decency, but whether we follow the exhortation is, by and large, up to each of us. Decency and compassion belong to the large category of ideals which float above our heads as a reproach to our actual behavior. Truth and justice, on the other hand, are rooted as powerful forces in the heart of our political system. They have shaped and determined the fundamental structures of our institutions. Thus, the system of justice is the mechanism whereby certain forms of truth compel us to act. In a democracy, we are free to do many things, but we are not free to ignore the truth. It holds the system itself, and our individual liberty, hostage. In the end, it is by virtue of this power of truth that our nation consents to march to the tune of a piece of paper—the Constitution.

The history of the Watergate investigation is not a story of mounting public pressure but, rather, is a story of successful efforts to consolidate widespread public suspicion of wrongdoing, which the powers of society felt free to ignore, into hard legal evidence, which no one—not the press, not Congress, not the courts, not the President, not even the public—felt free to ignore. The question was finally put to the public in its most demanding form. It was no longer "Are you willing to forget about the bugging of one party's headquarters by another?" It was "Do you support apparent efforts on the part of high officials in government to obstruct the course of justice in order to hide their own wrongdoing?" The question was now whether we wished to throw out our system of justice. And our answer was no.

While the press, Congress, and the courts were busy developing evidence in the Watergate case, the principals, apparently, were busy covering their tracks. But a coverup, although it may be an effective strategy for dealing with a deadened public opinion, is a poor strategy for coping with the law. The chief difficulty is that covering up a crime is itself a crime. The attempts to destroy evidence leave more evidence, which must also be covered up, thereby leaving still more evidence, and so on, until scores of people have become implicated and the few original traces of evidence have grown into a mountain of





"Thank God women's lib hasn't killed Mother's Day!"

• •

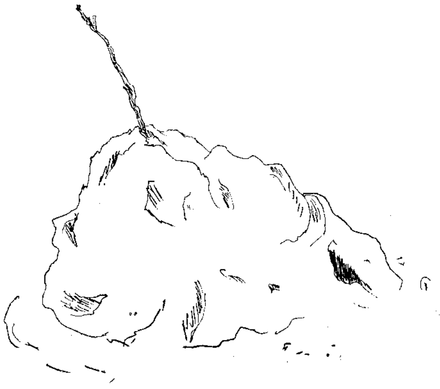
evidence. Of course, the ordinary criminal does not have the resources to make this mistake. Certainly no ordinary person suspected of wrongdoing would ever have the opportunity that John Dean had to run the investigation of crimes in which he was a possible suspect; in this case, it seems, the investigation *was* the coverup. In fact, it is only the executive branch of the government that could ever really attempt a coverup on such a grand scale. Because of the tendency of evidence to mushroom in coverup cases, the plotters soon find themselves driven to make the maximum effort. And the maximum effort is nothing less than to try to intimidate, paralyze, or suppress all the major organs of possible truth-telling in the society, which is to say the press, the Congress, the courts, and even private individuals. In the months before the Watergate case broke, just such a campaign was going into high gear. The press and television (particularly publications or stations that had dwelt long on the Watergate story) were under heavy attack, the Congress was denied the right to any information whatever from the executive branch, and the courts were blocked from further investigation of the case by an underzealous prosecuting arm of the Justice Department. The coverup of a crime had expanded into a systemic crisis.

The men of this Administration had succeeded in taking control of public opinion. They had been able to blanket the airwaves with propaganda, to fix polls, to persuade millions to forget their own experience in the war and accept a public-relations version of it, and to win a landslide election. But they had forgotten about the law. For under the law, even though you have the millions on your side for the moment, just one person in possession of the truth and willing to talk can bring the whole elaborate show to a dead halt. No landslide could bury one bit of what John Dean, Jeb Magruder, or Martha Mitchell might tell the Washington *Post* or a grand jury. Men who could wipe countries off the face of the earth at their own discretion, or blow us all to extinction, were powerless if Martha Mitchell reached for the phone. She might be ridiculed, but she could not be "silenced." She could not be made to disappear. These men had forgotten that in a true republic it is a fact that, as Solzhenitsyn has said, one word of truth outweighs the whole world.

Mound

THE Saturday afternoon before Easter was warm and sunny, and we went for a walk on the beach. There was nobody around, except for two figures in the distance, getting smaller as they moved away down the shore. We had not gone very far when we saw something surprising. On the gently sloping beach, just beyond the reach of the waves, was a massive sculptured mound of sand, with a stick sticking up like a mast from the top. The pile was big enough to bury a hippopotamus; it was about four feet high and eight feet long, tapered at the ends, and about five feet wide in the middle. The shape was more hippo than sand castle; there were no trite turrets or towers, no fortified walls. As we got closer, we saw that the huge mound was not medieval at all but modern and amazing. It was sculptured into an elaborate game. From the highest point, near the stick, several small roadways descended, curving around the sides of the mound. They were large enough to carry a small ball or a marble. As the ramps turned and twisted, the courses became more complicated. Abruptly there would be an opening in the wall, leading into a tunnel. Then, a foot or two away, lower down, there would be another hole: the exit from the tunnel, where the ball would presumably tumble out, and descend a different ramp, and, banking this way and that, race down toward the beach. The speedway was so complicated that it took some kneeling and crawling and peering into the caves to figure out where the tunnels went and where they emerged. Unfortunately, the builders had not left a ball behind (unless, of course, it was somewhere inside, lodged against a dead end). We walked around and around the speedway. How many hours had it taken to build it? (A lot, clearly.) How many hands? And whose? And why? Was it the work of the two figures now vanishing down the beach? If so, did it bring them together, or push them apart, or fill the day? Was it boredom, or romance, or simply technology? How quickly the ball must have raced down the spiral roadways, once all the paths were finally built—and yet how marvellously long must have seemed its silent, suspenseful disappearance deep inside a tunnel before it burst forth a foot below and rushed once more along its way.

We wanted to draw a picture of the pile, showing its elaborate design, but we had no paper or pen, and then, when we left the beach, the day grew more complicated, and we couldn't get back. We remembered, the next morning, and took a pad down to the shore. The air was rather chill, and the early sun was pale. We hurried. Had the tide washed it all away? Had waves battered it in the night? No, it was there. But as we got near we saw that the tunnels had collapsed and filled in, the roadways and ramps had slid down the sides; it looked as if somebody had jumped on it. All that was left was the massive mound of sand. The stick was lying on the top, so we picked it up and stuck it back where it was before, and then we drew pictures of the pile from three angles: northeast, north, and northwest. Here they are. As for the ramps and roads and tunnels, you will just have to take our word.



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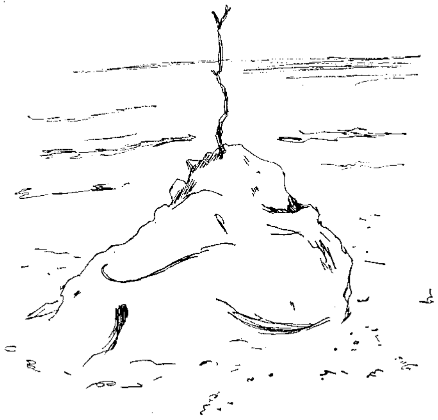

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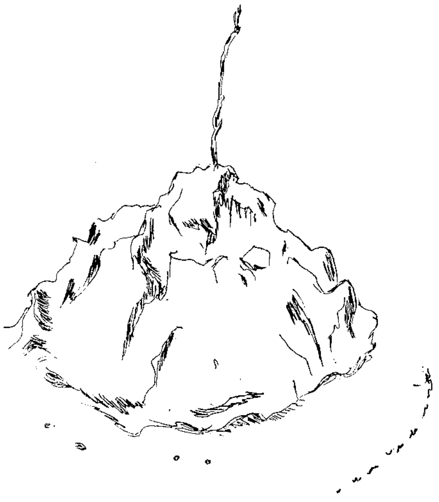


northwest

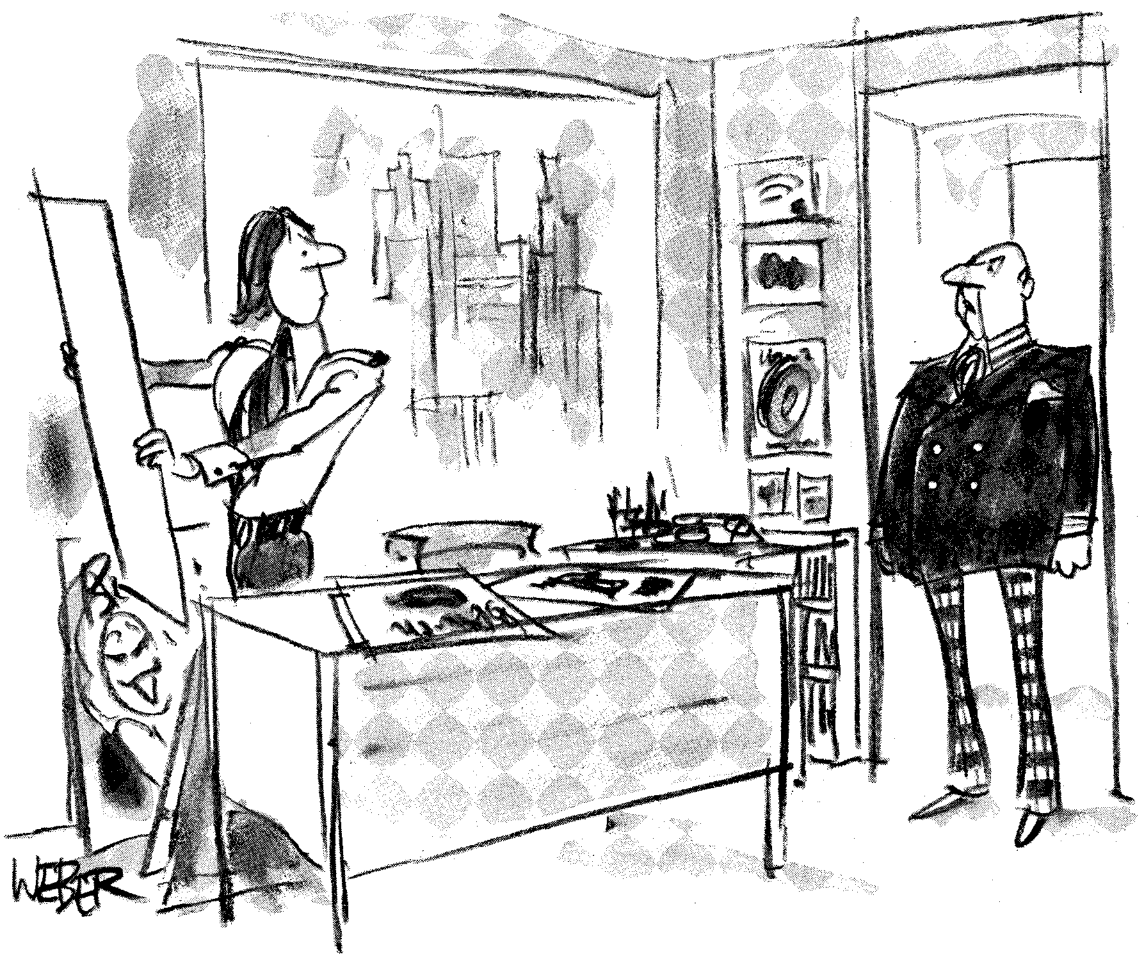
Tenors

BETWEEN the acts at the Metropolitan Opera House on one of its closing nights, we bumped into Schuyler Chapin, the Met's usually unruffled acting general manager. He was looking a bit tense, like an Aqueduct type who has had a bad day and needs something big in the last race to get out alive. "You don't happen to know of any hot new tenors anywhere, do you?" Mr. Chapin asked us. We said we didn't, and he sighed. "The tenor is the rarest of beasts," he said. "I am always searching for tenors. If somebody told me there was a promising tenor working a ferryboat, I would drop everything to go hear him. When I'm not dreaming about tenors, I wake up in the middle of the night and fret about them. It's a nightmare."

We urged Mr. Chapin to unburden himself, and he led us into his office, a spacious chamber, where he normally entertains opera buffs and soothes divas. We noticed that the only tenor whose picture graced the profusely illustrated walls was the late Edward Johnson, costumed for "Pagliacci." "He's there not as a tenor but as a general manager," Mr. Chapin said. "I couldn't put up any living tenors, because if I had one I'd have to have them all. That goes for sopranos, too. I suspect that all opera managers are obsessed with tenors. Sunday is my only day off, but if I hear there's a tenor I'm not familiar with at the City Opera, I'll abandon my family and scoot over there. Suppose he turned out to be a great tenor and I had passed him by. I would even go to a night club to hear a tenor. Not that I would be able to tell much about him there. You've got to hear him on a stage in a big house. The opera world is the last bastion of the natural voice—no mikes, no amplifiers. A singer's got to get out there and *sing*. But where do you find singers? When the National Council of the Met was holding auditions, a few months back, in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Honolulu, I went out to all the finals, hoping to snare a tenor. And you know how many tenors there were among thirty finalists? Just three. We've got one of them under contract—a fine young lyric tenor, who's only about twenty-seven. A neophyte. A soprano's voice comes into full bloom much earlier, but a tenor's doesn't freeze into what it's going to be until he's close to thirty. I could probably use my new tenor right now, but I want to nurse him along and treat him very carefully, because you can't take chances with anything as rare as a tenor. Now, real deep basses are hard to find, but somehow they always seem to turn up. Tenors don't. The tenor is the soft underbelly of the opera; he's what makes or breaks a company. For three weeks last December, we had Jess Thomas, Jon Vickers, Helge Brilioth, Nicolai Gedda, Luciano Pavarotti, and Richard Tucker all performing here at once, and I felt so good I wanted to put them all in a big jewel box and stash them away. And do you know what we had then? Well, I'll tell you. Among them were three of the only four solidly arrived, dependable heldentenors on earth. Only four of them for the whole world! Where it really comes to the crunch is Wagner, and the reason the 'Ring' was scarcely done for twenty years or so was simply the lack of heldentenors. Somehow they are in extremely short supply these days. You can find non-heldentenors who'll do an acceptable 'Meistersinger' or 'Lohengrin,' but for 'Tristan' and the 'Ring' you need real coin. Oh, how I'd love to discover a topflight Wagnerian tenor! In my daydreams, a stranger sidles up to me and says, 'You can be anything you want,' and I say, 'I want to be the world's greatest heldentenor and sing the 'Ring.' "

Mr. Chapin paused for breath and then plunged on. "I guess it goes back to when I was a kid. I was intoxicated by Melchior and Flagstad. They became identity symbols to me—especially Melchior, who simply never gave a bad performance. Sure, his acting might be a little off some night, or he might seem bored, but, oh, the sound! Melchior had had a falling-out with Rudolf Bing, as everybody knows. This past winter, not long before Melchior died, I wrote to him in California and invited him to the opening of 'Siegfried.' He couldn't make it, but he replied that mine was the first letter he'd had from anybody at the Met in twenty-two years, and he sent his regards to all hands. I read his letter at a cast party after the performance, and it was a memorable moment for me, because at the end the company broke into thunderous applause. Melchior has left some important souvenirs to the Met, among them his portrait as Tristan, and this is moving for me, because I got my love of tenors—and, indeed, of all opera—from him. Heldentenors are so scarce a commodity today that when you schedule the 'Ring' you attempt to find out what Hamburg or Vienna or San Francisco is planning to do at the same time. Because everybody needs these same tenors. You have to book them two or three years in advance. You try to get all your other singers lined up well ahead of time, too—that goes without saying—but what you latch onto most firmly are tenors. What makes it worse is that tenors are so prone to get sick—even more than sopranos, it seems to me—that you always have to have a tenor of equal stature to cover the tenor you've got billed. And you have to do a delicate balancing act, because if nobody *gets* sick the major tenor covering another major tenor has got to have a chance to sing, too. There seems to be an especially acute sensitivity in the tenor department."

We suggested that perhaps we ought to be returning to our seat, but Mr. Chapin ignored the thought. "A couple of weeks ago, Placido Domingo, one of the rare handful of first-class *Italian* tenors, was supposed to do 'Trovatore' one night, and he felt ill at three that afternoon," he said. "You know what? We turned this huge city upside down, and there wasn't a single available substitute in New York. It was too late to change shows, so it was a question of Domingo's singing or our sending the audience home. Happily, he finally decided he was well enough to go on, and he did, and he sang very nicely, but we had a terrible few hours. If it had been a soprano, it would have been a problem, but not *that* kind of problem. Some tenors feel that New York is a woman singer's town, incidentally—a shrine for sopranos—and there's a certain truth to that, but tenors are beginning to make themselves felt. They're getting to be glamour boys. Why, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has begun to follow Jon Vickers about, doing a documentary on him, and they'll be doing it for a whole year. Vickers is tough to work with, but for all the right reasons. Some of the parts he has to sing are crushingly *brutal.* So I don't blame tenors for being temperamental. The only break they have going for them is that they usually win the lady. There are plenty of villainous baritone roles, but there's



"Harkins, we've just lost the Krunchies account! I'm afraid I have to rip off your epaulets!"

hardly ever a villainous tenor. This attracts the public to tenors, because the public dotes on heroes in every area—sort of the way, I guess, that I dote on tenors. Now, you be sure to let me know if you hear of one, won't you?"

We promised, and tiptoed out.

The Host and the Guests

Ernest M. Frimbo (world's leading railway buff; our dear friend) sat in the Madison Room of the Princeton Club one lunchtime recently, munching English turbot and humming an old hillbilly tune called "Flop-Eared Mule." Between bites. The first verse of that song begins, "Flop-eared mule, flop-eared mule, flop-eared, flop-eared, flop-eared mule," and the second one goes, "Real world, real world, real, real, real world, real world, real world, real, real world." It's one of his favorites. The English turbot was on hand partly because Frimbo was boycotting meat and partly because he is partial to English turbot.

Now, as it happens, we sat opposite Mr. Frimbo during that meal, and since we had not seen our friend in some time, we put a series of questions to him: "How are you? Where have you been? Are you all right? What have you been doing? Why haven't we seen you?"

He certainly looked well. He had quite a tan, and his eyes were as merry as ever.

"Things had reached the point where my doctor had said, 'I think you'd better get out of town for a good long rest,' " Mr. Frimbo told us. "I wasn't feeling too good. When the town is New York, you just have to get out of it every so often. It was good advice. And the question arose: Where to go? Since I'd been everywhere.

"And a friend of mine who, hmm [here he clicked his tongue], owns a set of cars that he'd bought from the Union Pacific Railroad—namely, two sleeping cars, a dining car, and a marvellous dormitory car that houses staff—said that he was starting off on a little expedition to nowhere, because he was out of sorts, too. He thought it would be a good idea if I joined up. And he said, 'If you want to come out, I'm operating out of Texas, and we can arrange to pick you up in Houston.'

"Whereupon I said all right, I'd go out on the Broadway Limited. And the man said, 'I'll have someone meet you in Chicago, if you don't feel very well, and take you to lunch, and put you on the Texas Chief to Houston.'

"So when Mr. Frimbo gets to Houston, someone in a limousine picks him up and takes him out to a yard where this train is sitting—the two sleeping cars, the dining car, the dormitory car—and I am told there's a full staff aboard. A porter tells me, 'Your host will be along later, and his friends, some of whom I think you know, and if you wish to take a nap, I've made your room up.' And he conducts me to a magnificent compartment that will sleep three, with the air-conditioning already turned on, and a man appears and says, 'Can I get you anything from the bar?'

"Mr. Frimbo has an orange juice and takes a nap, and by the time he wakes up, the other guests have started arriving, and he's feeling a little better already, and the host comes aboard, and we're introduced to the staff; there's a secretary, and two men in the kitchen, and a man at the bar and a waiter, and a porter for each of the sleeping cars, and a general atmosphere of 'What would you like in the way of food or drink or silence or bingo?'

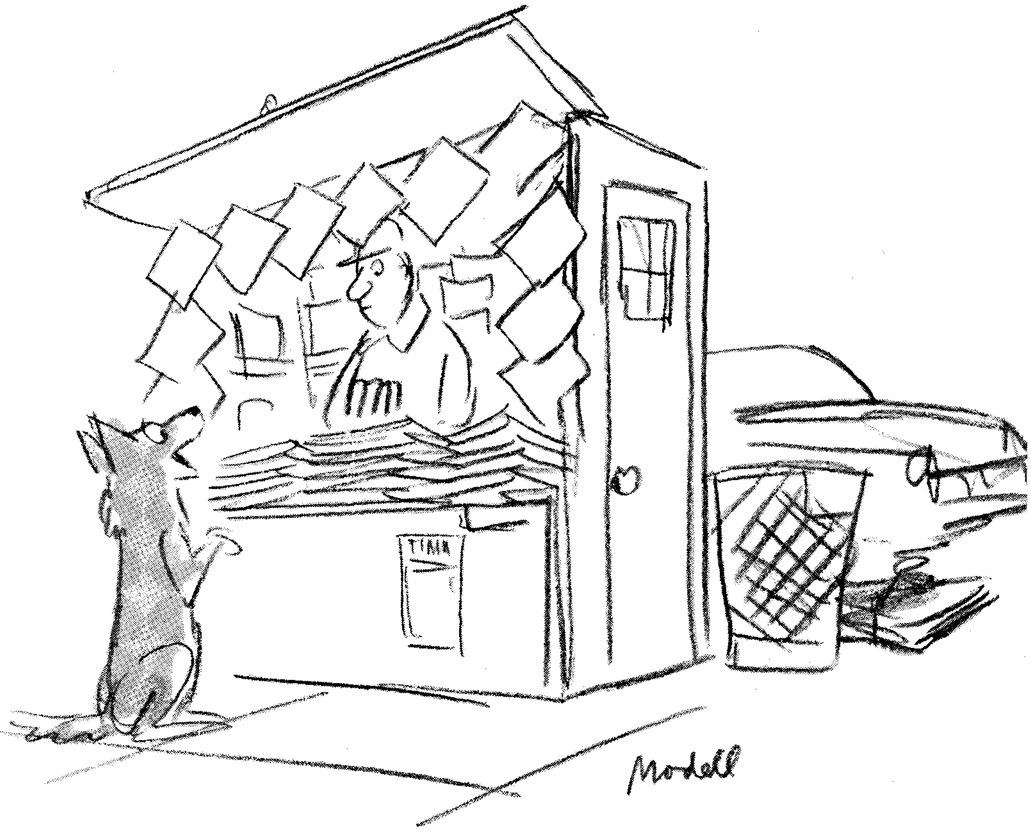
"The secretary had a bingo machine along, in case anybody wanted to play bingo, and a stack of magazines—you know, as the trains used to be—in case anybody wanted to read magazines. The menus were printed up, and they were always a surprise. You were presented a menu at each meal, three meals a day, ranging from oversized steaks to whatever the kitchen crew had been able to snaffle in the local market where we lay over—say, shrimps or fish or extra-good-looking strawberries, or whatever. Part stuff stored in refrigerators in the dormitory car and part living off the land—the army travelling on its stomach.

"Among the guests were a friend of mine from Birmingham, whom I had known for many, many years, and a chap from the West Coast whom I had also known, both of them ardent rail buffs. There was a doctor aboard—a doctor and his wife. I didn't know the rest of the crew. I happened to know one of the waiters; he's an old regular dining-car employee of the Southern Pacific. He greeted me by name when I arrived—to my delight.

"In the middle of the night, we started off rambling. A switch engine picked us up and tacked us onto a westbound passenger train, right behind the engine, and we started off."

"Your four cars were in front of the other cars?" we put in.

"Yes. You get better hot water that way. The closer you are to the engine,



" 'Animal Life.' "

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naturally, the better the hot water. My host explained that he always asked to be put on the head end of the train. Incidentally, the host is a partner, with his brother, in a large manufacturing company on the West Coast, and when the argument comes up about can he travel on a certain train, he always says, 'Well, you know, my brother and I don't really need to ship anything in and out of our plant on your railroad.' He says, 'The truckers are coming in with these attractive offers.' The officials, he says, seem to get the message."

"And he's never been denied?"

"No, he usually manages to get—get something. Which is the way American business is conducted today. And Mr. Frimbo, being tired from the long journey to Houston and the long—overlong—stay in New York, just spent the first two or three days in, mostly in, his room, having his meals sent in if he liked, or having them in the dining car. Beautiful full-length dining car. [Here Mr. Frimbo rattled some change in his pants pocket.] And hobnobbing with the other friends—staying away from the bingo games.

"After two or three days, I began getting up and looking around. I hadn't been particularly aware of where I was going, and, all of a sudden, one morning I looked out the window and saw, among the signs along the way, kilometre posts instead of mileposts. And I asked the host what was going on, and he said, 'Well, you know, Mexican railways are much more agreeable to an expedition of this sort.' He said, 'I am planning to end this expedition in San Diego, and we've gone across the border to make it a more interesting trip.'

"I said, 'What? How is this?'

"He said, 'Oh, we had it all arranged beforehand. I knew your passport number from that journey we made out to the South Pacific a couple of years ago. Everything is in order.'

"*And*, sure enough, there was a man from the old Mexican Pullman Company in charge of the train, and a whole Mexican crew—in the kitchen, porters, everything. A delicious combination of Mexican and American cuisine appeared on our plates. You could have things as spiced as you like—*huevos rancheros*, for which everything bombastic gets thrown in, or plain, ordinary North American omelettes for breakfast. Delicious muffins and other things began appearing. [Mr. Frimbo clicked his tongue.] We went up a branch line to a town called Guanajuato, and the host said, 'Would you like to go down to the market with my secretary—it's one of the great open-air markets in Mexico—and we'll buy some fruits and vegetables?'

"So we went down to this spectacular market as big as a cathedral, and they had plantains and all kinds of incredibly wonderful fruits—juicy fruits that could be made into drinks, and so forth and so on. And we came back, each of us lugging a huge basket of goodies, put them in the dining car, and went to bed, and in the middle of the night I woke up, looked out in the light of the moon, and saw that we were on most *unlikely* trackage. The train was swaying and bumping, and so on, and the cars were swinging back and forth, and I realized we were travelling over track I had never been on before.

"Just then, I saw my host walking by in the corridor, so I asked him, 'What's up?'—this was about four o'clock in the morning—and he said, 'Oh, we're on a freight train, cutting across lots from one place to another so that we can save a couple of days. I arranged with the Mexican railroad people to put our train aboard.' He said, 'You won't have any hot water in the morning, because we're being hauled by a freight engine. But,' he said, 'we'll be making a hotel stop right after breakfast, so everybody can take a shower, or whatever.'

"So we stop off and have breakfast. And the host said, 'There's a lovely lake near here, called Pátzcuaro, and I've arranged for a motor cruiser to take us on a trip around the lake, if you don't mind walking down to the pier. It's about a mile.' So we spend the day sunning ourselves aboard the boat. He'd had a portable refrigerator full of cold drinks put aboard, and sandwiches made by the dining-car crew.

"Then we started north. Next morning, our host said, 'I think, uh, you've all had enough railroading for a while,' and we stopped off at a station, and a switch engine detached us from the passenger train we were on and took us down a siding. We got off at the siding, and he said, 'We're stopping off here for a day or two. Just take light luggage. If you need anything more, the porters will bring it to your rooms later on.'

"We walked down a lane to a literally walled hotel—a hotel with a high wall all around it, and one entrance, with an iron grille, just like the old haciendas. And we walked in there, and it turned out we had all been registered and assigned rooms in advance. Our host stood there handing out keys, and then we noticed a peculiar thing: there was nobody else in the hotel. And our host said, 'It's the off season.' He said, 'I've known the man who runs the place for years. We'll just rest here for a couple of days.'

"So *clang* goes the iron door, and there we are in our little walled city, with a swimming pool in the middle and a mariachi band for lunch and for dinner. That's why I have the tan—sitting in this walled hacienda in the sun, no one to disturb anything except the mariachi boys." Mr. Frimbo laughed, and continued laughing as he talked. "The minute the mariachi boys saw the group walking in to dinner, hustle, bustle, hustle, right behind you, set up the instruments two inches from your ear, and away they went. Six mariachi boys in fine fettle, in fine voice. It's kind of automatic, you see. Guests walk into the hotel, and the mariachi boys, who are apparently asleep somewhere, are instantly alerted for lunch and dinner.

"After we had sunned ourselves and bathed, done our drip-dry and everything for a couple of days, the host said, 'All right, we'll walk back up the lane.' We walk up the lane; pretty soon the switch engine backs down with our four cars from the railway station. We climb aboard and set out for the United States, ending up in San Diego. At which point the secretary approaches me and says, 'Most people are flying up to San Francisco, or wherever they want to go, but we assume that you, being a railway buff, will like to go on the four-o'clock San Diegan to Los Angeles.'

"And he hands me an envelope. It's the ticket to Los Angeles, plus a roomette on the Super Chief to Chicago and a roomette on the Broadway Limited back to New York. When I got aboard the Super Chief, the dining-car steward came back and knocked on my door. 'Mr. Frimbo,' he said, 'I have instructions that the dinner tonight will be on the house, with a bottle of wine. Just let me know when you wish to come in to dinner.'

"Incidentally, one of our four wonderful cars had an engine in it that would generate enough power to light all four cars and to run the air-conditioning in all four cars, in case the host wanted to have the train set out in a place where there was no way to plug in to the local supply. A couple of times, when this engine was misbehaving, I'd go outside, and there he'd be, underneath one of the cars, tinkering and making it run again. He knew exactly how to repair the thing."

OUR WORK AND WHY WE DO IT

As admirable volume after admirable volume tumbled from the sweating presses . . .

The pressmen wiped their black hands on their pants and adjusted the web, giving it just a little more impression on the right side, where little specks of white had started to appear in the crisp, carefully justified black prose.

I picked up the hammer and said into the telephone, "Well, if he comes around here he's going to get a face full of hammer

"A four-pound hammer can mess up a boy's face pretty bad

"A four-pound hammer can make a bloody rubbish of a boy's face."

I hung up and went into the ink room to see if we had enough ink for the rest of the night's runs.

"Yes, those were weary days," the old printer said with a sigh. "Follow copy even if it flies out the window, we used to say, and oft—"

Just then the Wells Fargo man came in, holding a .38 loosely in his left hand as the manual instructs

It was pointed at the floor, as if he wished to

But then our treasurer, old Claiborne McManus

The knobs of the safe

Sweet were the visions inside.

He handed over the bundle of Alice Cooper T-shirts we had just printed up, and the Wells Fargo man grabbed them with his free hand, gray with experience, and saluted loosely with his elbow, and hurried the precious product out to the ambiguous fans.

And coming to work today I saw a brown Mercedes with a weeping woman inside, her head was in her hands, a pretty blond back-of-the-neck, the man driving the Mercedes was paying no attention, and

But today we are running the Moxxon Travel Guide in six colors

The problems of makeready, registration, showthrough, and feed

Will the grippers grip the sheet correctly?

And I saw the figure 5 writ in gold

"Down time" was a big factor in the recent negotiations, just as "wash-up time" is expected to complicate the negotiations to come. Percy handed the two-pound can of yellow ink to William.

William was sitting naked in the bed wearing the black hat. Rowena was in the bed too, wearing the red blanket. We have to let them do everything they want to do, because they own the business. Often they scandalize the proofreaders, and then errors don't get corrected and things have to be reset, or additional errors are *inserted* by a proofreader with his mind on the shining thing he has just seen. Atlases are William's special field of interest. There are many places he has never been.

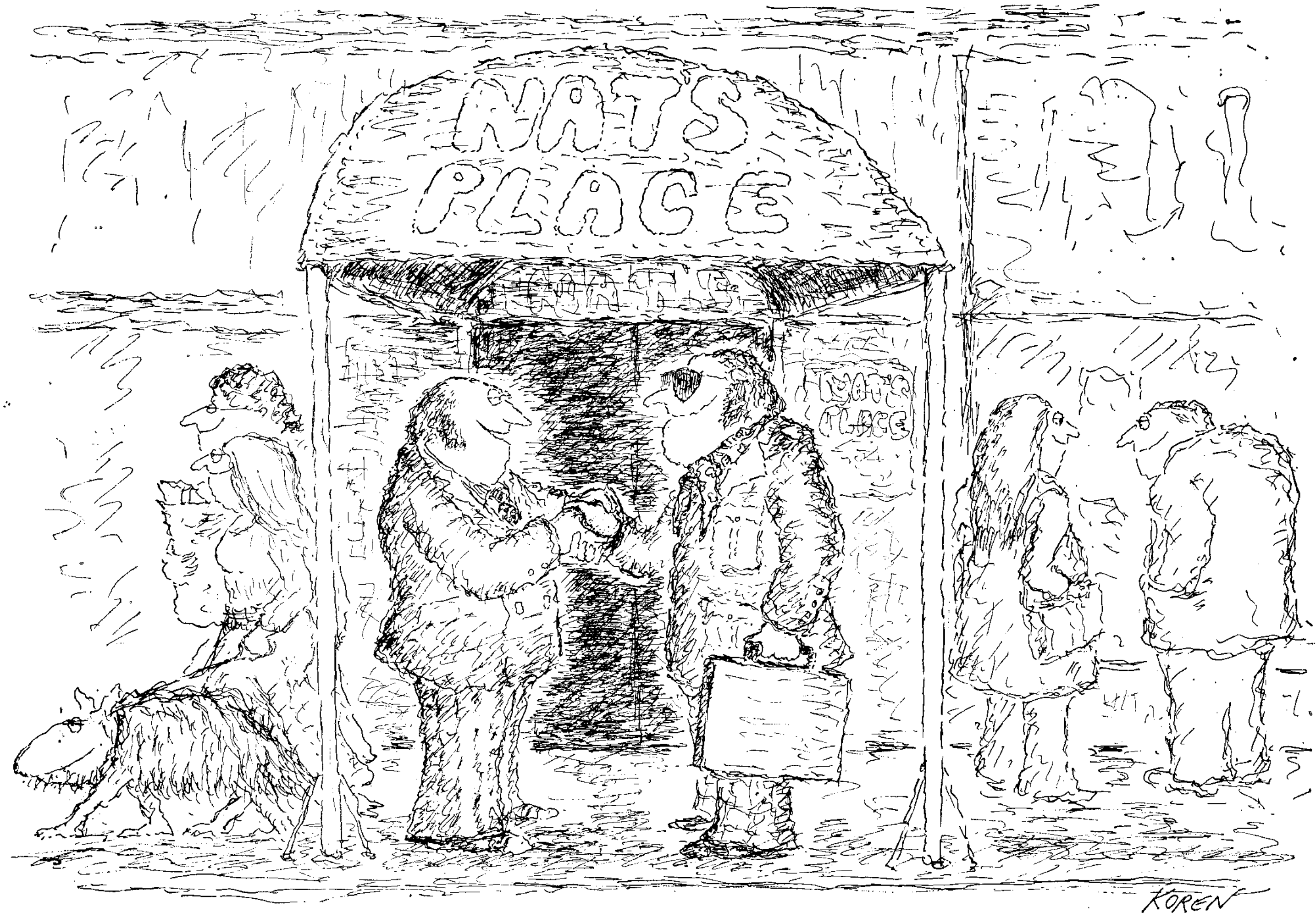
"Yesterday," William began

You have your way of life and we ours

A rush order for matchbook covers for Le Foie de Veau restaurant

The tiny matchbook-cover press is readied, the packing applied, the "Le Foie de Veau" form locked into place. We all stand around a small table watching the matchbook press at work. It is exactly like a toy steam engine. Everyone is very fond of it, although we also have a press big as a destroyer escort—that one has a crew of thirty-five, its own galley, its own sick bay, its own band. We print the currency of Colombia, and the Acts of the Apostles, and the laws of the land, and the fingerprints

"My dancing shoes have rusted,"



"And don't forget to give my best regards to your car, your house, and your swimming pool."

said Rowena, "because I have remained for so long in this bed."

of criminals, and Grand Canyon calendars, and gummed labels, some things that don't make any sense, but that isn't our job, to make sense of things—our job is to kiss the paper with the form or plate, as the case may be, and make sure it's not getting too much ink, and worry about the dot structure of the engravings, or whether a tiny shim is going to work up during the run and split a fountain.

William began slambanging Rowena's dancing shoes with the steel wool. "Yesterday," he said

Salesmen were bursting into the room with new orders, each salesman's person bulging with new orders

And old Lucien Frank was pushing great rolls of Luxus Semi-Fine No. 2 through the room with a donkey engine

"Yesterday," William said, "I saw six Sabrett hot-dog stands on wheels marching in single file down the middle of Jane Street followed at a slow trot by a police cruiser. They had yellow-and-blue umbrellas and each hot-dog stand was powered by an elderly man who looked ill. The elderly men not only looked ill but were physically small—not more than five-six, any of them. They were heading I judged for the Sixth Precinct. Had I had the black hat with me, and sufficient men and horses and lariats and .30-.30s, and popular support from the masses and a workable revolutionary ideology and/or a viable myth pattern, I would have rescued them. Removed them to the hills where we would have feasted all night around the fires on tasty Sabrett hot dogs and maybe steaming butts of Ballantine ale, and had bun-splitting contests, sauerkraut-hurling"

He opened the two-pound can of yellow ink with his teeth.

"You are totally wired," Rowena said tenderly

"A boy *likes* to be"

We turned away from this scene, because of what they were about to do, and had some more vodka. Because although we, too, are wired most of the time, it is not the vodka. It is, rather . . . What I mean is, if you have ink in your blood it's hard to get it out of your hands, or to keep your hands off the beautiful typefaces carefully distributed in the immense typecases

Annonce Grotesque, Compacta, Helvetica Light, Melior, Profil, Ringlet

And one of our volumes has just received a scathing notice in Le Figaro, which we also print. . . . Should we smash the form? But it's our form. . . .

Old Kermit Dash has just hurt his finger in the papercutter. "It's not so bad, Kermit," I said, binding up the wound. "I'm scared of the papercutter myself. Always have been. Don't worry about it. Think instead of the extra pay you will be drawing for that first joint, for the rest of your life. Now get back in there and cut paper." I whacked him on the rump, although he is eighty, almost rumpless

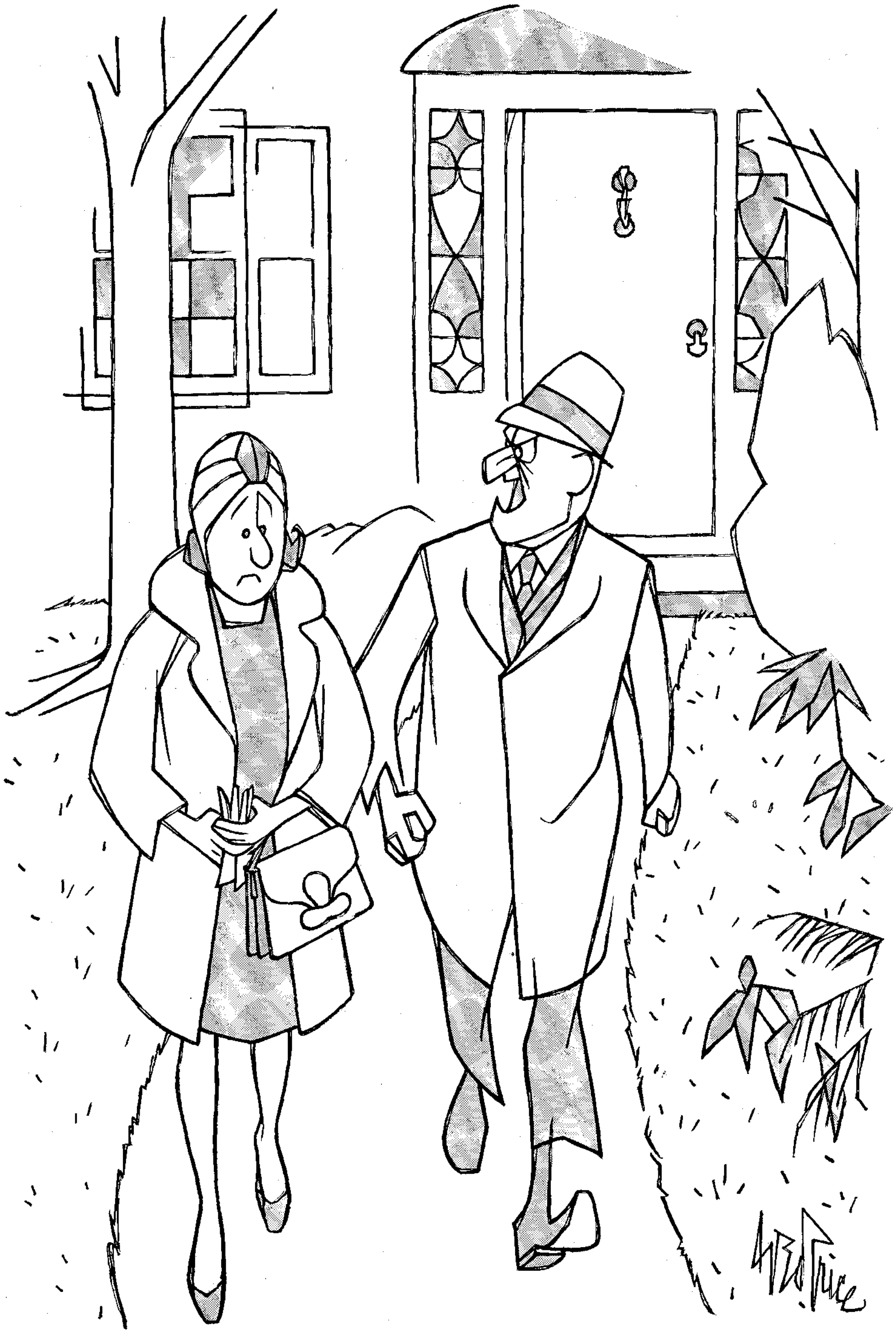
We do the *Oxford Book of American Sin*

Rowena handed Bill another joint—I myself could be interested in her, if she were not part of Management and thus "off limits" to us fiercely loyal artisans. And now, the problem of where to hide the damning statistics in the Doe Airframe Annual Report. Hank Witteborn, our chief designer, suggests that they just be "accidentally left out." The idea has merit, but

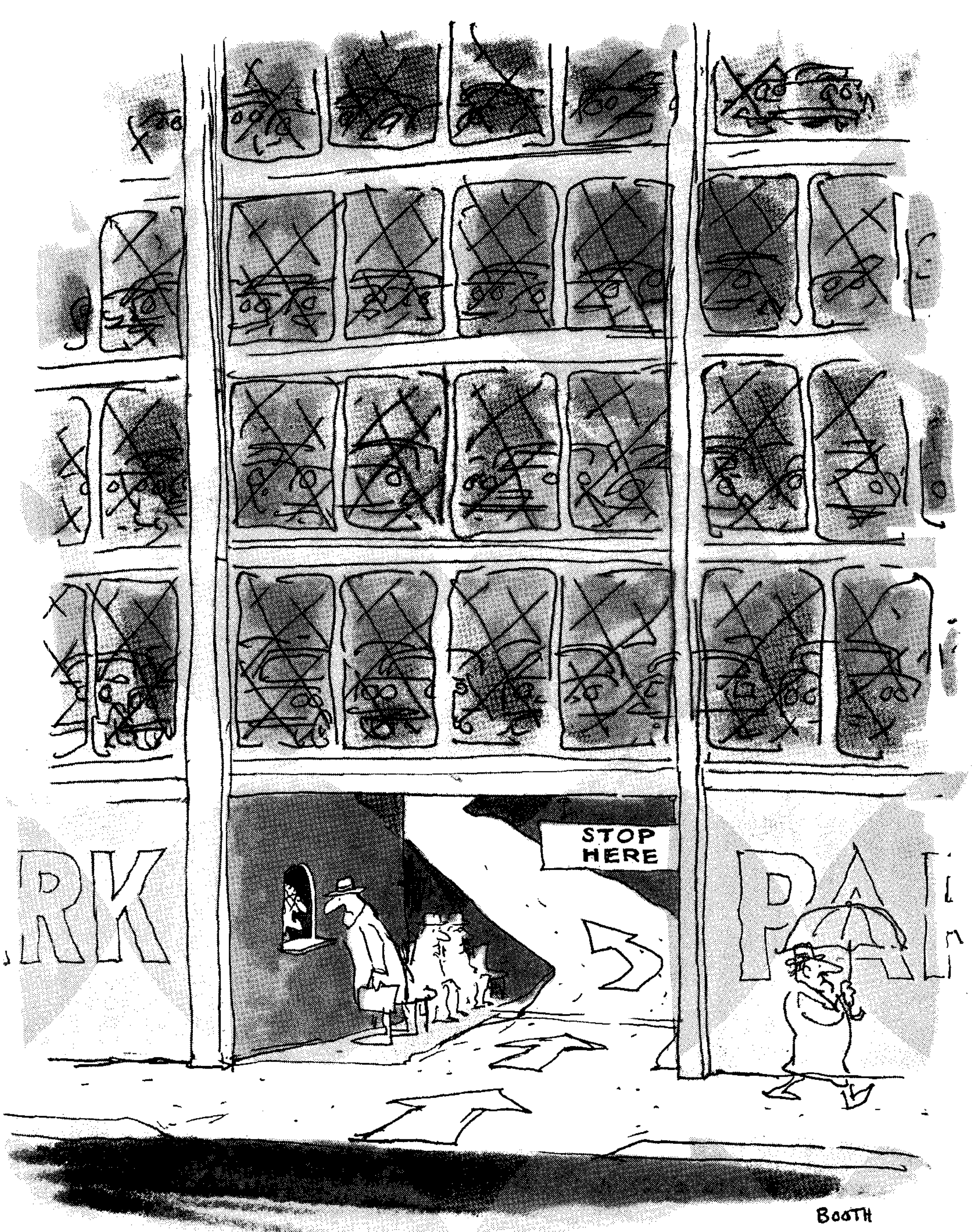
Crash! Someone has just thrown something through our biggest window. It is a note with a brick wrapped around it:

Sirs:
If you continue to live and breathe
If you persist in walking the path of
Coating the facade of exploitation with
the stucco of good printing
Faithfully

What are they talking about? Was it not we who had the contract for



"You damn well did not mention that they had a gifted child!"



"You may as well have a seat, Buster. The boys have had an eighteen-car collision on the upper ramps."

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the entire Tanberian Revolution, from the original manifestos hand-set in specially nicked and scarred Blood Gothic to the letterheads of the Office of Permanent Change & Price Control (18 pt. Ultima on a 20-lb. laid stock)? But William held up a hand, and because he was the boss, we let him speak.

"It is good to be a member of the bourgeoisie," he said. "A boy *likes* being a member of the bourgeoisie. Being a member of the bourgeoisie is *good* for a boy. It makes him feel *warm* and *happy*. He can worry about his *plants*. His green plants. His plants and his quiches. His property taxes. The productivity of his workers. His plants/quiches/property taxes/workers/Land Rover. His *sword hilt*. His"

William is sometimes filled with self-hatred, but we are not. We have our exhilarating work, and our motto, "Grow or Die," and our fringe benefits, and our love for William (if only he would take his hands off Rowena's hip bones during business hours, if only he would take off the black hat and put on a pair of pants, a vest, a shirt, socks, and)

I was watching over the imposition of the Detroit telephone book. Someone had just dropped all the "H"s—a thing that happens sometimes.

"Don't anybody move! Now, everybody bend over and pick up the five slugs nearest him. Now, the next five. Easy does it. Somebody call Damage Control and have them send up extra vodka, lean meat, and bandages. Now, the next five. Anybody that steps on a slug gets the hammer in the mouth. Now, the next"

If only we could confine ourselves to matchbook covers!

But matchbook covers are not our destiny. Our destiny is to accomplish 1.5 million impressions per day. In the next quarter, that figure will be upped by twelve per cent, unless

"Leather," William says

"Leather?"

"*Leather*," he says with added emphasis. "Like they cover cows with."

William's next great idea will be in the area of leather. I am glad to know this. His other great ideas have made the company great.

The new machine for printing underground telephone poles

The new machine for printing smoke on smoked hams

The new machine for writing the figure 5 in gold

All of this weakens the heart. I have the hammer, I will smash anybody who threatens, however remotely, the company way of life. We know what we're doing. The vodka ration is generous. Our reputation for excellence is unexcelled, in every part of the world. And will be maintained until the destruction of our art by some other art which is just as good but which, I am happy to say, has not yet been invented.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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"It's getting to be a great deal more popular to have a wedding out in the open," Kennedy says. "All a couple has to do is call up and reserve an area. It's that simple." There are no special fees.

More than marriages have taken place in the park system in the last two years, Kennedy says, and he expects even more this year.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Let's not look at the seamy side.

LOVE DAY, 1945*

Slowly the ancient seas,
Those black, predestined waters rise
Lisping and calm before my eyes,
And Massachusetts rises out of foam
A state of mind in which by twos
All beasts browse among barns and apple trees
As in their earliest peace, and the dove comes home.
—*Anthony Hecht.*

I. MINUS ONE

1. Averil Sayward Snow

Imprimis, in her shower in Quincy Street,
The lady vanishes and reappears,
Venusian, in an ocean spume of steam,
And stands, material, on her bathmat—
Pink, white, and twenty-three—and dries her feet.
Naked, she to her naked face applies
A thin clay skin, and to her bare green eyes
Brown underlines, which will italicize
Her ultimate impression. A mute rose
Buds on her noiseless lips, and an Arpège
Of scent spans all her octaves. Into clothes
She skin-dives skillfully, emerging whole
And foliate in a war-torn world whose leaves
Too often stem from embarkation, as
Did Charley Snow's. (Please figure to yourself
Particulars of severance in the rain
In terminal night light beside the green
Sleeper, Shoshone Falls. Enough.) Now grass,
Now flesh widow, combatant unaware
In unknown actions, Averil descends
Her meat-and-mothball-smelling stairs, which end
In many mailboxes. The glass door gives
On a dank night of Germinal, the last of March.

2. Marshall Schoen

Schoen, pale and flued in black, girt in a white
Bath towel, sacks his tottering chest of drawers
In search of underwear. Big books fall down:
Thick Skeat and Onions, gamy Partridge, firm
And appetizing Whiting, solid Flesch.
Once natatorially attired, he now
Dons don's apparel: a black flannel suit
From Hunter Haig, pink shirt, illicit knit
Tie bearing Pudding colors, grape-juice shoes,
And is the utter lecturer, complete
As any man can be at twenty-two.
He smokes a Raleigh standing and rereads
A hortatory letter full of grief,
Foreknowledge, and commercial wisdom, in
An old man's unskilled hand, on his old man's
Dry-cleaning letterhead from Bedford Ave.
("Spotting Our Specialty"). Immaculate,
He slams the tin door to his tutor's suite—
Lowell G-46—and drums his steel
Taps down the steps toward the trashy scent
Of ice-out in the river, borne by drops
Of mist that frost his horny spectacles.

3. Charley Snow

Somewhere off Okinawa, a DD
Makes for her station as a picket in
The outer radar screen. The tumulous seas
Break over her forepeak as her exec.,
Lieutenant Snow, relinquishes the conn
And goes below to take a trick of sleep
In his scant cabin, peopled by a framed
Portrait by Bachrach of his Averil
In sweet-girl-graduate cashmere and pearls.
He sleeps; the John E. Hagan alternates
Between beam-ends; the wardroom fiddles field
The anchor-marked but errant coffee cups;
The radar's catcher's mitt revolves above.
Thus ends his Minus One, thus enters Love
Day, April Fool's, and covers Charley Snow
With darkness till the winds of morning blow
Like sirens in the rigging, and the blips
Begin to cluster on the scanner's map.

II. L-DAY

1. Marshall

Schoen, waking, files a variance of light,
And knows he is not home; recalls last night,
Embodied still in Averil at his side;
Hears hunts of bells in ancient order ride
Out to enounce an Easter rising of
A sun, a Son, a nation twenty-nine
Years earlier, and, from his lover's bed,
A newborn Schoen, who, shaken, sees the pearl
Of morning fall like hail upon his arm,
Upon the peeling windowsill, upon
The Ford-strewn street outside, upon the Yard
Diminishing away in its chaste pale
Beneath the magic realism of
Its elms and bells, upon—turn back—the arm
Of Averil outside the covers. Schoen,
Like to his western homophone, completes
His manifest destiny: to penetrate
The world and person of the earlier
Arrivistes, keepers of the general store
Of fashions, notions, drygoods, who decline—
Agèd and inbred—to elect a fine
Young newcome to entrap their daughter's hand,
Their bolts and boxes, language, life, and land.

2. Averil

Revert to Averil, on whose eyelids light
White arts of morning, on whose ears repeal
The bells, rescinding silence. Through a slim
Slit fringed with lashes, she first apprehends
The sheet her blond arm pinions to her side;
Next, the next pillow, wrinkled, vacant, void
Of its oppressor; next, the high-hung room
Alive with light in a particulate
Manner, like mica; next, cut out of black,
But deckled white on every edge, his back
Framed in the window, a flat souvenir
Of the dimensionality of night
That had at her repose, a sharp unlike
Those cutouts of her ancestors—enshrined
In cover glasses—retrogressing up
The stairs of her house in West Cedar Street.
No, this is a new silhouette for her;

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* L-Day—or Love Day, in Navy parlance—was the official designation for the date of the Okinawa landings, April 1, 1945.

A step beyond her east to a frontier
Where new men cross the customs barrier,
Home in on her flat-lit retreat, and fill
Her bed with new, kinetic night. She smiles—
Just testing, just conducting maiden trials
Of her first real commission, of her first
Deep-water venture out of the milk-white,
Cream-calm home harbor—shivers, and, awake,
Shams sleep and prays the Lord her soul to take.

III. PLUS FIVE

1. Charley

Dead in the water, her main battery
Out of commission, fire in the engine room
Making a black smoke marker two miles high,
The Hagan lists and settles for a lull
Between attacks. The slap of seas, the cries
Of wounded in the wardroom are subdued
Again by planes and guns (the forties sound
Like fists upon tin tables; twenties purr
Like muffled air compressors). Now Group One
Abandons ship; a hundred treading men
Watch in the water as a Zero weaves
Inside the guard of forties—a pale cowl
Blackened with oil and exhaust, two red
Roundels beneath the wingtips—and explodes
Amidships as his wingman, well alight,
Straddles the foredeck and goes up. Fire flows;
The ready-ammunition drums go off;
The weather, making up, sends a great swell
Under the ship and breaks her back. She sinks.
Men swim in the first silence in a week.
Two hours pass and an SC comes to glean
Survivors from the waters. Nearly two
Hundred are rescued, not including Snow.

2. Averil

Averil, at this selfsame moment, bends
Her dawning eyes upon a book of dawn's
Language, at least in English: an old green-
Bound Anglo-Saxon reader. Kennings swim
Before her in the whale road, and she kens
The sense of continuity: the men
Upon her husband's ship upon the sea;
The women here at home in the mead hall;
Their comforters upon that bed, asleep
After love's labors, lost to the wide world
Of search and service Charley Snows are born,
Not made, to man; the waiting game of her
Kind, womankind, Penelopes who must
Not fend off suitors in the interim
Nor stand on principle, on pain of dust.
What love she bears for that poor man who
sleeps
Within her benison, beneath the deeps
Of purpose realized, desire fulfilled;
She covers him against the coming cold.

IV PLUS THIRTY-SEVEN

1. Marshall

Of that long, soft, and early-bearing spring
The warmest day to date comes, carrying
The rumor of the bells, too many and strong
To let the rumors of newsboys along
Mount Auburn Street be heard. The Lowell
bells—
Unmatched and matchless—now take up the call
With jingling thunder in an imbecile
Outburst of joy. Outside, the sparrows in
The Fly Club hedge sing, audibly, "V-E!"
And many a passenger wears an unwilled grin
To think that that's all over. Marshall Schoen
Marches, on a more sombre errand, north,
In his most sable suit and most subdued
Knit tie, a mourning brassard almost on
The dark stuff of his sleeve. Northward to grieve—
And not as any member of the wake,
But as a rank outsider on the black
Edge of disaster's cloud of celebrants—
He goes, untempted by the blossoming
Delicatessen of a Cambridge spring,
Unlevitated by the lifting of
A six-year siege, unmoved by his late love.
When he arrives at Christ Church, that slight
frame
Survival of an age of easy grace
Complete with shrine—a Tory bullet hole
Preserved in the pine reliquary of
Its thin gray sides—he sees a black pigtail
Of straggling mourners disappearing in
To hear Lieutenant Snow absolved of sin
Posthumously, and coolly eulogized
In the embalming tones of Dr. Wise,
The well-loved Rector. Standing on the brick
Sidewalk outside, arms folded, chin down, Schoen
Shakes his head once and marches home again.

2. Averil

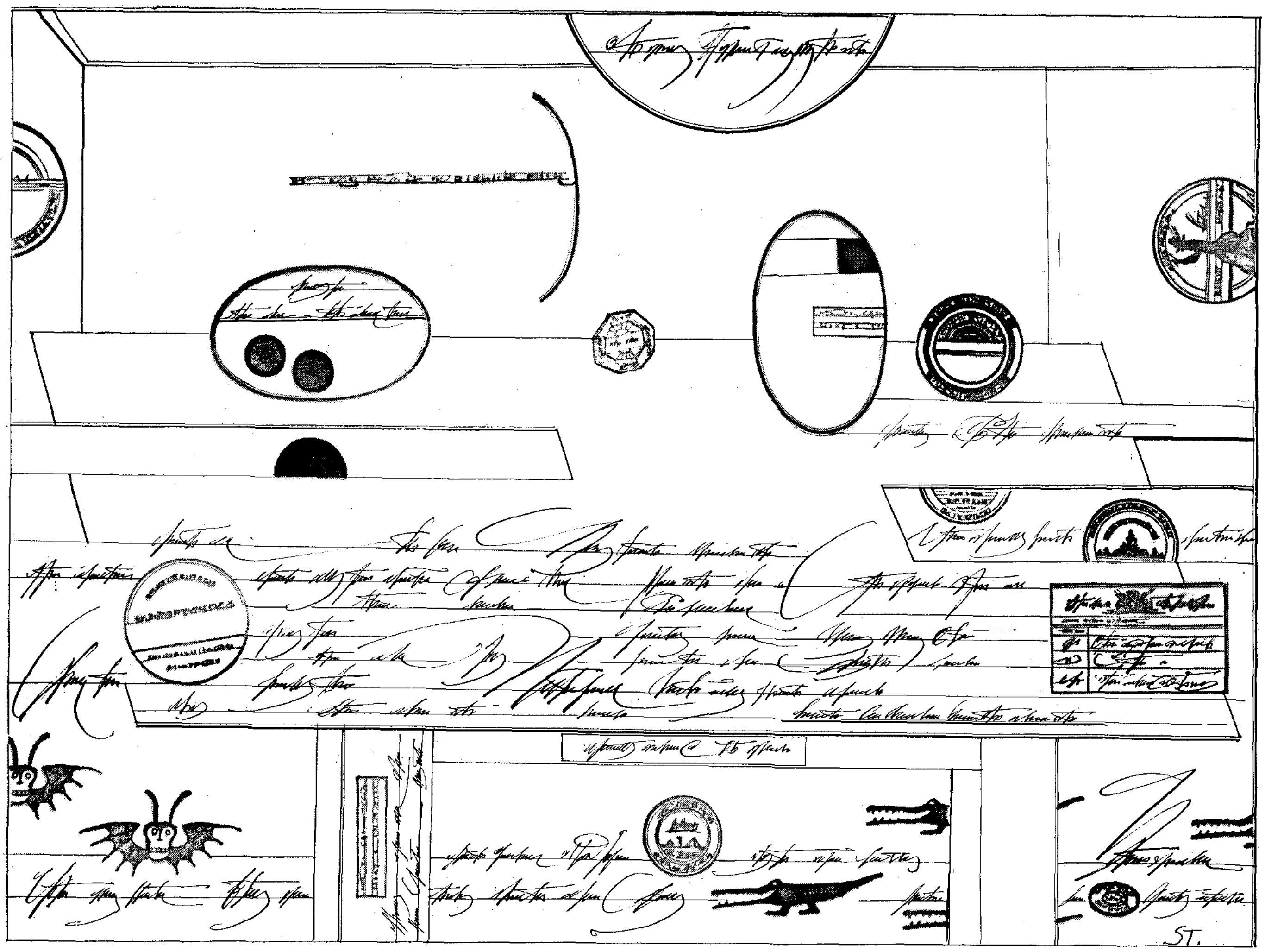
World's youngest widow, in R. H. Stearns weeds—
Black veil, for once across an unmarked eye,
Black tailleur on a proper figure, black
Pumps cantilevering a perfect calf—
Twines black-gloved hands as if, though not,
in prayer,
Drops chin, blinks back no shadow of a tear,
Shakes her head shortly once, as if to clear
Inconsolation out of it, and dumb
To Dr. Wise's plashing words, and numb
To that small throng of ill- and well-wishers
Who drill her back with ravening, unveiled
Eyes bright with speculation, sits her mount—
An off-white pew—with ladylikeness, which
Is one thing she knows cold, and perseveres.
What they don't know, although they know a lot,
Is at the moment still her secret: what
The numerous troop of non-red-letter days
Investing her desk calendar now says,
Predictably, is sure to come. A crux
Of time forms in her mind; Love Day recedes,
All its cross-purposes self-cancelling;
Today a war and man of war both come
To their dead end; tomorrow, unremarked
For anything, will be a day at home
For Averil, beside herself with due
Bills to be honored; for the first time, too,
Possessed, perhaps, of the resources she
Will need to meet them. A recessional
Hymn strikes up in Christ Church, Episcopal.

—L. E. Sissman

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

SALT

I—THE LABYRINTH



SOMETIME between the great world wars, a Whitehall civil servant hung on the wall behind his desk the framed admonition "If you know what you think, you don't understand the problem." Beleaguered though this forgotten professional skeptic may have been, one doubts whether he and his contemporaries grappled with problems as labyrinthine or as treacherous or as rich in paradox, contradiction, and abstraction as those covered by SALT—the strategic-arms-limitation talks. Though the United States and the Soviet Union have been engaged in the talks since November of 1969, and "SALT" itself is by now among the world's best-known acronyms, the substance of the talks is available only to initiates—the bureaucrats and scientists who are professionally involved. And even many of them are confused; their thinking shifts and oscillates, because the analysis flowing from SALT mocks, if it doesn't overwhelm, tidy, clear-cut points of view. Politicians and editorialists tell us that SALT is the most fateful negotiation in human history, although they are hard pressed to explain exactly what is at issue and why. The arms-limitation agreements reached in Moscow last May—possibly the first in a series—drew a nearly unanimous congressional endorsement, and it is difficult to imagine a SALT agreement's being rejected, any more than the limited-test-ban treaty of 1963 or the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty of 1968 was rejected. Yet the concerned public and its elected representatives can gain much less insight into SALT than they could into these other agreements. SALT, then, is perverse; it enlists our curiosity yet discourages comprehension. Even so, thinking about SALT—understanding what is involved and what is happening—can be rewarding, less because of its self-evident importance than because it is probably the most fascinating episodic negotiation since 1815 and the Congress of Vienna. SALT is likely to go on indefinitely. Thus, even though progress may be slow, and the talks are likely to bog down occasionally, SALT may develop a cumulative impact on world politics comparable to that of the Congress of Vienna, whose achievement was to spare Europe any major bloodletting for a hundred years.

Piercing the veil of SALT means understanding three questions: why the United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in this unique enterprise, why SALT is opaque, and what the essence of SALT really is. The answer to the first should determine whether SALT will produce further agreement and actually stabilize the power balance—that is, blunt the incentive for strategic advantage in nuclear arms. The complexity of SALT is so great that no two senior officials involved in the process—and no two middle-level bureaucrats, for that matter—appear to agree on why the two superpowers are engaged in such talks; indeed, opinions clash on whether SALT is desirable. In any event, governments, like people, rarely make their major decisions for a single, obvious reason, or even for two reasons. Furthermore, the motives animating official actions may be obscured by the actions themselves or by the rhetoric clothing the actions. Nevertheless, there is a kind of standard rationale for SALT. A senior official who was asked why the United States should bother with SALT might answer like this: "The talks were launched not from a common impulse to reduce armaments but from a desire to solemnize the parity principle—to establish an acceptance by each side of the other's ability to inflict intolerable retribution in response to a nuclear attack. Each may recognize that an unlimited arms race could undermine deterrence—hence stability—by allowing one or the other to acquire a margin of superiority that would create risks of a first strike. Also, failure to set limits could mean indefinitely sustaining the push for more and better arms, with costs driven constantly upward, at the expense of other things." Each side, this senior official might say, makes coldly analytical assumptions about the other's purposes and goals. Each assumes that the other is negotiating because parity has been achieved, but each also suspects that the other may be trying to buy time in order to catch up or jump ahead, either in the number of weapons or in the destructive potential of existing and future systems.

The Russians, our senior American official might add, are in the talks partly because they have overtaken the United States in strategic weapons. Their effort—begun after the Cuban missile crisis—to match the Americans by achieving a balanced second-strike force has succeeded; that is to say, they have a missile force that can survive a first strike and retaliate. Now their leaders, like America's, hope to head off another offensive-weapons cycle. They know that to succeed in this both sides must inhibit *defensive* weapons—an insight they have acquired from the Americans. Defending people, they now see, is the most troublesome of all strategic options, for the parity principle, or stability, or stable deterrence, demands that each of the two societies stand exposed to the destructive power of the other. In other words, once either side undertook to defend its population there could be no end to the cycle of designing new offenses to penetrate new defenses, and still newer defenses to frustrate the new offenses. Acceptance of this severe doctrine—a relatively new one, seeded by the McNamara Pentagon in the mid-sixties—illustrates the growing sophistication of Soviet thinking and some willingness to break with fixed attitudes, including an old Russian habit of equating security with territorial defense. The acceptance also points up the American interest in getting the Russians to change some of their thinking—in creating a situation that will bring about, however gradually, a convergence of American and Russian thinking on stable deterrence.

Thinking about deterrence is mind-bending, even for those who make it their job. It takes time and some knowledge of the weapons as well as of the issues; hence the gap not just between the United States strategic community and that of the Russians, whose concern with these concepts is more recent, but also between the Americans and their allies in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and between those Americans directly involved and those observing from academe. Both sides are in the SALT negotiations partly to get a better grip on internal-policy issues. SALT forces decisions up through the two bureaucracies; under the American system, the negotiations oblige competing elements to settle their differences and take what might become self-limiting steps in the arms race. Briefly, then, SALT offers a way for both sides to do some things that each may want to do anyway, because doing them as part of a bilateral agreement is easier than doing them unilaterally. Our senior official, especially if he were representing the State Department or the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency—an autonomous government agency established in 1961—might conclude his answer to the question "Why SALT?" with a word on parity. The alternative to parity, he could say, is a quest for superiority—a goal robbed of its strategic value by the undoubted continuing ability of each side to destroy most of the other's society. Parity, as such, may have more significance for the Russians than for the Americans. It represents a cherished Soviet objective—the ability to claim power that is the equal of America's and, as a result of that power, to expand their political horizons. Europe and other parts of the world can be put on notice that as Soviet nuclear might increases, Soviet non-nuclear forces can back a venturesome, possibly aggressive foreign policy and incur minimal risk of a nuclear confrontation with Washington. Parity, then, is as much a political as a strategic value.

ONE wonders how Talleyrand, Europe's consummate diplomat, would have reacted to SALT. Like the Congress of Vienna, SALT is a political negotiation concerned with finding an

"Has anyone ever told you you have eyes like Little Orphan Annie?"

equilibrium in which the great powers feel secure. Unlike the Congress of Vienna, whose pivotal issue was purely political—the control of Poland and Saxony—SALT is an anarchy of technical issues and asymmetries, and these are frequently so complex as to frustrate efforts to agree on definitions and terms of reference. The essence of SALT is political, but technical issues are used by both sides to shore up political and strategic biases. Understanding SALT means surmounting this barrier and others: the secrecy of the over-all process; the theological approach that has overtaken the Americans, or many of them; the mythology of SALT; and the ambiguities arising from the savagely conflicting attitudes within the defense and arms-control communities, and the deeper ambiguities emerging from the Russian performance in negotiating matters related to SALT.

The security surrounding the talks is remarkable. Rarely, if ever, have negotiations so prominent been so secret. At the outset, the two delegations agreed to forbear seeking propaganda advantage that might accrue from leaking news of the proceedings, and the members of both delegations have faithfully observed the rule of secrecy. Some of their colleagues in Washington do lift the curtain on some part of the talks from time to time—derelictions that often lead to a tit for tat, with the Soviet Embassy in Washington offering its version in response to an Administration-inspired account of the American position, or vice versa. Both delegations deplore leaks, whatever the source. On this issue, as on others, the active negotiators for the two sides have acquired a common view arising from their proprietary attitude toward SALT.

On the American side, the negotiations are directed by a small group of senior officials called the Verification Panel, which was created and is chaired by Henry Kissinger, the President's assistant for national security affairs. The Panel deals with broad policy options, and these options are shaped by what is called the Verification Panel Working Group, whose members are six senior bureaucrats drawn from the National Security Council staff, the State Department, the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The members of the Working Group focus on SALT the analytical talents of hundreds of specialists from the agencies they represent and from outside institutions. They are to the metaphysics of nuclear deterrence what the post-Nicene fathers of the Roman Catholic Church—the Scholastics, say—were to Christian theology. The Greek term "*homoousion*," or "consubstantial," when it emerged from the First Council of Nicaea, in 325, and finally established the divinity of the Son in the Trinity, must have befuddled the far-flung clergy and the faithful just as the acronym "MIRV" (for "multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicle") befuddled even knowledgeable Washingtonians, for whose eyes the then classified term was first insinuated into the Washington *Post* on January 29, 1967.

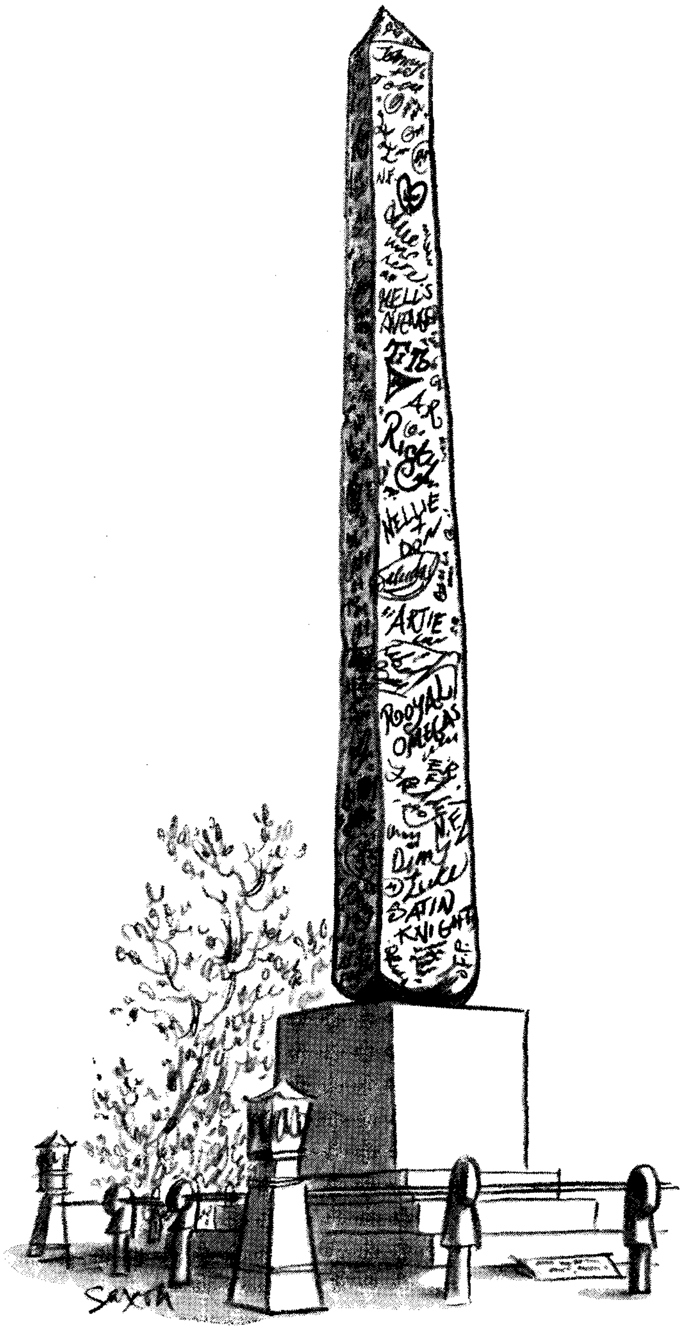
As was the case in the early Church, contending schools involved with SALT form around opposing strategic concepts. The most important of these are known as "assured destruction" and "damage limitation." Both can claim broad support and intellectual respectability. For the moment, though, the concept claiming the broader support is that of assured destruction, whose proponents assert, among other principles, that defending a country's population with ballistic missiles is immoral, because it might diminish an adversary's ability to destroy the defended cities in a second, or retaliatory, nuclear strike, and, by thus undermining his confidence, tempt him, in a crisis, to strike first. Stability, a truly divine goal in the nuclear age, thus becomes linked to secure second-strike offenses on both sides—that is, to assured destruction. This is the supreme dogma of the ascendant branch of the defense and arms-control communities. Those who oppose this theory believe, in greater or lesser degree, that to renounce the means of limiting damage to one's own society is heresy; in other words, the damage-limitation school would deploy offensive forces capable of measurably reducing an adversary's offensive weapons or would defend metropolitan areas with anti-ballistic-missile missiles (ABMs), or both.

The abstractions of Church doctrine are matched, if not exceeded, by the abstractions of Washington's internal SALT debate. Soviet tests of multiple

"Béla, isn't it time we thought about getting a wagon?"

warheads for the SS-9—a land-based missile of stupendous destructive power—generated a long epistemological debate within the upper reaches of the Nixon Administration about what is and what is not a MIRVed missile. The issue turns on the distinction between MRVs (for "multiple reëntry vehicles") and MIRVs. MRVs, like pellets from a shotgun, follow a single ballistic path and cannot be aimed at separate targets. The MIRVs, which are more advanced, release individual warheads at varying times, and these can be aimed at separate targets. Establishing this distinction is far from simple, and for sheer arcana, for level of abstraction, for depth of passion, the debate on the implications of the Soviet tests recalls nothing so much as the querulous hairsplitting out of which Church dogma emerged.

Heresies have a long half-life; most of those that have split the Church, like the simple Latin word "*filioque*" ("and from the Son"), which continues to separate the Eastern and Western Churches, persist in one form or another. Strategic heresy is no exception. If the Nixon Administration is measured by what it does, it appears to have accepted parity and so to have acquiesced in assured destruction—a more modest concept than damage limitation. Yet if it is measured by what the President says, it appears to have specifically rejected parity in favor of "sufficiency"—a less confining term—and, just a week after his first inauguration, Nixon suggested, in his first press conference, that the difference between superiority and sufficiency was largely semantic. The President is not alone in his position. The concept of assured destruction may be the current fashion, but one finds throughout the government people for whom it represents only a temporary constraint—dictated chiefly by limits on spending—which will yield sooner or later to the politically and strategically more congenial concept of limiting damage. In brief, assured destruction is for some Scholastics of strategy a façade. For others, like Robert S. McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense, assured destruction is the only rational option; the superiority on which any significant damage-limiting capability must rest has become, in their view, chimerical.



NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

ALL issues related to SALT arise from instabilities, real or potential. Some instabilities are no less real for being rooted in suspicion and fear rather than hard fact. What one side regards as stabilizing may seem wildly destabilizing to the other. Neither side is willing to achieve stability by accepting what seems to be a heavier weight of insecurity than the other bears—by accepting a sense of strategic inferiority.

Stability's handmaiden is MAD; the acronym is for "mutual assured destruction," and it was coined by enemies of the concept. SALT, then, is supposed to persuade each side to abandon steps that might weaken or jeopardize the other's ability to inflict assured destruction. That is what SALT is all about, in the eyes of many arms Scholastics.

Washington's assured-destruction criteria are arbitrary and conservative. Back in the mid-nineteen-sixties, the Pentagon hit on roughly twenty-five per cent of the Soviet population and forty-five per cent of Soviet industry as a cut-off point in targeting weapons. Beyond that point, defense planners reckoned, more than double the number of weapons would be needed to gain even small increases in the level of destruction. The amount of second-strike power needed for such destruction was worked out as about four hundred one-megaton weapons, or the equivalent.

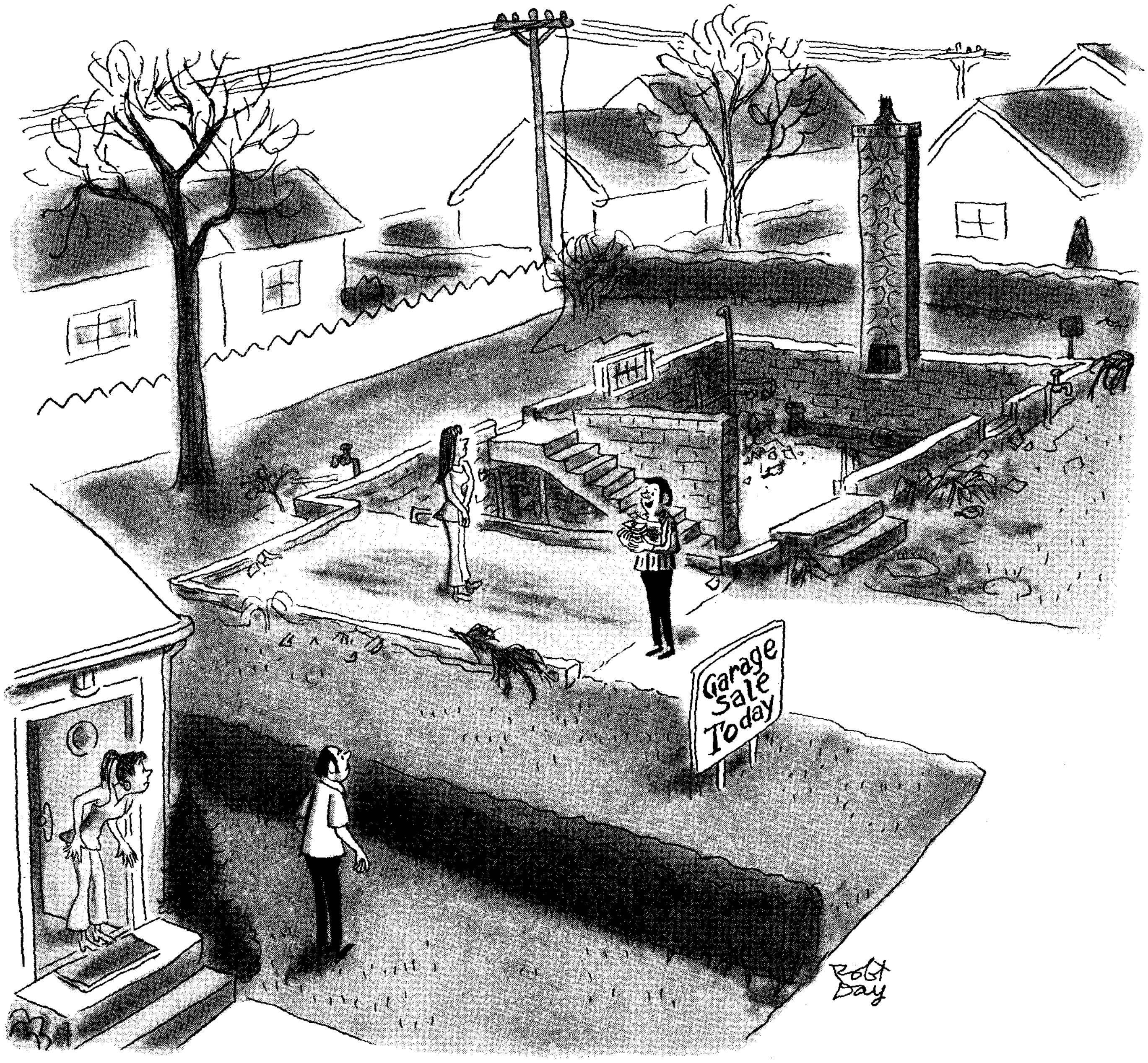
America now has three strategic forces—the Minuteman missile force, the Polaris submarines, and the B-52 bombers—and each of them can supposedly meet the criteria of assured destruction. The first thing to be said about this triad of forces is that it came about more by accident than by design; the second is that it is useful; and the third is that its popularity in Washington is declining. A Washington commonplace has it that the triad is the product of struggle between the armed services, each of which is determined to have a role in strategic military policy—but that is just part of the explanation. America relied on bombers in the nineteen-fifties. For insurance, the defense planners decided to build intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). Uncertain of being able to build into them the qualities of reliability, high accuracy, and quick reaction time, Washington developed several, placing some on the ground, some in underground silos, and some in submarines, and by the early nineteen-sixties America had its triad of forces. In time, Washington grew to admire this triad. Political and military leaders like the overlap (or redundancy), thinking of it as a clear gain for stability. America's most secure—hence most stable—system, quite obviously, is the submarine. Yet communicating with the boats when they are submerged is something of a problem. According to one expert, it is not one that is "really serious." Still, it does encourage sentiment for having at least one additional strategic system. There is another argument in favor of diversity. If all United States strategic weapons were put in submarines, for example, the Russians would expend far greater resources on anti-submarine techniques. Thus, a gesture aimed at stability might cause instability. Some people argue that it was a mistake to retain the bombers, which are expensive to operate and maintain. Undeniably, bombers are slower to react than missiles, and their ability to penetrate Soviet defenses is less certain. But precisely the great advantage of bombers is their slowness; in the event of a mistake, they can be recalled. In other words, the bomber, which makes a virtue of a flaw, and which is not menacing as a first-strike weapon, is stable.

What, then, is unstable, or least stable? A stable strategic weapon should be capable of a delayed response. It should be invulnerable (because if it can't withstand an attack, the other side may reason that it is designed not to respond to aggression but to initiate it). And it should be unambiguously deprived of what is called a first-strike, or damage-limiting, capability; put differently, it should not have that blend of accuracy and power that would enable it to destroy a large portion of the other side's weapons, as opposed to its population. Measured by these standards, the least stable element of America's triad is the Minuteman force. Although the fixed land-based ICBM was looked upon not long ago as the backbone of the American nuclear deterrent, it, and not the bomber, now seems likely to go the way of the cavalry. The Minuteman force has been compromised; it is unstable, or will be, because its invulnerability is in doubt.

At some point—nobody can say when—the Soviet Union should be able to wipe out the Minuteman force, or most of it, in a first strike. The weapons for this are the SS-9—a fixed land-based ICBM, whose deployment began in the late nineteen-sixties—and an improved version of it that is now in the testing phase. At first, the SS-9 made no strategic sense—at least, not to American arms Scholastics—for with it Moscow seemed to be rejecting the American experience. Instead of moving, as the United States had, away from awkward, slow-reacting, liquid-fuelled missiles, such as the old Atlases and Titans, the Russians began deploying them. Instead of moving, as the United States had, toward smaller and more accurate warheads, they did the opposite, arming the SS-9 with a single warhead of unimagined power—up to twenty-five megatons. (A one-megaton bomb is equal to a million tons of TNT, or is fifty times as powerful as the announced yield of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima.) Instead of deploying cheaper, more reliable, quick-reacting, solid-fuelled missiles, like America's Minuteman, the Russians, it seemed, had opted for a white elephant that probably cost them about twice as much as the Minuteman. Washington was persuaded that Moscow had been taken in by some part of its military bureaucracy. Even today, American experts regard the SS-9 as technologically regressive, feeling that its destructive power is out of proportion to any rational strategic mission. But not for some time now has Washington viewed the SS-9 as it once did. When it occurred to American planners that the SS-9 might someday be armed with MIRVs, they began to see the missile in a different light. It became startlingly clear that, say, four hundred and twenty SS-9s with three five-megaton warheads as accurate as the Minuteman warheads could virtually destroy the Minuteman system. About three hundred SS-9s with six smaller warheads each would achieve the same result. In August, 1968, when the Russians began testing MRVs (the less sophisticated multiple reëntry vehicles), their intention was obvious. It would not be long before they had a MIRV program. It would be quite a while—several years, perhaps—before they had the actual weapon, and still longer, probably, before their weapon was as accurate as the American version. But few, if any, experts now doubt the Soviet Union's ability to make a first-strike (and thus destabilizing) force of its super-brutes, of which there are now two hundred and eighty-eight, with silos under construction for twenty-five more. This perception gave a great boost to SALT, especially since the large-scale deployment of the SS-9 roughly coincided with the election of Mr. Nixon in 1968.

A FINE irony runs through this interaction between the SS-9 and the Minuteman. It is that the threat of the aesthetically contemptible Russian missile to Minuteman, probably the most proficient offensive weapon ever built, shapes, in greater or lesser degree, the thematic elements of SALT. These elements are, first, *parity* (or comparability, as it's sometimes called); second, crisis stability; third, mobility (the ability to shift fixed ICBMs from silos to railroad cars, trucks, and barges); fourth, the deployment of ABMs; and, fifth, the deployment of MIRVs.

Parity has in effect been achieved, for each side can now inflict unacceptable second-strike damage on the other. Although the balance of forces is not symmetrical, it is comparable. Which side has the offensive edge depends on what is deemed critical, and here judgment becomes subjective. America has more and better strategic bombers—about four hundred, compared to Russia's hundred and forty. The Russians have more ICBMs—almost four times as many as they had five years ago. Their current edge is nearly five hundred—one thousand five hundred and twenty-seven to one thousand fifty-four. American ICBMs, on the other hand, are more reliable and more accurate. And then Washington is putting MIRVs on five hundred and fifty of the thousand Minutemen, each of which was built to fire a single warhead. The new version, called Minuteman III, will carry three warheads. Deployment is proceeding, and by 1974 the American ICBM force may have nearly four hundred more warheads than the Russian force (although some of the "warheads" will be unarmed decoys to foil radar). The Russians will retain a payload advantage, because their warheads are larger, but this advantage in single-warhead missiles doesn't bother American planners, who feel that accuracy, not yield, is the critical element of the calculus. Yet when Moscow, too, deploys so-



"The sale exceeded our wildest dreams!"

• •

phisticated multiple-warhead vehicles, America's warhead advantage will be wiped out. Also, the Russians, besides carrying out their testing program for the improved version of the SS-9, are testing multiple warheads for their SS-11—another regressive ICBM, but one that is considerably smaller than the SS-9.

America has an absolute advantage at sea, because this country deploys better—and, for the moment, more—nuclear submarines. When Nixon went to Moscow last May to sign the first SALT agreements, the United States had forty-one of these to Russia's thirty. The Russians are building twelve more, can build eight to ten a year, and should have a significant numerical edge before long. Again, however, numbers are misleading. Each of thirty-one of the American submarines will be armed with sixteen Poseidon missiles, and each of these missiles carries from ten to fourteen warheads that can be individually aimed. Each of the ten other submarines carries sixteen Polaris missiles, each of which has three warheads—not individually targetable. The sea is a congenial strategic area for America. Its ships have easy access to their operating areas and can remain on station for extended periods; it has maintenance facilities at Holy Loch, Scotland, and Rota, Spain, and these permit the Navy to keep as many as thirty boats in operation at a given time. For the Russians, operating at sea remains onerous. The travelling time of submarines from port to stations off the American coasts is exceedingly long. Maintenance is a problem. So far, the Russians have rarely been able to keep more than a few boats on station at one time. Also, their submarines are noisier than American subs, and so are easier to keep track of with acoustic receivers, sonar buoys, and other systems.

Geography favors land-based missiles for the Russians, since the land is Russia's natural strategic environment. Yet Moscow, too, has perceived—perhaps reluctantly—that the submarine-launched ballistic missile (SLBM) is perhaps the only weapon that will fully satisfy the requirements of stable deterrence. Neither side really thinks that technology will produce a more efficient destructive tool than the ballistic missile with multiple independently targetable warheads. And though the Russians toy with other systems, both sides are freez-

"Mind if I knit?"

• •

ing future offensive systems around the companion technologies of MIRVs and ballistic missiles. Nothing about a matter so volatile as arms is certain; still, the push toward a strategy reliant primarily on submarines seems irreversible. Neither side could afford to rely primarily on bombers or on fixed land-based missiles. One day, though, both may give up the luxury of three strategic forces by putting most big weapons on submarines and keeping a small but reasonably secure land-based force as a hedge against anti-submarine warfare. This, for the Russians, will be a difficult choice, partly because they start from far behind. Most of their submarines, like America's, carry sixteen ballistic missiles, but their missiles, unlike America's, have just a single warhead. The Russians have not managed to achieve the equivalent of the American Polaris, yet Washington has already begun deploying the Poseidon, which has not only more warheads but also individually targetable ones. Moreover, the United States is now readying both a new submarine, the Trident, and a new submarine missile, Trident I. The virtue of the new missile lies in its probable range—four thousand nautical miles. By nearly doubling the range of Polaris and Poseidon, the new missile will increase the operating area of the submarines by a factor of ten. (A second generation of this missile, called Trident II, will have even more range—about six thousand miles.) In order to keep Polaris or Poseidon missiles within range of targets in the Soviet Union, the submarines now must stay within a rather narrow band of ocean. With ten times as much ocean in which to operate, the boats will have the enormous advantage of being very difficult for an enemy to find. Thus, Tridents I and II will be a hedge against any major breakthrough in anti-submarine-warfare techniques. Even the gloomiest planners have trouble envisioning a Soviet anti-submarine system that could seriously menace wide-ranging submarines equipped with long-range missiles. Briefly, then, the quality gap in submarine-launched missiles grows apace, obliging Moscow to rely on numbers—to build more submarines now while still trying to design better ones. With great difficulty and at great cost, the Russians have developed a submarine-launched missile with a range of forty-three hundred miles, but its bulk limits the number of missiles that can be installed on a submarine to twelve; it is a single-warhead weapon, whereas Trident will probably carry twenty-four SLBMs, each of which will have warheads that can be independently aimed. It will be a number of years before the Soviet Union's submarine-missile forces can stand comparison with America's.

To compare American and Russian weaponry—no matter whether the comparison involves submarines and missiles or underground silos and missiles—is to talk about apples and oranges. Yet much of what goes on at the strategic-arms-limitation talks is an effort to measure comparability, or parity. The Americans dwell on Russia's three-to-two numerical advantage in ICBMs. The Russians note America's warhead advantage, but do not press the point; their own MIRVed missiles lie ahead. The Americans cite Russia's submarine buildup, noting that the United States could not begin to match Soviet construction before the end of the decade. If only for internal purposes, each probably exaggerates the other's strengths. Russia's is a more visible superiority, easier for Moscow to exploit politically; America's superiority, for the moment, is real. The equalizer could be a MIRVed version of the SS-9 and its new sibling.

MINUTEMAN'S presumed vulnerability to the SS-9 introduces another element into the talks—crisis stability, which is a product of thinking about what one side might do during an international political crisis if it had the means of limiting damage to itself by destroying a major part of the other's strategic forces. The nightmare proceeds something like this: During the crisis, Moscow wipes out all or most Minuteman missiles in a surprise attack. America's submarine missiles and bombers remain available to destroy most of urban Russia, but the question is: Would Washington retaliate? Moscow would be betting against America's willingness to commit national suicide by avenging the loss of a thousand missiles (and several million lives) scattered around the middle and

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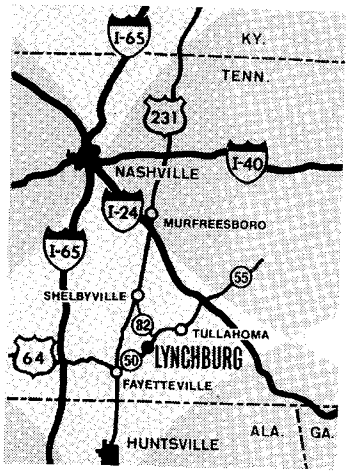
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northwestern United States and thus inviting the destruction of metropolitan America. The presumed alternative would be to settle the crisis on Soviet terms and keep the larger part of American society intact. Calculations of this sort seem grotesque, of course, to all but those who have the responsibility for deterrence. Those in positions of responsibility are pressed, especially by the military, to hedge against the possibility of nuclear war by insuring that their side would emerge less sorely crippled than the other. The higher and more realistic duty, however, is to excise the source of instability.

With that in mind, what, if anything, should the United States do about its relatively unstable Minuteman force? Four options exist: dismantling all or part of the system; super-hardening the missile silos—that is, sinking them in natural layers of hard rock—to make them less vulnerable to attack by enemy missiles; defending the system with anti-ballistic-missile missiles; and putting the missiles on mobile launchers, which would make them far less vulnerable. Abandoning Minuteman is the least feasible short-term course: Washington would require some reciprocity from Moscow, and Moscow would say no. In theory, Washington could dismantle the system and compensate for its loss by building a great many more submarines and bombers. That may be done one day, but not now, because neither the new submarine-missile system nor a new bomber, the B-1, is out of the development stage, and neither can be deployed much before the end of the decade. There is another reason the United States cannot now build more submarines: current capacity is devoted entirely to the program of shifting over from Polaris to Poseidon missiles. Super-hardening the silos would be an enormously expensive hedge, and could be rather easily overcome. The Air Force could, say, quadruple the hardness of the silos; Moscow, in turn, could improve the accuracy of the SS-9, and the Minuteman would be just as vulnerable to a direct, or nearly direct, hit as before. Until last year, defending the Minuteman was for many arms Scholastics the most attractive option of the four available. It would have meant deploying defensive missiles around Minuteman bases—a step virtually ruled out by the SALT agreements signed in May, 1972.

The last option, mobility, is yet another thematic element of SALT. A missile force with no fixed launching points would be more secure than even a heavily defended one, but a mobile force would also be destabilizing if the missiles could not be counted by the other side, for stability relies in part on each side's knowing what the other has. To date, SALT has failed to ban mobile ICBMs. The United States did press for such a ban during the talks leading up to the May agreements, but the Soviet Union turned it down. Neither side has yet deployed mobile ICBMs, although the Russians do have some short-range missiles mounted on trucks in eastern Russia. The option of mobility is one that they will forgo reluctantly, if at all, because land-based systems allow them to exploit their natural geographical advantages. The United States could deploy mobile missiles, but only with far greater effort. A version of Minuteman was designed to be moved by rail, but it was decided that the force should remain in silos, partly because fixed missiles are more accurate than mobile ones. The Washington bureaucracy has been split on the mobility issue, with the weight of opinion opposed. Some of Kissinger's staff members have raised two astringent nontechnical objections: that conservationists and others would be appalled by mobile missiles' rolling through national parks, where at least some of them would probably be deployed, and that some extremist group might hijack a mobile missile.

THE dramatic main theme of SALT, so far, has been the interplay of anti-ballistic-missile missiles and missiles with multiple independently targetable warheads. In the defense of cities against incoming missiles and in the proliferation of reëntry vehicles lie the true enemies of stable deterrence. Each of the two systems can sap the opponent's confidence in its own forces; the first does it by diminishing the opponent's ability to strike the other's cities, the second by menacing, or seeming to menace, the forces themselves. The logic of deterrence is bizarre; it argues for targeting weapons "counter-value" (that is, against people) rather than "counter-force" (against other weapons). Metaphorically, ABM and MIRV may be seen as two sides of a coin, each complementing the other; or as the chicken and the egg, each justifying the existence of the other; or as two molecules in the chemistry of deterrence, where they agitate the entire SALT process. A former White House Scholastic says that the interplay of the two systems "leaves you with four basic SALT options." As he puts it, "First, you can have a lot of ABMs and a lot of MIRVs. Or you can have a few ABMs—or even none—and a lot of MIRVs. Or you can ban MIRVs but not ban ABMs. And, fourth, you can ban both." Washington and Moscow decided on the second option by agreeing to limit the number of ABMs and refusing to limit the number of MIRVs. In that choice, which was perhaps the inevitable one, lie the significance of SALT to date and the problem facing the talks in the future.

There are, in theory, good and bad ABMs, good and bad MIRVs. Good ABMs defend only missile sites. Bad ABMs defend cities, and so are destabilizing. Good MIRVs are those deprived of the accuracy and destructive power that impart first-strike capability, while bad ones have that capability. Most, though not all, arms Scholastics think that ABMs are much more of a threat to stability than MIRVs are. Defending cities, they feel, is not just unworkable but truly dangerous: defend your cities and you arouse fears on the other side that you seek the option of striking first. Thus, all means of defending cities must be eliminated; accomplish that and both sides are deprived of the incentive to strike first, since neither can defend itself against the other's forces. In two and a half years, SALT's essential accomplishment has been to get agreement along these lines. Not the least of the ironies of SALT is that defending cities against missiles really isn't feasible, yet both sides fear it, whereas MIRVs do work—just as well as single warheads—and yet

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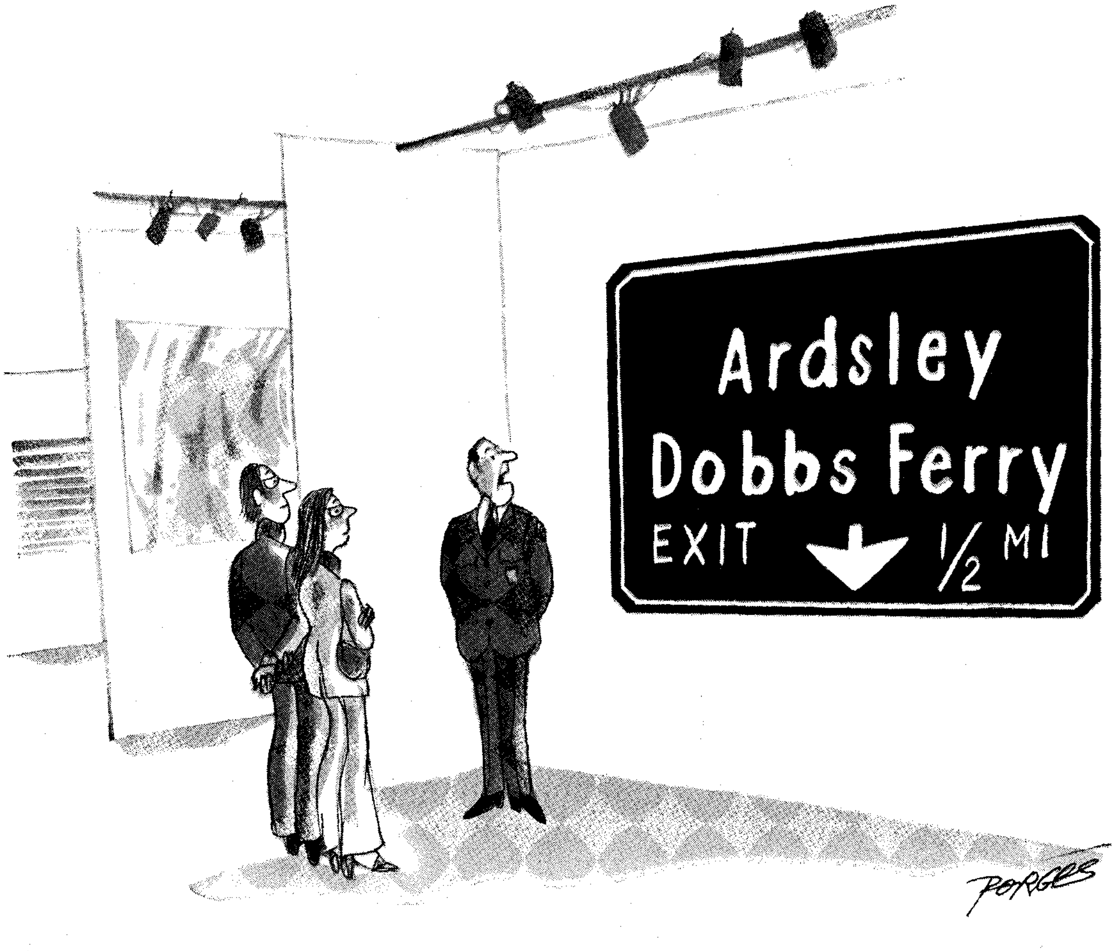
arouse fewer anxieties. A MIRV system, some argue, is not per se a source of instability, since its first-strike potential can threaten the other side's land-based missiles but not its submarines or its bombers. So it would seem—and so everyone would agree—if deterrence were less metaphysical. The fact is that a MIRV system capable of knocking out hardened targets is destabilizing, simply because governments think it is.

The technology of MIRV is wondrous. The low-thrust final stage of the missile is in effect a flying bus. This bus, pushed along by a single guidance-and-propulsion system, carries all the reëntry vehicles—the warheads. It releases these one at a time, while changing velocity and direction, and these adjustments define the path of the reëntry vehicles to their targets. The bus follows a meandering course, now rolling over and releasing a cloud of chaff to confuse radar, now perhaps rolling again to fire a decoy, now shifting direction and releasing a real warhead. This is America's way of doing it. The Russians may have another. Washington doesn't know—not yet, anyway.

Systems analysts like MIRVs, and not just because the warheads can be separately targeted but because a missile with a number of separately targeted warheads can penetrate defenses more easily than its forerunner, the missile with warheads that are not separately targeted. The multiple warheads in Polaris missiles are released simultaneously and can be picked up by reasonably sophisticated radar in time to be shot down by a single defensive missile. Separately targeted warheads, because they leave the bus sequentially, are more difficult to sort out and destroy. The question is, or should be: Do we need a MIRV system? There are only two reasons for it: to penetrate antimissile defenses, and to improve, or achieve, the ability to limit the damage that an opponent can inflict. Since the Moscow agreements of last May banned any significant deployment of the ABM, the first reason is presumably obviated. The second is irrelevant if Washington's disavowal of damage limitation is genuine. The President and other leading officials have assured Congress, both by letter to individual members and in testimony before committees, that America will not seek first-strike capability through improved guidance for its MIRV system.

Do the Russians, on the other hand, believe that Washington can or would stifle the MIRV technology? Do they accept assurances that America's program is static? Or could Moscow be worried by statements from other quarters that the American MIRV program does in fact give the United States a counter-force option? General John D. Ryan, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, has said of Minuteman III, "This missile, with a multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicle, will be our best means of destroying time-urgent targets like the long-range weapons of the enemy." A subcommittee of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs held hearings on MIRVs in the summer of 1969, and a subcommittee document later described the system like this: "Besides being a potentially attractive means of penetrating an adversary's ABM defenses, MIRV, with sufficient accuracy, is well suited to being a 'counter-force' weapon; that is, a system capable of destroying the adversary's strategic offensive forces." The Russians know as well as anyone that doubling the accuracy of Minuteman III would give each warhead about a ninety-five-per-cent chance of destroying one of their underground missile silos.

The Administration argues that to halt all or part of the MIRV program, as some propose, would reduce America's bargaining strength vis-à-vis Moscow. As long as the Soviet buildup proceeds—so the argument continues—Washington needs something to bargain with in the current round of SALT talks, which began last November, were recessed in December, and were resumed this March. And since Russia at present has many more missiles, America's only strategic advantage lies in its superior number of warheads—a dividend of the MIRV. The bargaining-chip argument may be suspect, even though it did promote agreement on limiting ABMs; in that case, though, the Russians wanted to avoid developing modern ABMs themselves, and sought to discourage the American program by making a deal. But they do intend to have a MIRV program. While Washington says its MIRV system will not be a counter-force weapon, Moscow makes no such disavowal. It appears that, unlike ABMs, MIRVs beget other MIRVs—that the surge for qualitative advantage is, or will be, self-



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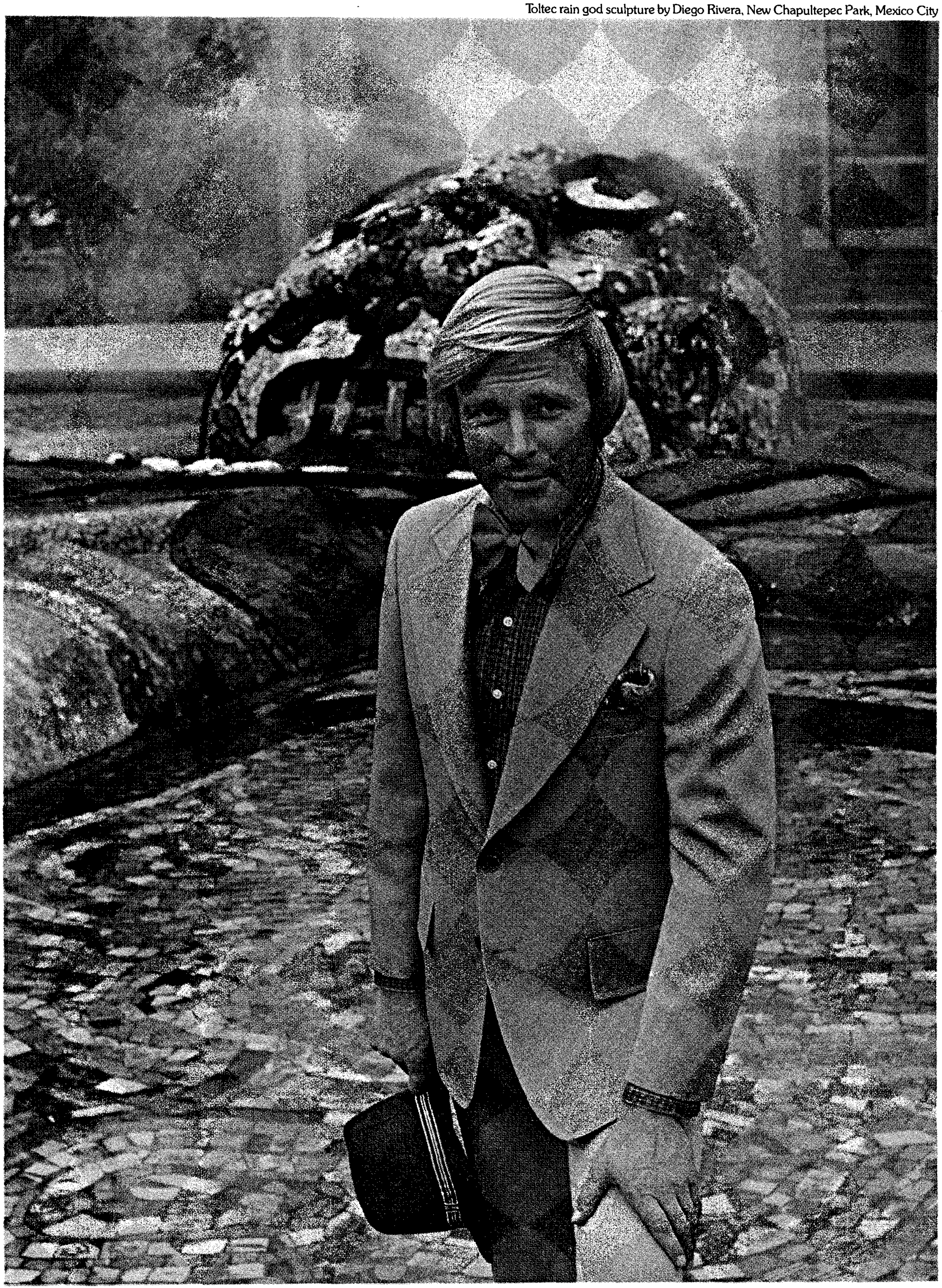

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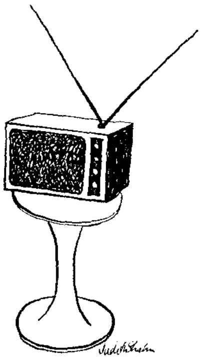
sustaining. The American program may provide an incentive to the Soviet Union to compete more strenuously—possibly even to reject the parity principle, on the ground, however spurious, that Russia hasn't fully achieved parity.

FINALLY, there is the issue that links all the other issues of SALT: verification, or the ability to monitor an agreement. Verification must rely on so-called national means; that is, each side must verify from afar—by satellite photography, for example—what the other side is doing. Neither side can make on-site inspections, because the Soviet Union adamantly rejects such intrusions, and the United States doesn't much like the idea of them, either, even though it once had strong rhetorical backing in Washington. Each side can reliably estimate by national means what the other may be producing in the case of nuclear submarines, fixed land-based ICBMs, and ABMs, whose construction is readily visible from the air. Various other weapons, once deployed, cannot be verified by national means or, in some cases, even by on-site inspection. MIRV is a conspicuous example; a MIRVed missile need not look different from a single-warhead missile. Only by prying open a missile's nose cone and looking at the interior parts might an inspector be moderately sure of how many and what kind of warheads were there. However, such a procedure would make a mockery of classification; few things are more closely held than warhead technology, and nobody doubts that Washington would resist as stoutly as Moscow so sweeping an invasion of privacy. A ban on *testing* could be considerably less difficult to verify, since MIRVs of the type most feared by both sides—those of high accuracy and high yield—require extensive testing, which can be monitored.



Perhaps no problem has generated more analysis and internal debate in Washington than this one. The Americans can neither propose nor accept anything that cannot be verified with reasonably high confidence. For the Russians, the problem is less severe. Their detection systems, like ours, are constantly being improved, and may now be comparable to ours. The Russians' advantage is that of a closed society competing against an open society, and it is a major advantage. Their aversion to on-site inspection is doubtless genuine, but, quite apart from a passion for secrecy, their position unquestionably owes something to the fact that they would probably gain only small benefit from having direct access to what America does—not much of which is now concealed. For example, even in the case of America's secret verification techniques, a fair amount of information finds its way into the technical journals. We know that objects only a foot long can be photographed with great clarity from an altitude of almost a hundred miles by reconnaissance satellites. We know that some of these satellites transmit images to earth by telemetry, while others eject capsules containing film, which are recaptured by specially modified aircraft as they descend by parachute. And we know that Russian weather, with its long periods of cloud cover, presents more of an obstacle to satellite photography than American weather does.

A SALT agreement, as both sides know, may be stabilizing or destabilizing. Much depends on the motives of the parties—whether they seek to observe the agreement and build upon it or whether they seek to work around it, and perhaps even cheat. Verification, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk has suggested, is more a political judgment than a technical one. Verification and stability are sibling values. And, just as there is no absolute degree of verification, neither is there any absolute stability. "What we seek is metastability," Amrom Katz, a Rand Corporation expert on verification, told an acquaintance not long ago. "A sailboat that can survive a hard gust of wind has it. A round stone perched on a peak is unstable. Put the same stone in a dimple and it has considerable, though not complete, stability."

Kissinger, in his first and perhaps best book, "A World Restored," published in 1957, put his view this way: "The foundation of a stable order is the *relative* security—and therefore the *relative* insecurity—of its members." Further along, Kissinger, almost as if anticipating his involvement with the issue of verification, warned that "the danger to the equilibrium is never demonstrated until it is already overturned."

ON the most obvious level, SALT is a negotiation between rival powers. On another level, it is a negotiation between Washington and its chief NATO allies, whose feelings about SALT are mixed. While applauding efforts to stabilize nuclear arms, these allies are wary of the political consequences of

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formal parity, and frankly express worry that SALT may foreshadow a great-power alliance whose writ would extend far beyond the present talks. On yet another level—so far, the least consequential—SALT is a negotiation between the executive branch and Congress. Key congressional committees and key legislators are occasionally consulted about the talks, but most of the major SALT decisions are taken without reference to Congress. Finally, on perhaps the most interesting level, SALT is an internal negotiation—among the various agencies in Washington, and among their counterparts in Moscow. It is within each of the two national capitals that the critical bargaining—the struggle to grind out positions—lumbers endlessly, episodically on, and the marrow of SALT is formed by the contesting views and the clashing organizational interests of government agencies. These internal struggles, however secret, have at least some visibility—more in Washington than in Moscow. And the two internal struggles are not unrelated, for each side tries to influence the other's debate—by utterance, by example, and, in the case of the Russians, by even more direct means. The large Soviet Embassy staff in Washington, under the direction of Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin, lobbies strenuously for the Soviet SALT case on Capitol Hill, and somewhat less strenuously with key members of the press. The Soviet Embassy also keeps up broad contacts with academics especially interested in arms control.

What goes on in the SALT negotiations themselves is conditioned, of course, by the internal conflicts. Probably the most conspicuous but least significant of these conflicts is the one between some parts of the defense bureaucracy and much of the scientific community. Many bureaucrats fear that a lasting Soviet numerical superiority in offensive missiles, even if strategically meaningless, would embolden Moscow to attempt intimidating other governments, especially in Western Europe. *In this view,* a Russian superiority could be destabilizing; that is, it might make the Russians more inclined to threaten to use nuclear weapons in times of crisis. These bureaucrats, however, find comfort in the idea of American superiority; something a little "better" than absolute parity, they think, is useful both in terms of reassuring the NATO allies and of impressing it on Moscow that America is not to be shoved around. The Cuban missile crisis of 1962, when the United States had overwhelming nuclear superiority and forced the Rus-

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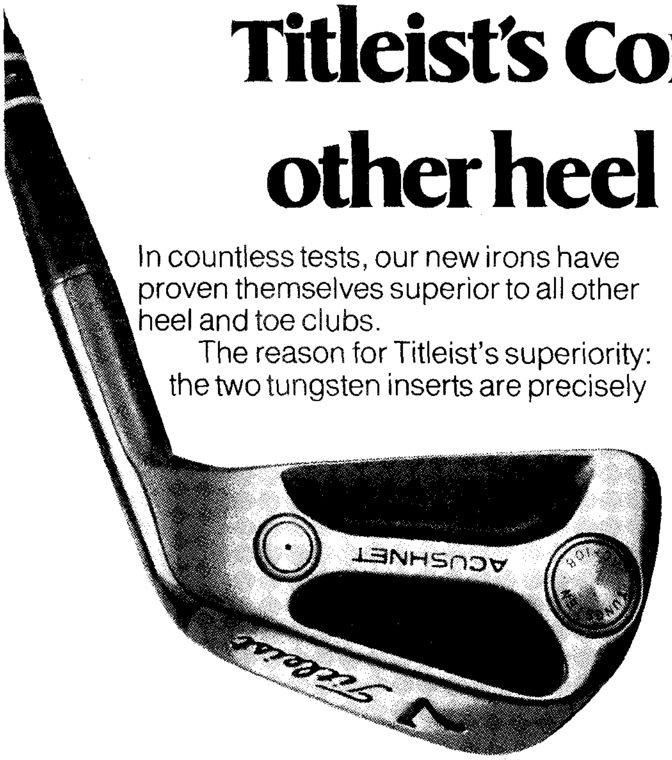

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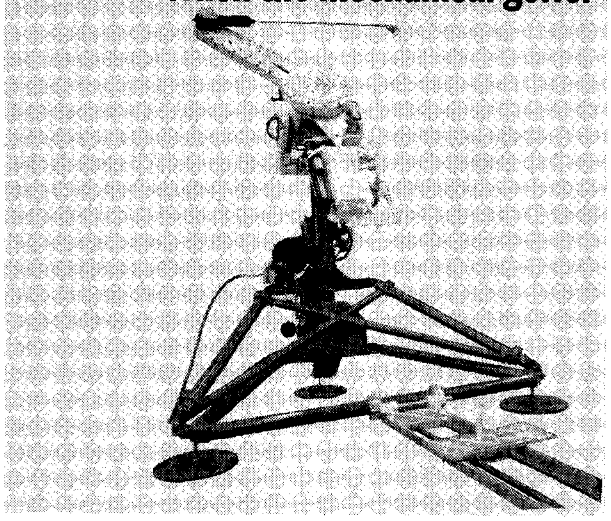

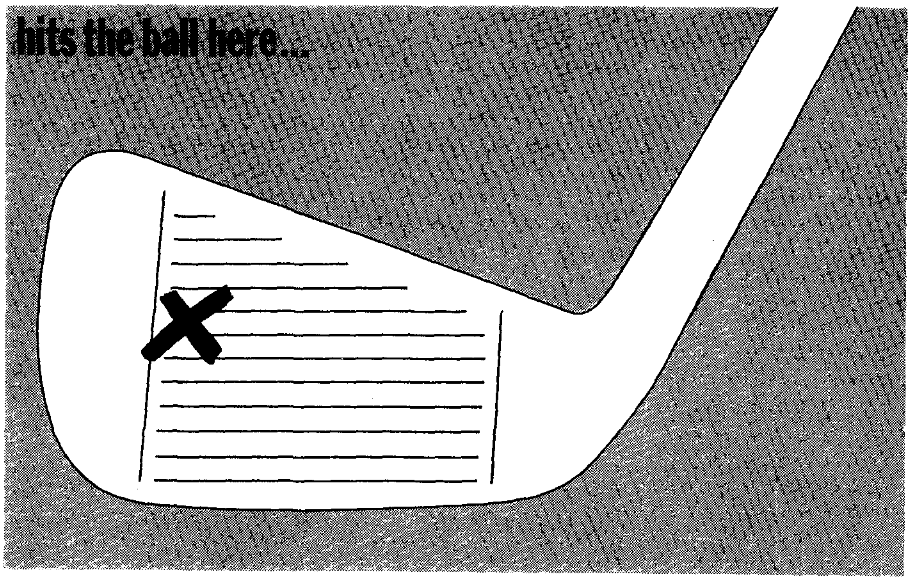

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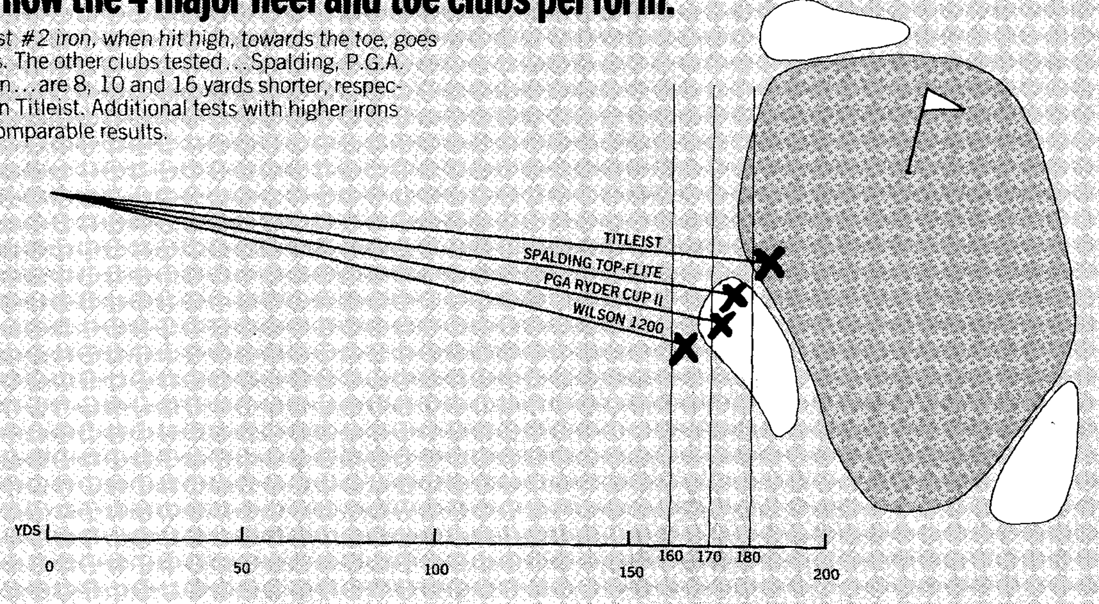

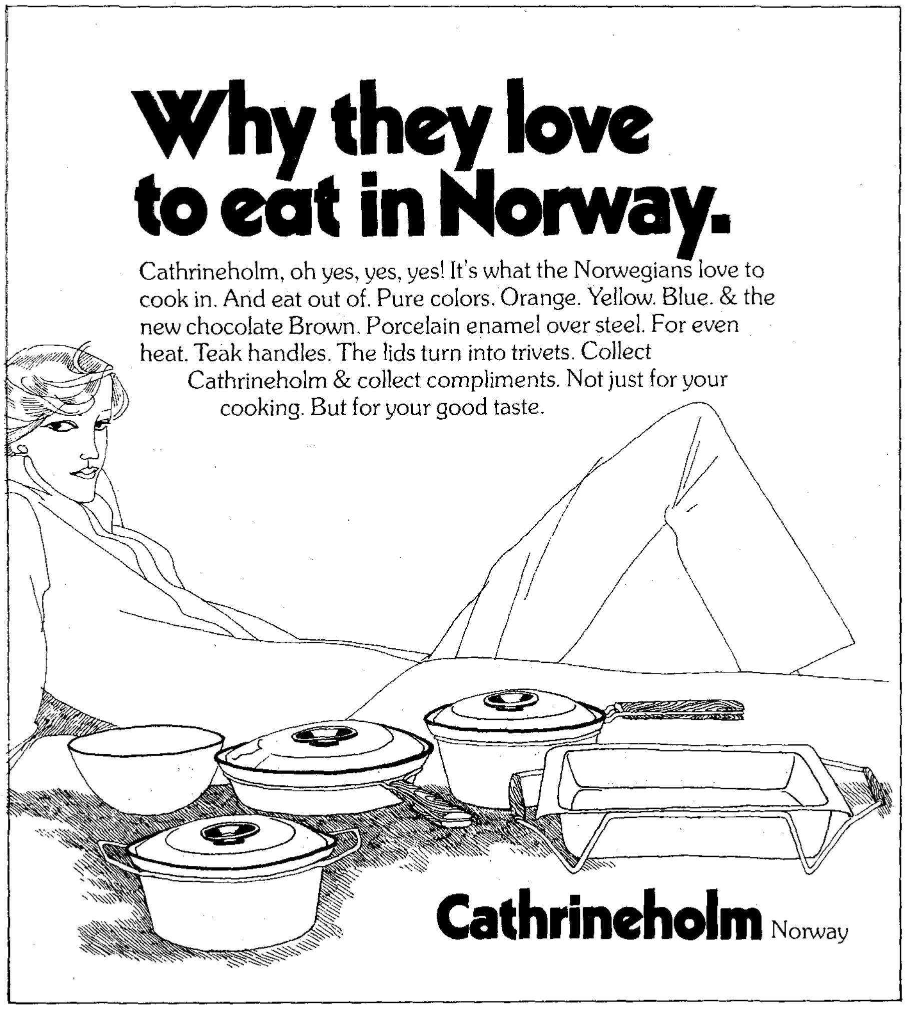

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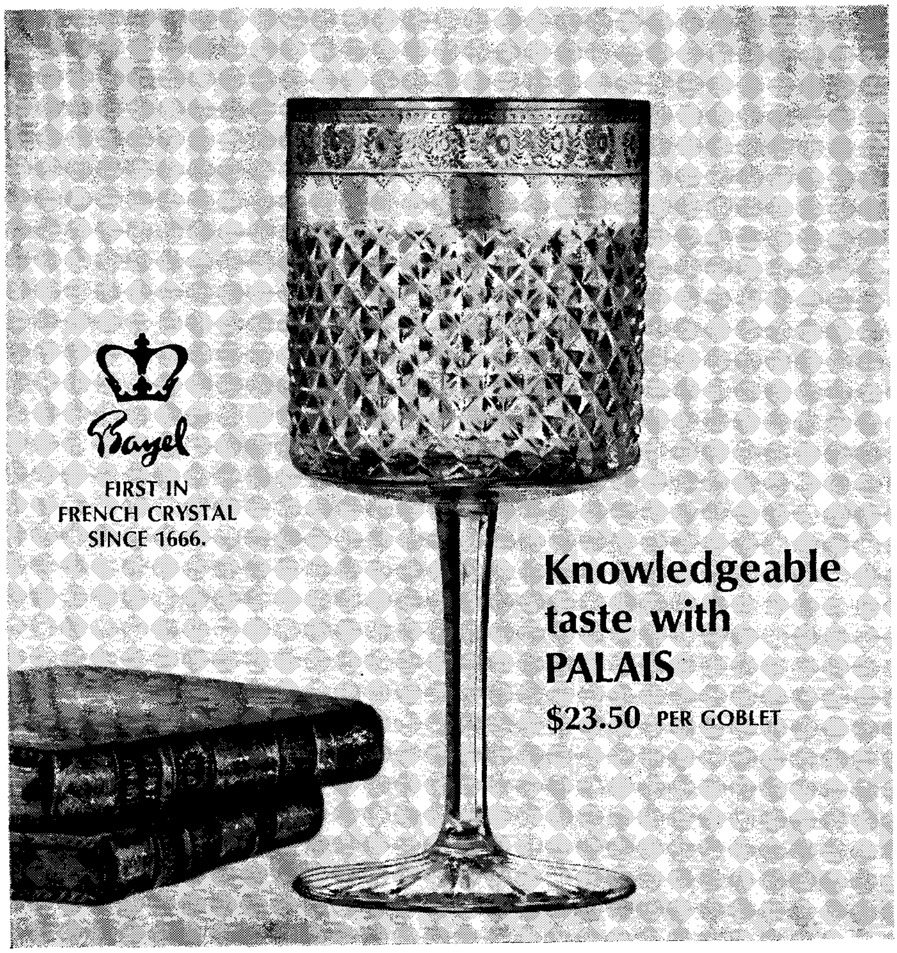

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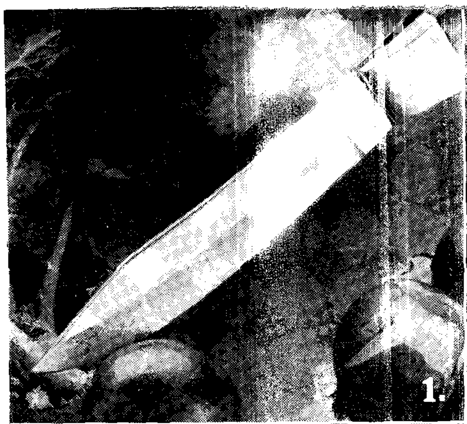
sians to withdraw offensive missiles from Cuba, remains a vivid example to both American and Russian planners. Such conjectures convince few scientists except those who move into certain parts of the government, such as Defense Department Research and Engineering, where many of them adopt fiercely hawkish attitudes. By and large, their colleagues who work on weapons development outside the government take a different view. Unlike bureaucrats, most of them inhabit a reasonable world, where problems are actually solved, and where issues can be subjected to precise measurement and reliable projection, not just left to fallible judgment. As self-professed muses of Armageddon, most scientists insist on rational standards of political conduct for the nuclear age. They ascribe reasonable intentions to governments, including adversary regimes, in the belief that the responsibility of nuclear weapons is a sobering and moderating one for all leaders. They are concerned less with irrational conduct than with the continuing deployment of weapons of progressively greater destructive power. The bureaucrats, for whom the weapons are a fact of life, are more concerned with building around them a stable equilibrium. Their impulse is to hedge against what they cannot ignore—the possibility of irrational conduct, or the awful prospect of another nuclear face-off, arising out of some unforeseen political crisis. They hedge by using extremely conservative criteria for planning the size and character of strategic forces. So does Russia.

Both tendencies harbor extreme elements, neither of them made up entirely of bureaucrats or scientists. (Each has its own academic consultants, and even its own congressional allies.) At one end are the ritual disarmers, eager to promote, or to acquiesce in, *any* agreement to reduce nuclear weapons, whose existence they see as a threat to all life. At the other extreme are the "worst case" force planners, equipped with their fantasies and with circular, pocket-size calculators that estimate bomb damage—their working tool. Fearful of what Moscow may be contemplating, or actually doing—clandestinely testing an especially lethal weapon on the far side of the moon, to cite one of the more picturesque anxieties—the super-hawks are convinced that nothing less than absolute superiority in number and quality of American weapons will fully deter a society that was led not long ago by a man who didn't flinch from sending millions of his compatriots to their death. Probably more important, many of the super-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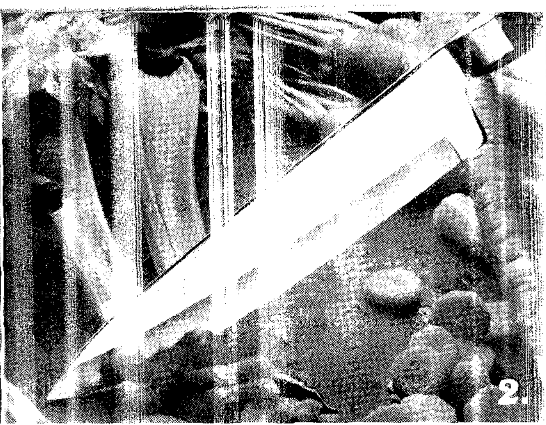
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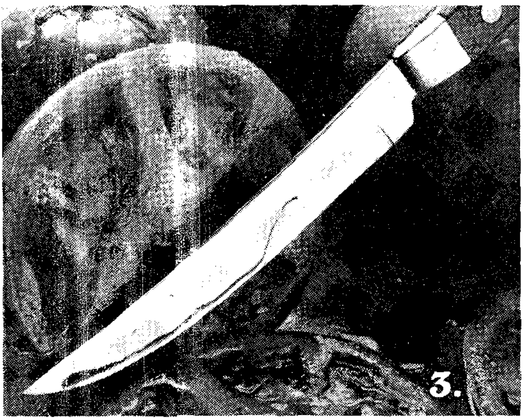
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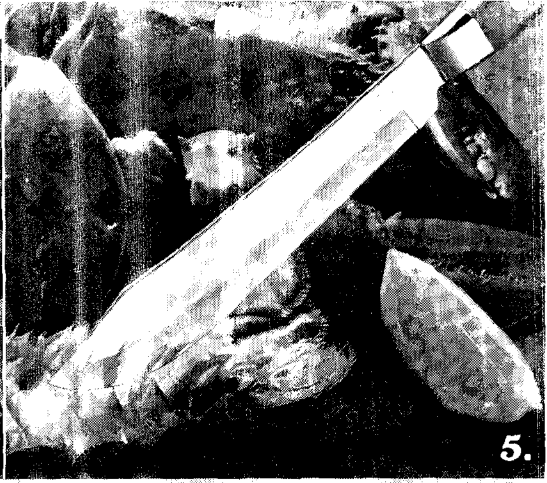
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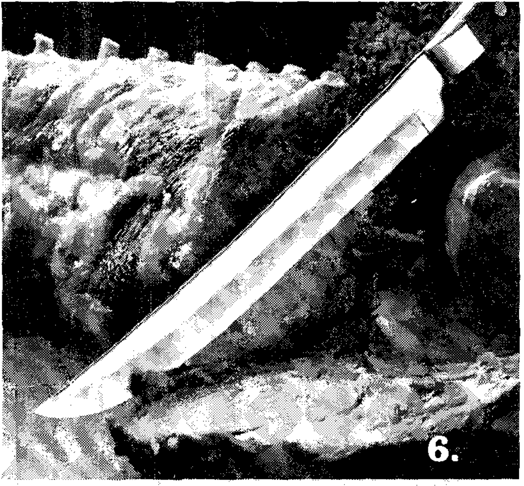
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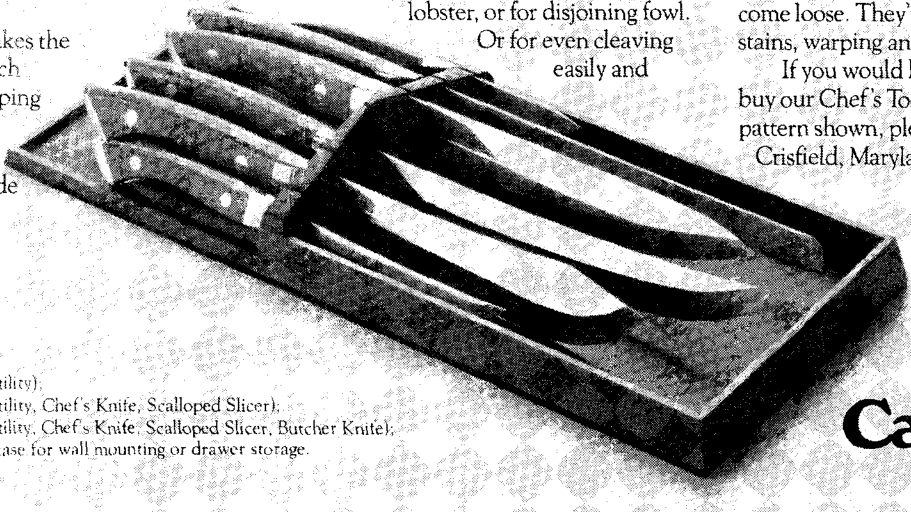

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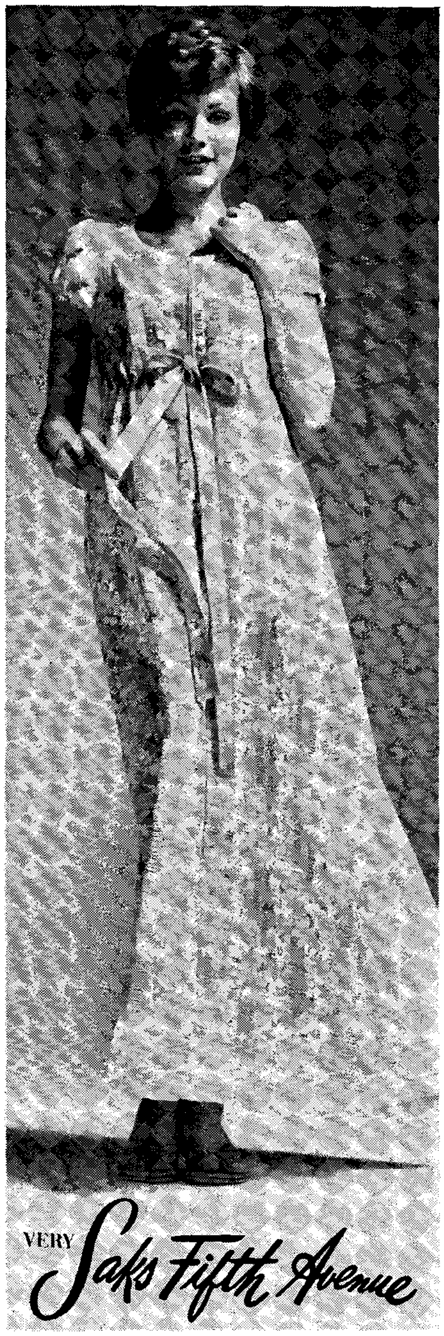

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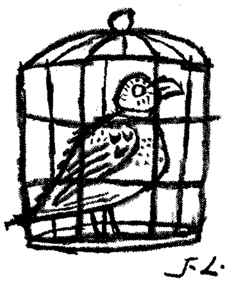
hawks have made careers of developing weapons and seeding fresh technological ground. Within both the scientific and the bureaucratic community, many SALT followers cling to fixed notions and points of view. Even though SALT is a study in the infinite variety of truth, these specialists often refuse to concede merit or intellectual respectability to conflicting views. Indeed, though they seem suitably impressed by the gravity of SALT, they are not above rigging the assumptions and fudging the data on which their cases rest. Thus they seek to deceive the leadership, Congress, and perhaps themselves. But what of more reasonable men, working within the narrow area bounded by the feasible and the prudent? Their job is to forge links between arms control and security—and at no great cost to either consideration. Here lies the fundamental polarity—the truly significant clash of viewpoint and organizational interest. Here, too, though, strategic options may be framed to fit a point of view, moderates having no monopoly on detachment or intellectual probity. But, whatever their faults, the moderates do dominate the great internal debate on SALT.

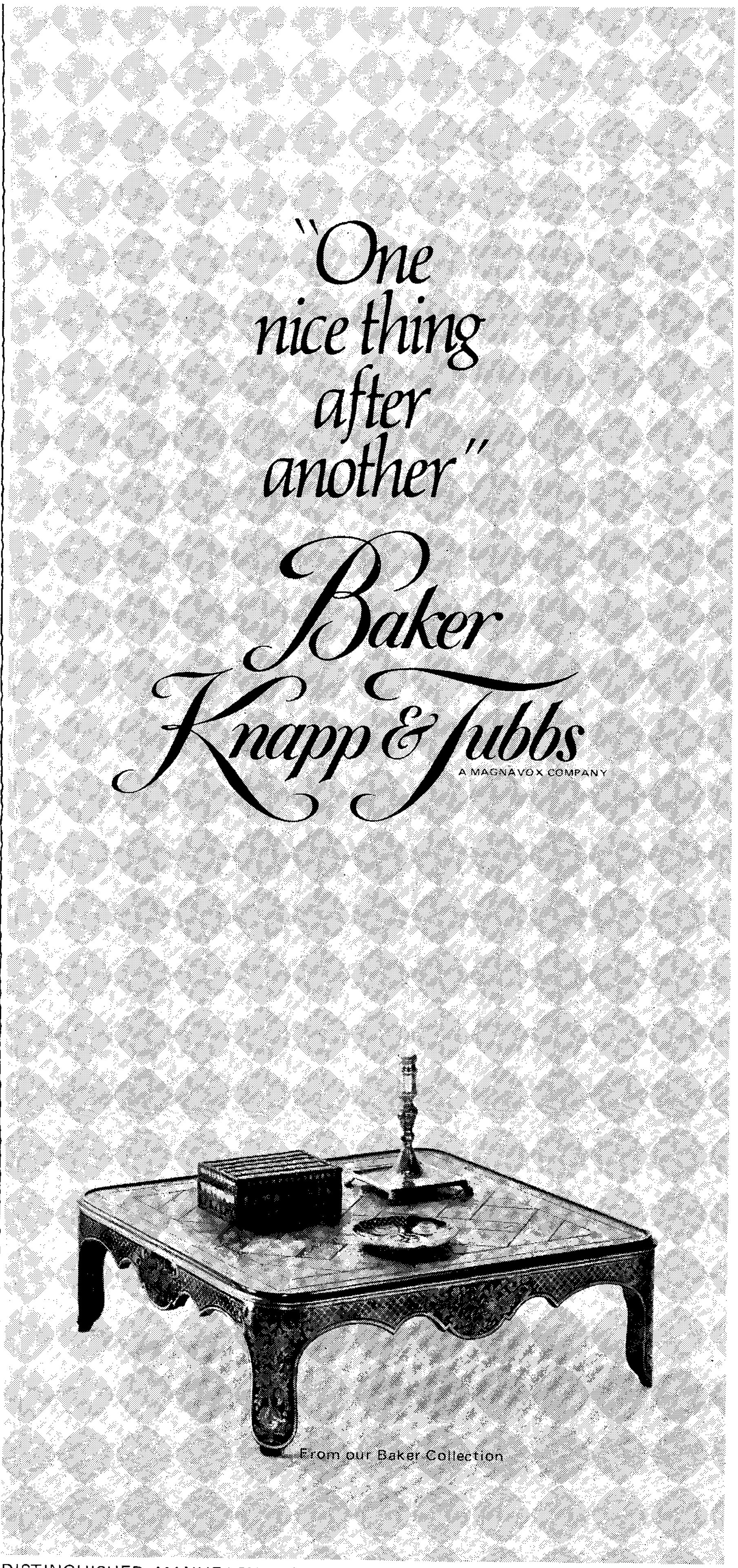
People say that SALT, like other negotiations, suffers from too much politics, bureaucratic and otherwise. The answer is that SALT is, after all, a political matter, and only secondarily a technical one. For Moscow and Washington to negotiate may reflect a joint willingness to accept a series of self-limiting steps. If so, their bureaucracies must acquiesce; agreement relies on both political impulsion and a bureaucratic consensus that the effects of agreement are not prejudicial to security. This explains why few, if any, arms-control agreements affect either great power's ability to wage war. Even so, agreement comes hard. Negotiations on the limited-test-ban treaty of 1963 were spread over five years, and the bargaining was difficult; a genuinely self-denying, comprehensive ban on testing is still not in sight. The nuclear-nonproliferation treaty of 1968 merely obliges the great powers to forbear doing what neither would do in any case—spread its nuclear hardware about. That treaty took six years to negotiate. Only the treaty banning weapons of mass destruction from seabeds fell into place quickly; Moscow and Washington took just twenty months to agree to deny themselves the use of the ocean floor as a launching platform. This, again, was an easy one, since nobody had any such plans to begin with. SALT is unique, then, precisely because it goes to the heart of security. Thus, although limiting strategic weapons is too important to be left to technicians, it does, as an internal political matter, require reasonably broad support from the agencies directly involved with national security. Washington bureaucrats nervously eye the government's approach to SALT. The allure of agreement, many of them fear, could push politicians into rejecting or ignoring the best technical assessments, and thus into accepting risks that collide with the bureaucracy's estimate of how much self-denial the national interest can tolerate. Any proposal—let alone agreement—that stretched security tolerances, as these are perceived by some critical faction or combination within the government, would release counter-currents that could, and probably would, spoil the unique opportunity of SALT.



Narrow organizational interests aside, much of the conflict over SALT proceeds from two fundamentally different attitudes toward the talks. The first attitude favors restricting the development and deployment of strategic weapons. The second—normally the more "hard-line"—fears that a certain kind of SALT agreement could undermine security by encouraging cheating and accelerated competition in areas not covered by the treaty. The question involved here is really one of emphasis and priority. Both attitudes animate essentially moderate men seeking a stable balance of power. One group, sensing that accommodation with Moscow is a slow process, resists efforts to force the pace; it favors a cautious course. The opposing group fears that the race for qualitative advantage is already halfway to the point of no return, and argues that the moment for significant risk-taking is long overdue.

Just as a large part of the drama of SALT flows from this division of bureaucracy along doctrinal lines, so a large part of the confusion arises from the overlapping points of view. Contesting elements may ally themselves on one issue and oppose each other on another. The nearest thing to a constant is the tendency, on whatever issue, to defend organizational interests. In a broad sense, the order of battle pits the State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency against the Pentagon. The first two find a solid role in negotiating arms-control agreements; the last, in most of its parts, is understandably less sympathetic to self-denying measures. The White House normally likes to keep Presidential options open, but what it does depends on the style of the particular President. Lyndon Johnson's tendency was to stand aloof and let the bureaucracy thrash out most SALT-related issues, even if that sometimes risked stalemate; under Richard Nixon, the fondness for options runs much deeper, and the tendency is to exploit existing internal divisions, the better to exercise control. The C.I.A., though it is less and less a center-stage figure in SALT, strives to protect its role against encroachment by other parts of the intelligence community and by Defense Department Research and Engineering. SALT or no SALT, the C.I.A. is chiefly responsible for keeping the other players up to date on the number and performance characteristics of Soviet systems. It also has the primary analytical task of estimating whether the various elements of a SALT treaty can be verified, and, if so, with what degree of confidence. Here, especially, the C.I.A. finds that its competition is sharpening, since verification is the critical measure of any SALT proposal. The agency's technical judgments are based on hard, or reasonably hard, information, but Defense Department assessments of Soviet capabilities frequently rely less on intelligence than on extrapolation from technological data. In fact, C.I.A. and Defense Department Research and Engineering procedures are both essential. Future trends in Soviet weaponry cannot be ignored. To exaggerate or distort them, however, as Research and Engineering and the Defense Intelligence Agency have been accused of doing, can mightily confuse Washington's analytical approach to SALT. Moreover, since its obvious organizational interest lies in making the best case for procuring the advanced systems it is nudging along, Research and Engineering can usually be counted on for the gloomiest estimate of current and future Soviet capabilities.

"GET a pony and ride it!" is the tribal whoop of numerous scientists and engineers building careers in Defense Department Research and Engineering. They attach themselves to some weapons-related project in its infancy, establish an office, build a staff, and start coördinating their efforts with the procurement and materials sections of the relevant military service. Re-



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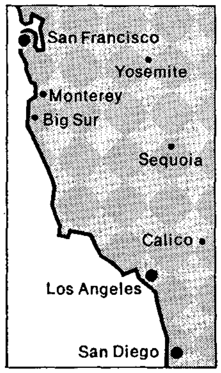

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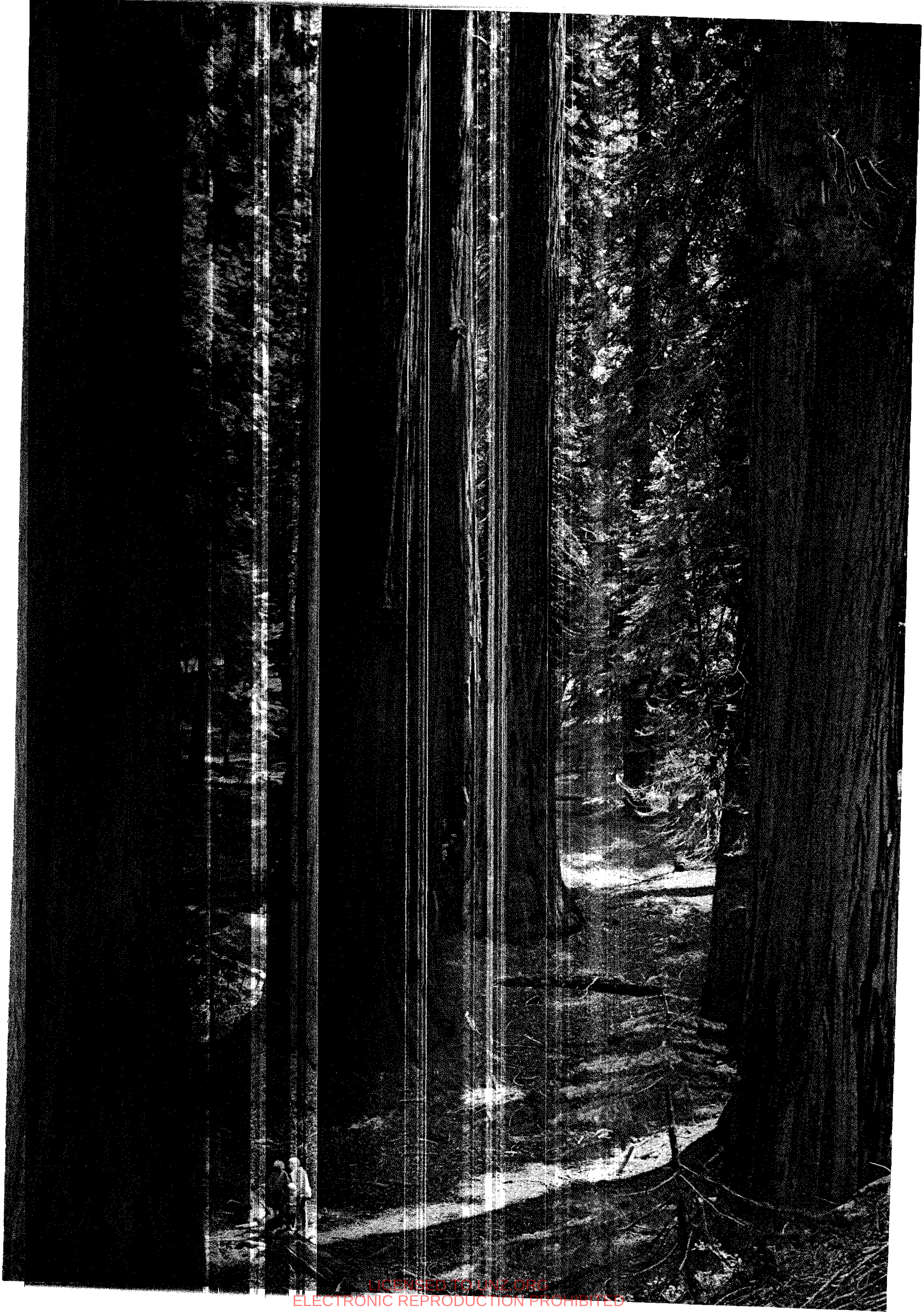

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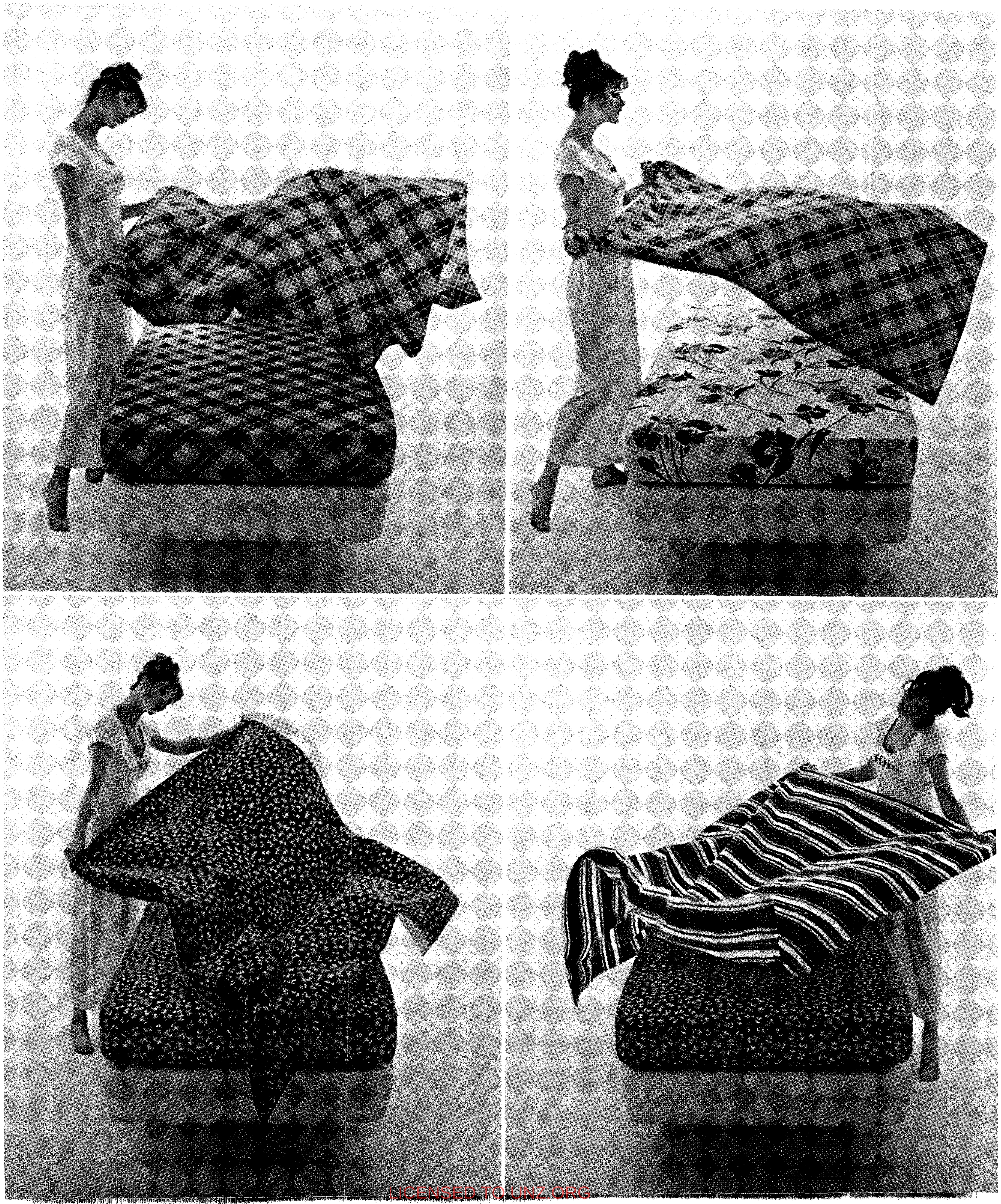

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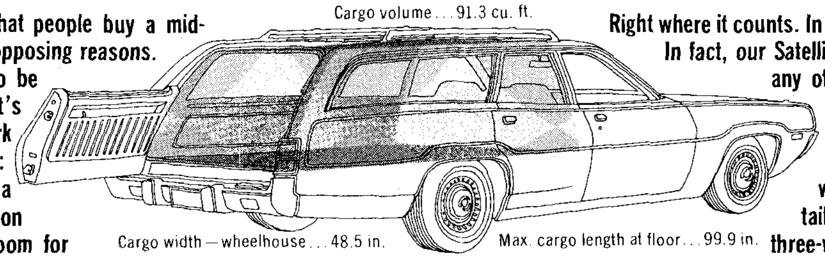
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Mid-size Plymouth Satellite

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search and Engineering, operating with a scope and a degree of autonomy that are the envy of other civilian departments answerable to the Office of the Secretary of Defense, flourishes in a world where the emphasis is on novelty and versatility, not simplicity and simple quantity, and where too often a system is valued in proportion to how many functions it can perform. And never mind about the traditional combat elements of the services, which must actually use hardware inspired by Research and Engineering, and which, more and more, grumble that such values as reliability and economy are victims of Research and Engineering's passion for the exotic.

Obviously, Research and Engineering is just one of several Pentagon elements with a strong interest in the arms-limitation talks. Among the others are, of course, the services, especially the Air Force and the Navy; the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and the Office of the Secretary of Defense, which includes numerous departments under the Secretary's direct supervision. Besides Research and Engineering, the most important of these last are Systems Analysis and International Security Affairs. All departments under the Office of the Secretary of Defense tend to reflect the attitude of the Secretary. Robert McNamara, after becoming an advocate of strategic-arms limitation, was vigorously supported by Systems Analysis and International Security Affairs. Systems Analysis, McNamara's most conspicuous innovation, is just about what its name suggests—an analytical tool for tailoring forces to established needs within a rational budget. International Security Affairs, which looks out for the Secretary's interests in foreign policy and other areas of national security, acquired remarkable influence and reach under McNamara; in fact, it played not just a key role but *the* key role when, in 1968, the Johnson Administration produced America's first SALT proposal in only a few weeks. With the advent of President Nixon and his Secretary of Defense, Melvin R. Laird, International Security Affairs was shunted from center stage, but Systems Analysis, although it has been somewhat diminished in scope, has fared better. On SALT and related issues, a lively competition has developed between Research and Engineering, on the one hand, and Systems Analysis, on the other. Much less than in the past is the question one of doctrinal differences; now it is one of who does the work. Systems Analysis has the nominal job of protecting the Secretary's interests in the SALT Working Group, but Research and Engineering—resourceful, as always—probably has just about as much influence and impact on Pentagon SALT positions. Except to communicate a sometimes suspicious view of the entire affair, Laird himself rarely took direct part in SALT operations.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff hold an uncluttered view of SALT. They don't like it but can live with it—that is, as long as the process limits itself to simple agreement that doesn't alter the status quo by much and might even constrain Moscow. Predictably, they maintain that what kind of strategic systems America deploys, and how many, is America's business and nobody else's—least of all Moscow's. Nonetheless, the performance of the Joint Chiefs in regard to SALT is currently rated good, on balance, by White House arms Scholastics, probably because the Joint Chiefs feel more comfortable with the Nixon Administration than they did with President Johnson's. The services themselves react to SALT strictly in terms of its potential effects on pet projects or on their budgets, or both. The Army now has the least interest in the talks, and it has never really had much. Long ago, it fought and lost a battle with the Air Force for control of medium-range ballistic missiles—which America no longer deploys. The Army's only chance for a major share of the strategic action always seemed to lie in operating a broad ballistic-missile defense of metropolitan America; as the ABM lost its support in Congress and became little more than a bargaining counter in SALT, the Army's expectations fell. The positions of the Air Force and the Navy are remarkably symmetrical and fiercely competitive. Each service deploys a major strategic system that is being modernized with MIRVs. The Navy's modernization program—replacing Polaris missiles with the MIRVed Poseidon system in thirty-one of its forty-one missile-firing submarines—is proceeding at a rate of from eighteen months to two years per boat, and should be completed by 1975. Meanwhile, the Air Force is putting MIRVs on more than half of the Minuteman missiles. The cost of five hundred and fifty Minuteman III missiles will be more than six billion dollars; more than ten and a half billion was authorized for a thousand Minuteman I and II missiles. This conversion program disturbs many Scholastics, who

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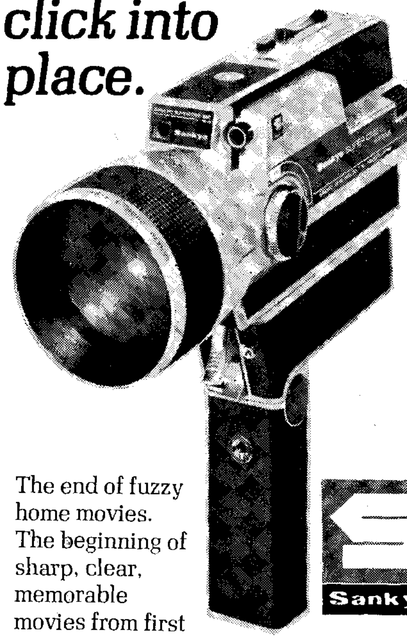

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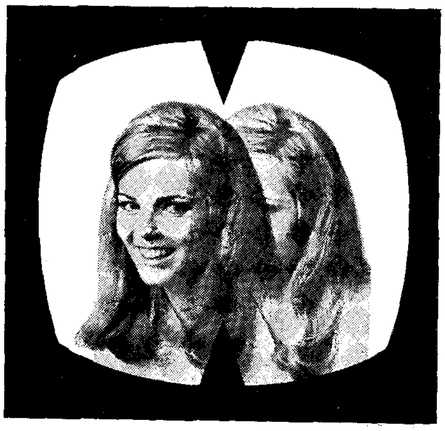

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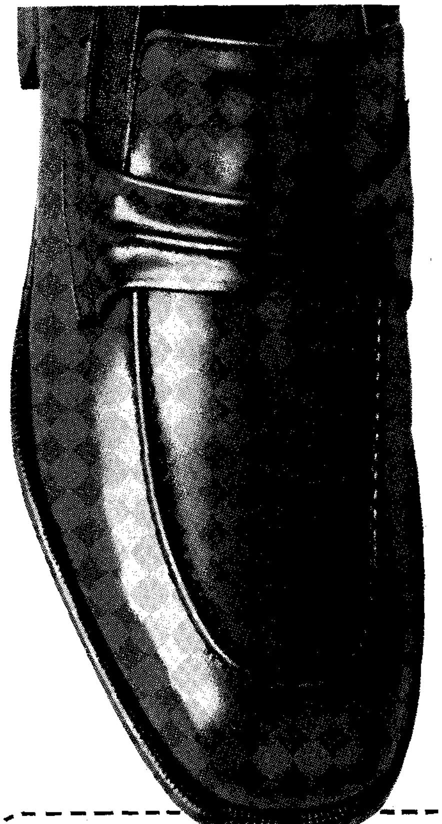
see it as a disproportionately large investment in a questionable system.

Each of the two services seeks to encourage doubts about the strength of the other's chief strategic system. Paradoxically, each will also support many of the other's requests for funds—a kind of logrolling intended to promote the fortunes of major new weapons. Both services are animated by an eternal pressure for a new generation of weapons. In the case of the Air Force, whose institutional heart was never captured by guided missiles, it is the drive for a supersonic strategic bomber—the B-1—to replace the aging B-52 force. And the Navy, of course, is pressing to replace Poseidon—itself barely into the deployment stage—with its undersea long-range missile system. The real gleam in the Navy's eye is Trident—the new submarine, still in planning, that will carry the new long-range Trident missiles. The Navy is not moved by the argument that the existing submarine fleet could accommodate Trident I. They want the option of deploying the even longer-range Trident II, and for this they need the new submarines.

The Trident missiles are embedded in SALT. They disturb the Russians by sharpening their sense of technological lag and of America's striking virtuosity in sea-based strategic weapons. The B-1 is not an issue in the arms negotiations, but the signs are that it could become one. At present, it is controversial in Washington, where opinions normally in conflict on most things agree that the long-range SLBM is the best—that is, the most stable—weapons system an uncertain future can offer. The B-1, for its part, arouses little enthusiasm beyond the Air Force, and arouses open hostility in many parts of town. As airplanes go, the B-1 would indisputably be a great one—the best in the world. It would also be the most expensive. Each plane will probably cost fifty million dollars or more, which suggests that the proposed fleet of two hundred and forty-one B-1s could be a strategic force second in expense only to Trident. With such spending would go undeniable advantages in performance. Here, though, is a case in which numerous systems analysts, other Scholastics, and some scientists believe that the best is the enemy of the good. Supersonic speed is little defense against Soviet surface-to-air missiles. Ivan Selin, a former acting head of Systems Analysis, feels this keenly. He says that the critical characteristics of a long-range bomber should be its range and its payload, both of which are limited



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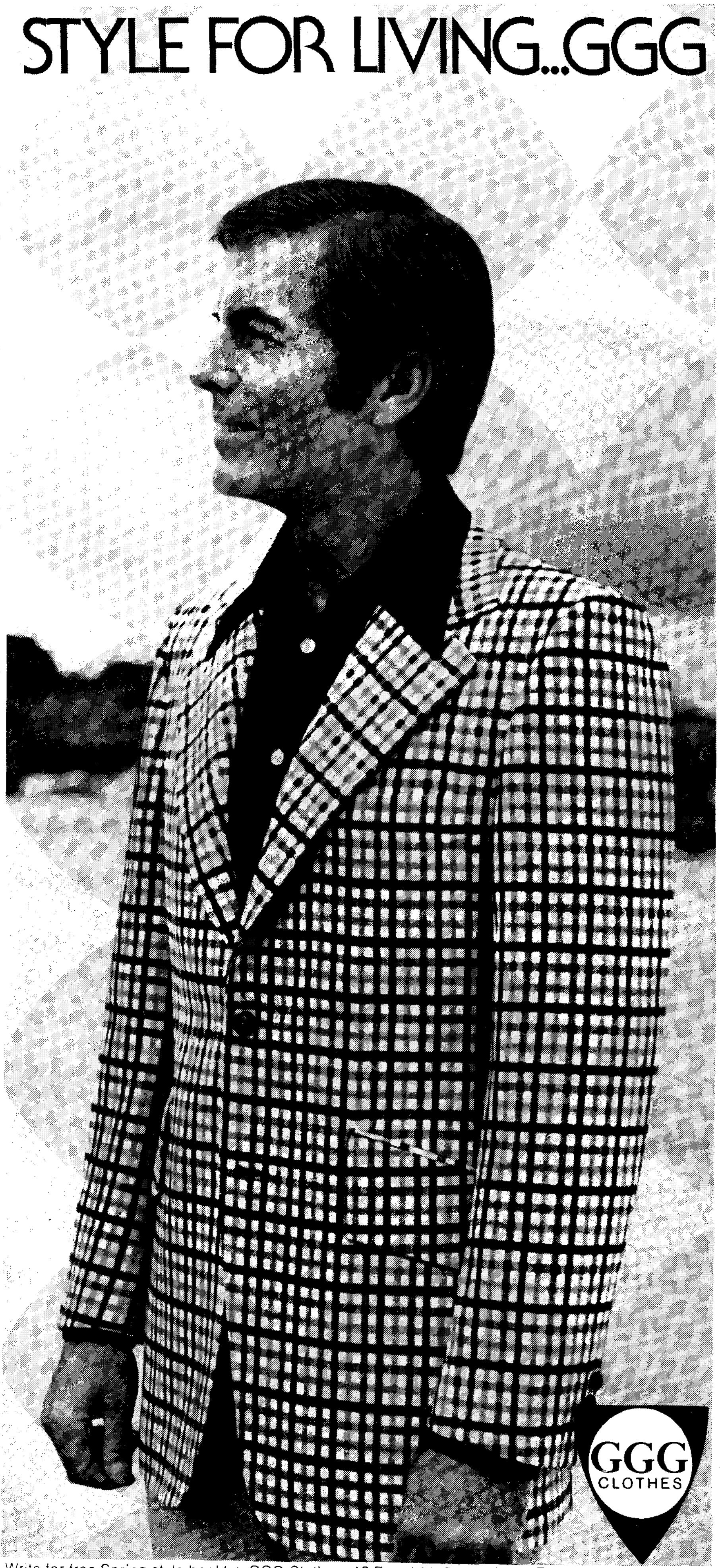
by the dubious virtue of supersonic speed. The Air Force estimates the added cost of giving a plane supersonic speed at thirty per cent, he says, but fifty per cent is a more realistic figure—and, he asks, for what? He and numerous other experts would prefer a simpler, cheaper bomber with greater range and payload.

MOST parts of the government have come to favor a SALT agreement of one kind or another, for one reason or another. Each, however, finds its motives questioned by some rival. In general, the State Department, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and the C.I.A. would prefer a broad agreement—broader, certainly, than anything acceptable to most of the Pentagon. President Nixon's White House, tugged by numerous considerations, has had the most ambiguous attitude toward SALT. Originally skeptical of the talks, the President and Kissinger eventually decided to pursue an agreement, and now, besides charting the path of the negotiations, they control the SALT process, including the shape and variety of options that the bureaucracy produces. Their methods assure endless skirmishing with the agencies involved and with the SALT delegation. And the skirmishing has been fierce; it has nourished White House suspicions of the bureaucracy, set off personality conflicts, and inspired ad-hoc bureaucratic alignments against the White House. All this has, in turn, reinforced the Administration's wariness.

The State Department and the Arms Control agency are close allies on SALT. Each decided long ago that deterrence, not defense, was the only rational strategic policy; that is, that the hazards, the costs, and the impracticability of the damage-limitation policy dictated an acceptance of the assured-destruction concept. Few Presidents, of course, have much admired the State Department, but few, if any, have been as effective as Nixon in diminishing the State Department's role and influence. Still, on the subject of SALT, the White House's differences with the principal military voices—the Joint Chiefs and the Office of the Secretary of Defense—have exceeded its differences with the State Department and the Arms Control agency. In any case, the White House mistrusts the vested interest of both the State Department and the Arms Control agency. SALT is very much a high-water mark for the agency, which has never really been taken seriously in the past; and the



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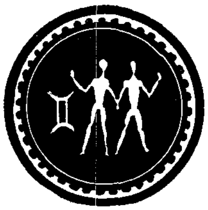
State Department, though it may be more dispassionate than the agency, has an obvious institutional preference for talking out differences with an adversary. Both the Department and the agency tend to be more venturesome than the White House, less uneasy about verification, more confident that an agreement on SALT will discourage, rather than encourage, cheating. With less to lose, they are less reluctant than the White House to take on the Joint Chiefs or the Office of the Secretary of Defense. Finally, just to point up the onerous nature of the process, it must be noted that the State Department, the Arms Control agency, the Pentagon, and the SALT delegation occasionally align themselves against the White House for tactical purposes having little, if anything, to do with the substance of the talks. These moves are generally gestures of rebellion against tight White House control. Kissinger keeps the SALT bureaucracy on a short leash.

The six-man SALT delegation replicates the SALT bureaucracy, which means that the delegates are often divided by the same issues that divide the groups they represent—the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Joint Chiefs, the State Department, the Arms Control agency, and the scientific community. Until last January, the leader of the delegation was Gerard C. Smith, who was also the director of the Arms Control agency; he has been replaced at the talks by U. Alexis Johnson, former Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs and a career Foreign Service officer. Smith, a competent negotiator with a good grasp of the issues, was respected in Washington; however, his only apparent weakness was a critical one. To direct both the Arms Control agency and the SALT delegation was compromising, certainly in the view of the White House or any agency that takes exception to the Arms Control agency's position on any SALT issue. Unfair though it may have been, Smith was seen as the Arms Control agency's man at the talks, and so as being concerned chiefly with extending the range of what was negotiable.



We know little in detail about what goes on within the Soviet system, but skirmishing over defense policy is thought to be as intense in Moscow as it is here. There, too, weapons technology can establish, instead of serve, the choices of the leadership. Evidence of differences between competing interest groups surfaces from time to time, most often in articles printed in military journals. The Soviet military is clearly uneasy about the unnatural concepts, such as parity, that arms-control buffs play about with. The military argues effectively that Soviet policies require the solid authority that only military power can provide and whose dimension is best determined by professionals.

UNDERSTANDING the strategic-arms-limitation talks requires skepticism as well as persistence. Besides the secrecy and the theology, one must also penetrate the mythology surrounding the talks. This means, first, accepting the possibility that an agreement on limiting strategic arms may not necessarily be a good thing. A superficial agreement might be, as the bureaucracy puts it, counter-productive. Such an agreement could very well breed hostility at home and trouble abroad—especially with allies who had grown fearful of the consequences of what they might see as a spurious great-power alliance settling, over their heads, matters as vital to their security as to America's. And a superficial agreement would create pressure to work around the constraints, thus nullifying whatever dividends it had been expected to return. In other words, we might get a less stable political environment in return for an only slightly more stable strategic environment.

Dispassionate insiders understand that any superficial agreement could be about as useful as a ban on bows and arrows, given the technological refinements that lie within the research-and-development capabilities of both great powers. Both bureaucracies, finding themselves constrained by an agreement limiting, for instance, only the numbers of some weapons systems, could intensify the impulse, which is always present anyway, for big leaps in the quality of weapons. The individual armed services could be relied on to lobby more vigorously for new weapons and for improvements of existing systems not covered by the agreement, and to argue that failing to hedge against the agreement would be mortgaging the future. In short, if any strategic-arms agreement did not succeed in constraining the quality of weapons over a period of time, it might fuel the race for offensive superiority—better accuracies, yields, ranges—within a specified outer limit on numbers of weapons. Equally, an agreement limit-

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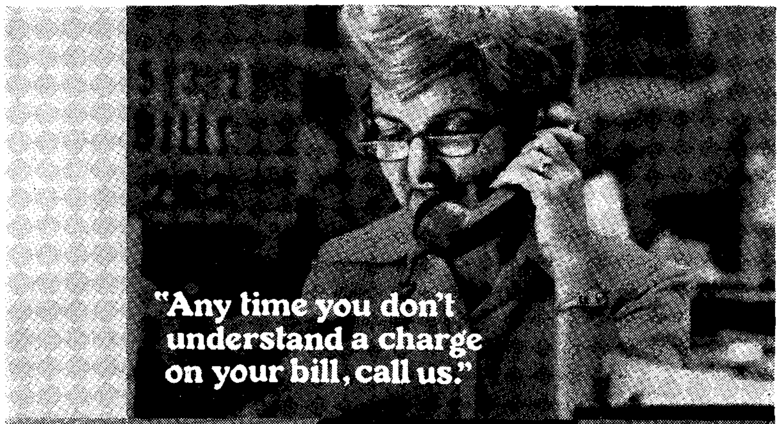
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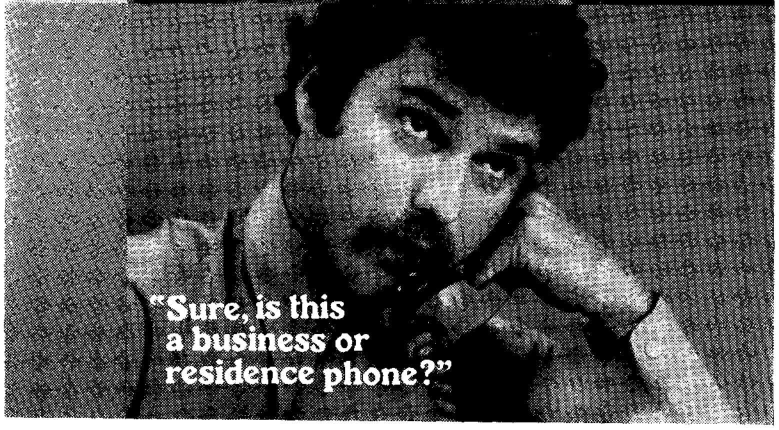
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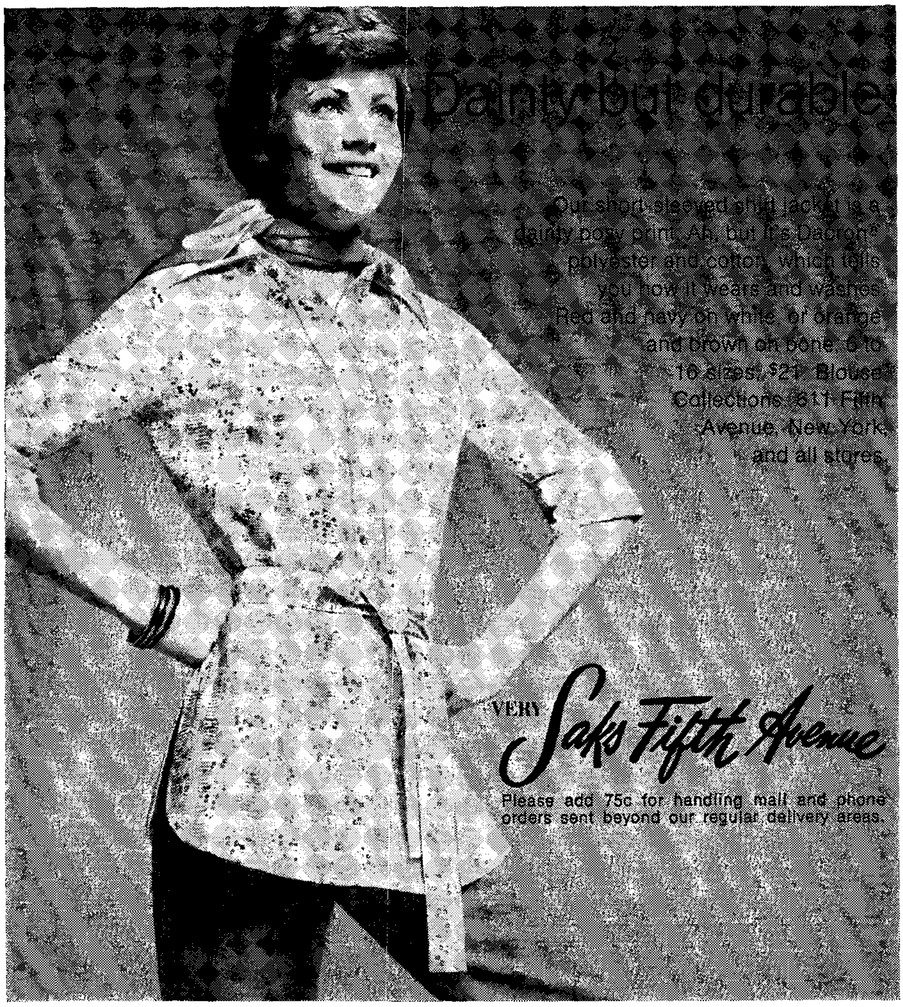
ing the known types of defensive systems—ABMs, say—would be of little value if the two sides set about developing more advanced (and proficient) counterparts based on such things as laser beams or particle generators. Happily, the treaty limiting ABMs has virtually closed the door on such novel weaponry.

Just as misleading as the argument that any reduction in arms is salutary is the related notion that strategic spending follows an unbroken upward spiral, carrying the federal budget aloft with it. Indeed, the duel for strategic advantage, along with the Vietnam war, is widely believed to have put the American economy in the grip of soaring inflationary costs. Although the war did help to produce this effect, the budget for strategic arms has been remarkably stable. Spending for strategic weapons attracts much more public concern and analytical attention than the far heavier spending for general-purpose forces, but, in terms of constant dollars, over the past decade the budget for strategic arms has declined. This budget normally constitutes about a fourth of the total defense budget—or, at present, eighteen billion dollars a year.

The Kennedy Administration took office in 1961 encumbered by the famous myth of a missile gap, which over the previous few years had been nourished by a number of leading Democrats, including Lyndon Johnson, who, besides being Senate Majority Leader, had presided over the Armed Services Committee's Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee. Although President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense McNamara swiftly learned that there was no gap, they yielded to heavy accumulated pressure to launch a major buildup of strategic forces, and they have since been criticized for overreacting. This criticism is partly unjust. Failure to proceed with the buildup of the Minuteman and Polaris forces then already planned would have generated horrendous difficulties with Congress and the Washington defense bureaucracy. In fairness to Kennedy and McNamara, they did set limits on the buildup, and they obliged the armed services to scale down their expectations. By the mid-nineteen-sixties, strategic spending and the size of America's deterrent forces had levelled off, and Washington, although it was rhetorically committed to the concept of damage limitation, was tacitly accepting the more modest criteria of assured destruction. The Minuteman force was to be restricted to a thousand. The



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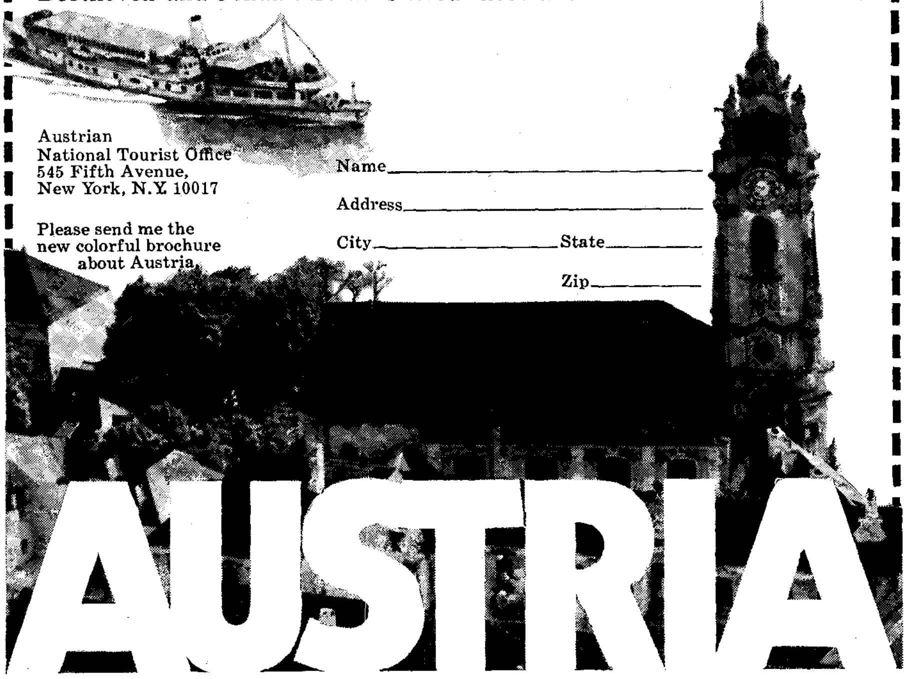

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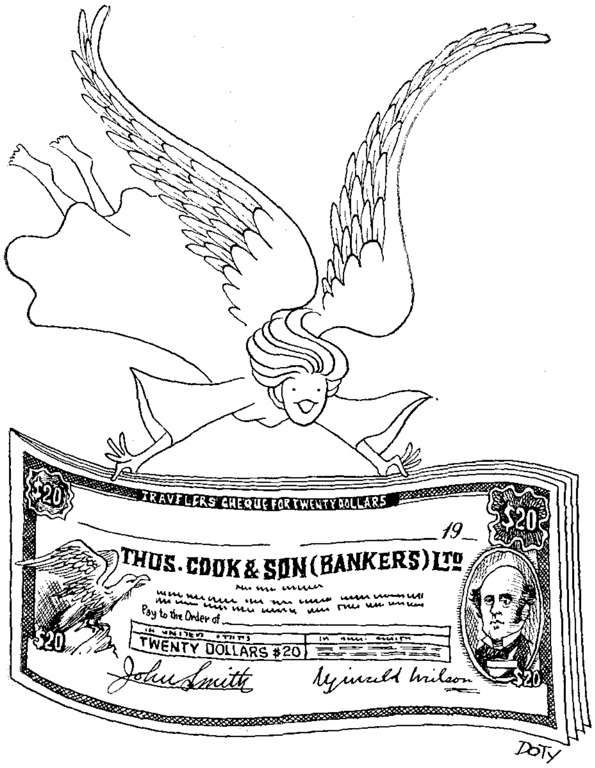
number of Polaris nuclear submarines would not exceed forty-one, carrying a total of six hundred and fifty-six missiles. The number of B-52s had reached a peak of six hundred and thirty-nine in 1962, when it had been agreed that worn-out planes were thereafter not to be replaced, and it has since declined to some four hundred. The rest of the strategic force consisted of fifty-four Titan missiles, which are still in service, though obsolete. At this point, the question became one not of increasing but of modernizing American forces. The trend to lower levels of strategic spending continued through the fiscal year 1967, even though the Soviet Union was then conducting a major strategic buildup. American strategic spending increased slightly in the fiscal years 1968 and 1969 as the pace of the modernization program quickened. Yet in fiscal 1970, as a study by the Brookings Institution has pointed out, the Administration "*reduced* spending on strategic programs by $2 billion, while continuing both the MIRV and ABM programs." Strategic spending is expected to rise in fiscal 1974, by one and four-tenths billion dollars, but most of the increase is going for the development of the Navy's Trident submarine-and-missile program. In short, the United States has not increased the size of any part of its strategic forces in several years. It is continuing to make qualitative improvements, chiefly by putting MIRVs on most of its sea-based and land-based missiles, and by making the missile silos more resistant to damage.

Running through the public and congressional discussions of SALT has been the expectation that an agreement would reduce spending on strategic weaponry, but in reality the SALT agreements signed last May will have little immediate effect on it. Only if a limit on strategic arms begins to hobble "quality" will spending be cut. The cost of the most likely improvements in strategic systems over the next ten years has been calculated by Brookings at thirty-seven billion. This is a crude projection, ignoring the vagaries of world politics and the possible research-and-development costs of innovations now contemplated by relatively few people.

Whether the strategic budget will show a rising or a stable trend in the next few years depends on whether systems that are now under serious study will be produced and deployed; if they are, when; and when they are, whether they will reduce or increase operating costs. In any case, short of a po-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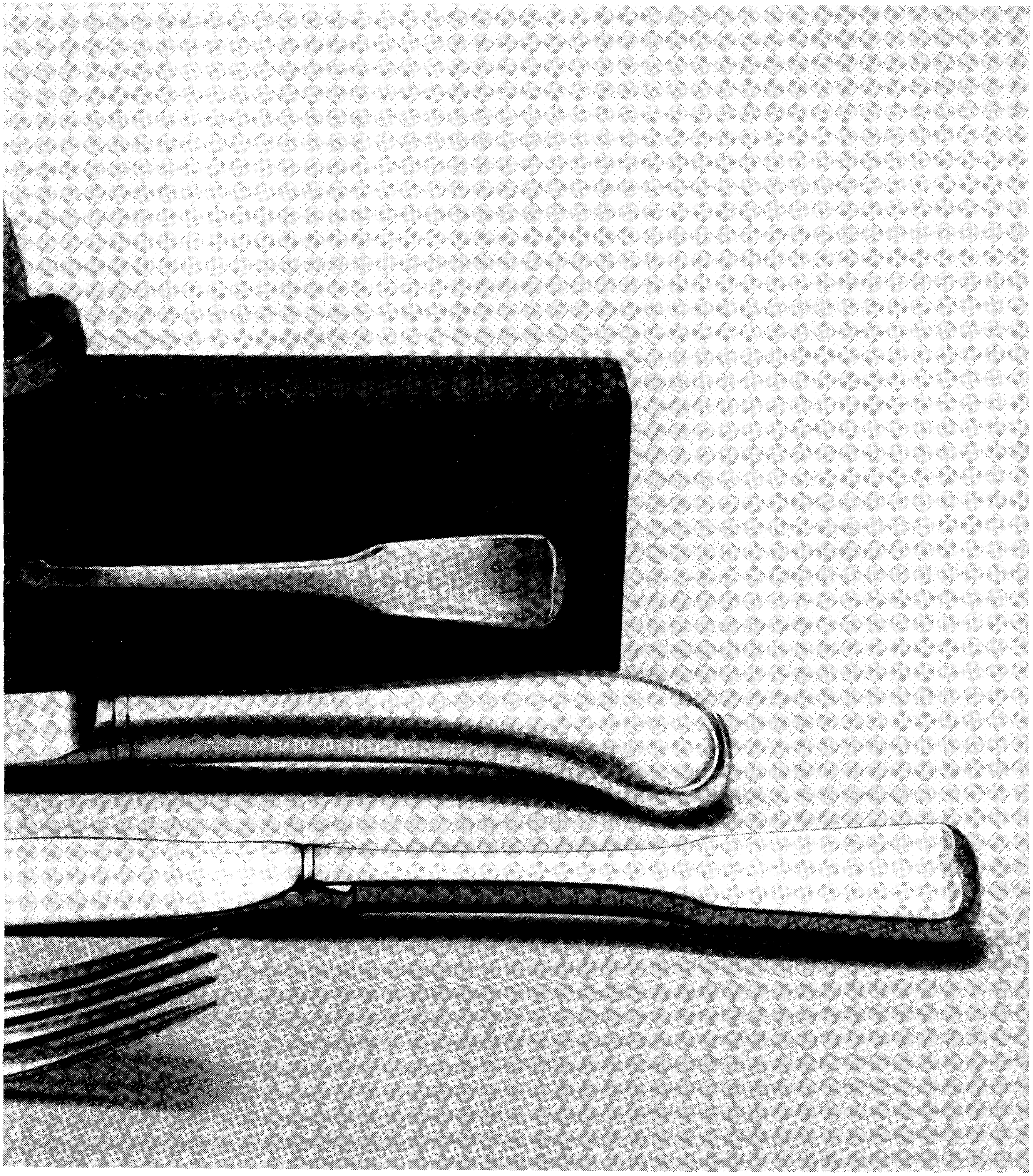

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litical disaster and the collapse of the arms-limitation talks, strategic spending should not rise sharply. Moderate elements in the government seek to adapt strategic-force budgets, not to expand them; to absorb technological change at current spending levels, not to be victimized by it. Here performance with regard to spending on strategic (intercontinental) weapons has been reasonably good—much better than with regard to tactical (shorter-range) ones, where the performance has in some cases been deplorable—probably because the smaller sums spent on America's nuclear deterrent represent a far more conspicuous, and hence disturbing, item in the public view.

In time, an informal coalition of Budget and Treasury people, key congressional groups, some parts of the Pentagon's civilian bureaucracy, and elements of the services themselves might be able to moderate the demands of the armed services. The impact of such a coalition might ultimately depend on whether the White House could overcome its normal reluctance to mix in the internal affairs of the military. However, it is doubtful whether any new coalition could shut off the pressure for qualitative improvements in strategic weapons—for "modernization," as it is called. Washington defense Scholastics know that there is even less incentive for limiting modernization in Moscow than in Washington. The Russians, it seems, do worry about the implications of a long race for quality, but they worry even more about their position in the race; they trail the Americans in strategic-weapons technology and appear determined to close the gap at least partially.

Another popular notion not to be taken for granted suggests that an action-reaction cycle underlies the arms race. Such wielders of military power as Napoleon and Robert McNamara have said that states design weapons to counter those of their adversaries. The truth contained in this reflection is self-evident but narrow. The famous action-reaction cycle is overestimated, misleading, and, in some cases, irrelevant to the procurement of various systems. Although arms development is obviously related to what other nations do, much of what the great powers deploy is inspired by internal politics and by the impulse of technology. So-called gaps that generate crash programs to catch up are sometimes not gaps at all; instead, they are in large part the product of pessimistic assumptions by bureaucrats and soldiers of both sides, who find gaps lurking in their extrapolations of data. It is as if force planners in Washington and Moscow were wedded to the higher interests of technology in a silent, unacknowledged compact. A State Department arms Scholastic deeply involved in the arms-limitation talks has described the action-reaction cycle as "very exaggerated," and has said, "In general, what one side does is used to fuel and fortify what the other wants to do anyway."

The Soviet Union's passion for secrecy has also energized American programs—as much, perhaps, as the actual weapons the Russians have deployed. Nor is spending pressure traceable to a conspiratorial monolith popularly known as "the military-industrial complex." It is much more the consequence of single-minded bureaucrats' pursuit of independent organizational interests. Each military service tends to treat spending as if the other services didn't exist, except when it occasionally backs another's pet project the better to secure solid backing for its own. What is true of the services is also true of related departments, like Defense Department Research and Engineering, and Systems Analysis. In short, each group seeks to stake out and consolidate its share of the action with respect to strategic arms—its lasting role in the great game of deterrence. But the pattern is uneven and fortuitous, the structure far from monolithic.

The Scylla and Charybdis of deterrence, in the view of many in the arms-control and defense community, are the ABM and MIRV technologies. Some people tend to favor, or tolerate, one while deploring the other, and the two technologies have dominated strategic-force planning for many years. The development and deployment of these two weapons systems by the United States, which has a commanding lead in both technologies, was inspired in part by the so-called action-reaction cycle, but they are also the product of other tendencies, the most important being an uncertainty about Soviet purposes, reinforced by internal bureaucratic politics in Washington. McNamara says that our decision to deploy MIRVs was taken in response to the installation of a Soviet ABM system around Moscow, since that installation might have foreshadowed a nationwide coverage that would have greatly complicated the ability of American missiles to reach their targets. Conversely, any number of officials have said with equal certainty that what inspired America's decision was not the system McNamara referred to but another one.

The origin of the decision to deploy ABMs was even more complex than that of the decision to deploy MIRVs. McNamara and some of those who served with him when he was Defense Secretary assign the responsibility for the decision on ABMs to political pressures—chiefly from Capitol Hill. Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk shares this view, but then he was not consulted about the decision, or even closely informed. It is true that the sentiment of assorted congressional guardians of the national security, prodded by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, did put President Johnson, and thus McNamara, under great pressure to deploy something, but the picture is far more complicated than one of high officials' responding to congressional pressure. The eventual deployment decision has tangled roots, and should not be accepted historically as the dilemma of a beleaguered Secretary of Defense no longer able to hold out against political forces that should have understood, as he did, that deploying ABMs would achieve nothing except a compensatory increase in the offensive capability of the Soviet Union. Here, again, a partial truth about an elusive subject obscures other—possibly deeper—truths. Catching a clear glimpse of the strategic-arms-limitation talks, and understanding the Moscow agreements signed in May, 1972, requires some insight into the curious, all too human forces that have animated both the anti-ballistic-missile and the multi-warhead-missile programs.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

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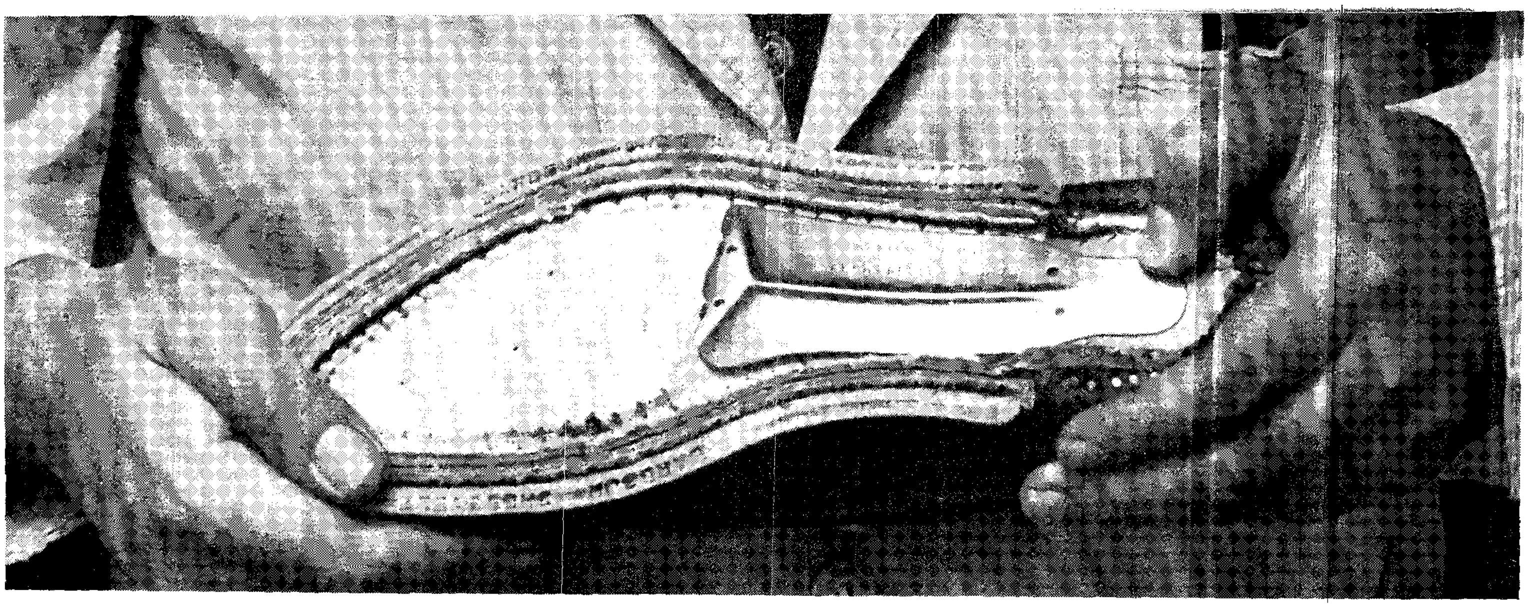

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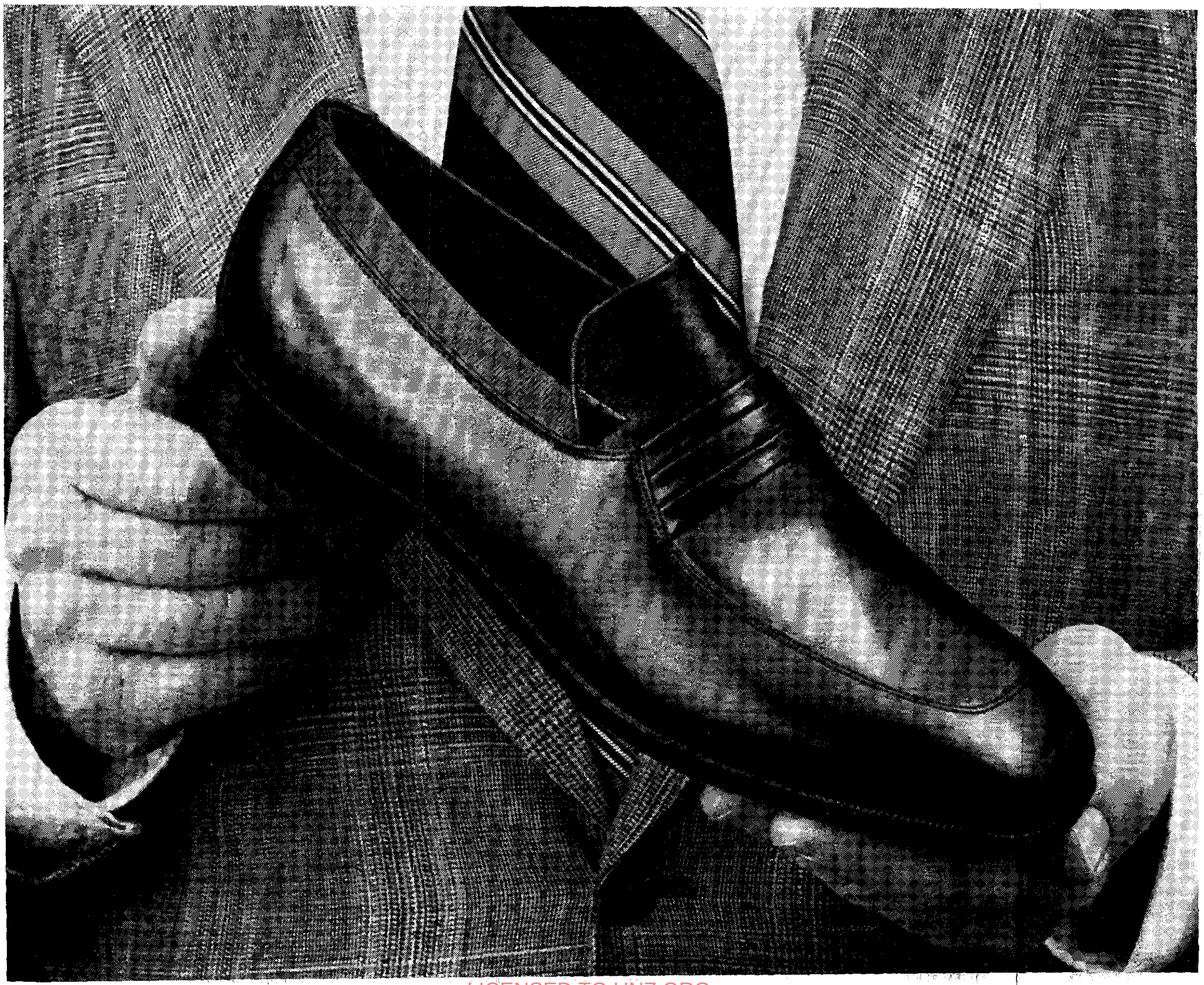


THE THEATRE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

THE final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is an able and affecting revival of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire." The revival, at the Vivian Beaumont, celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first production of the play, which was directed by Elia Kazan and played in by Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. Twenty-five years is a longer period in the theatre than it is in life—we tend to forgive our past selves and accommodate to them more readily than we do the eras we have outlived; eras date, and we do not—but the original production of "Streetcar" remains tenaciously unaging. It was an experience so vivid, indeed, that one goes on thinking of it year after year in the present tense and speaks of the performances as if they had taken place but a few moments ago; young Brando's "Stella!" is a cry of need and remorse not in the least diminished by the passage of time and by the many Brandos we have since been startled and delighted by. (The fat and balding Brando of "Last Tango in Paris" is all the more touching to us because we cannot forget the taut, fierce maleness of his Stanley Kowalski. The long dying of the lion is a greater subject even than his death.)

I am glad to report that the present production of "Streetcar" is not merely a worthy successor to the original but an illuminating companion to it. This in spite of the fact that the director, Ellis Rabb, can usually be counted on to have a certain number of cranky ideas, and I can usually be counted on to be irritated by them. I feared at first that Douglas W. Schmidt's ingenious skeletal set, which gives us for once some idea of the usability of the immense backstage area of the Beaumont, would tempt Mr. Rabb to open up the play too much; the music and street activities by which the scenes in the present production are linked hint more of Catfish Row than of the tiny Kowalski apartment in the Vieux Carré. Mr. Rabb appears to have been aware of this hazard, and the play remains sufficiently suffocating. Rosemary Harris is a superb Blanche Du Bois; one is able to believe in her sexual slatternliness when she is at her most ladylike, and she resists the temptation to be any dottier than she ought to be. James Farentino is an admirable Stanley—a Stanley less fierce, I think, than Brando's, and perhaps more intelligent and therefore more vulnerable. That exemplary actor Philip Bosco makes Blanche's possible suitor, Harold Mitchell, a figure of grave and awkward dignity, but Patricia Conolly as Stella is not robust enough for my taste—I was puzzled to know what a Kowalski would see in her, and I doubted whether his vaunted colored lights would be going on in her head when they went on in his. The costumes are by Nancy Potts, and the lighting is by John Gleason. Stella, placing candles on Blanche's birthday cake, is asked by Stanley how many she intends to have there. "I'll stop at twenty-five," she says. Mr. Williams' play is being given a splendid birthday present by the Lincoln Repertory company; the candles will not stop at twenty-five, or at a hundred.

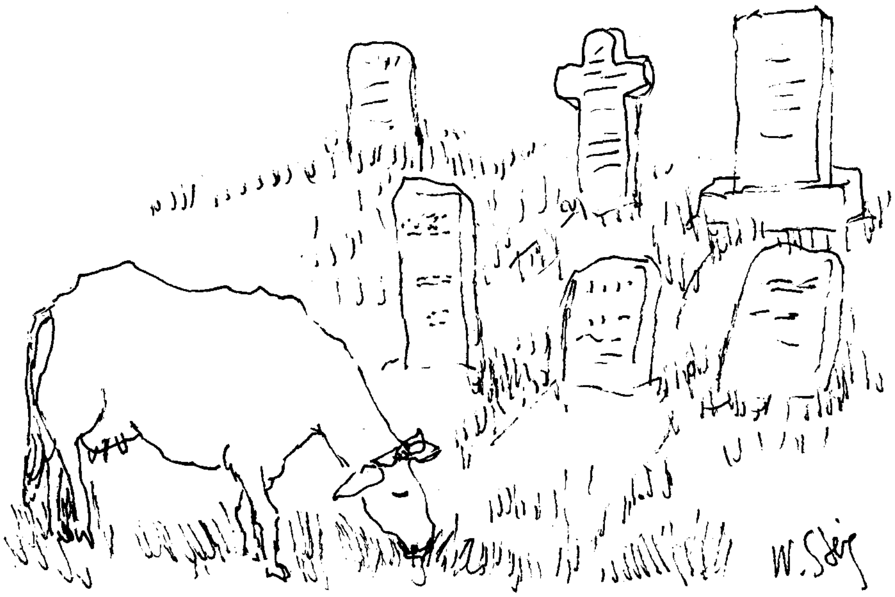
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE'S "The Women," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is less a revival than an exhumation. Surely it was reckless of the producers to try to bring back to life this dead thing, the exposure of which, in all its pseudo cleverness of lines and breathless carpentry of plot, is no kindness to Mrs. Luce. She wrote it in 1936, and it had a great vogue. I wish it had remained in the tomb of time, and, to judge by their lack of confidence onstage—muffed lines, inaccurate timing—so do most of the members of its very large cast, which includes Marian Hailey, Mary Louise Wilson, Dorothy Loudon, Alexis Smith, Kim Hunter, Myrna Loy, Polly Rowles, Leora Dana, Rhonda Fleming, and Jan Miner. The director of this mortuary entertainment is Morton Da Costa. The settings are the handiwork of Oliver Smith, the lighting is by John Gleason, and the costumes are by Ann Roth. As they say at wakes, I am sorry for their trouble.

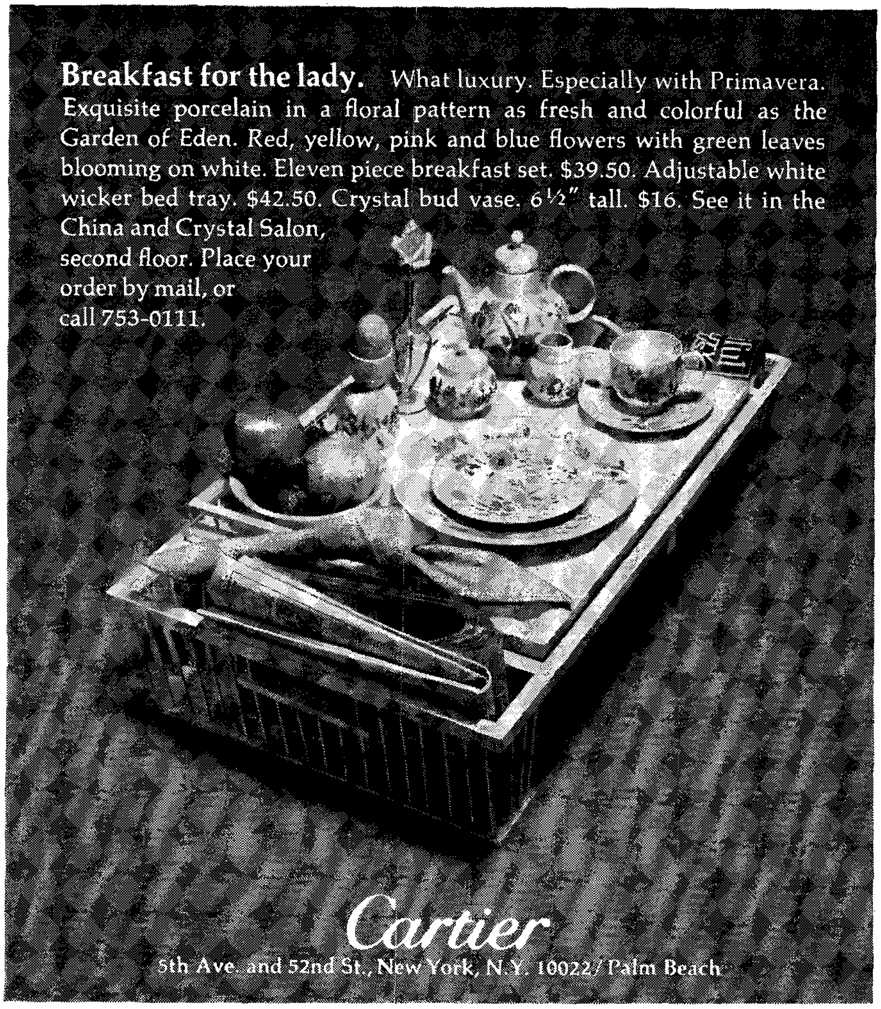
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Good Humor, Etc.

"WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?," at Jimmy's, is a little revue that is fresh, acute, spirited, and without any second-hand Brechtian bitterness or depression. Ira Gasman's lyrics are exceptionally bright, Cary Hoffman's score is tuneful, and the three young men and two young women of the company are extremely gifted and as chipper as can be. Their names are Betty Lynn Buckley, Sam Freed, Bill La Vallee, Priscilla López, and Barry Michlin. In the first act, most of the topics under consideration are local—massage parlors and mayoral candidates and street crimes and going to the theatre and just about everything else that floats through the heads of the residents of this city—and in the second act the topics are national and general. Under Miriam Fond's direction, the numbers move briskly along. One of them, "Kissinger und Kleindienst und Klein," made me laugh, but I wish it hadn't. The rest of the targets are nicked more subtly and more decently than that. Good humor may not be an important quality, but it is a rare and valuable one. "What's a





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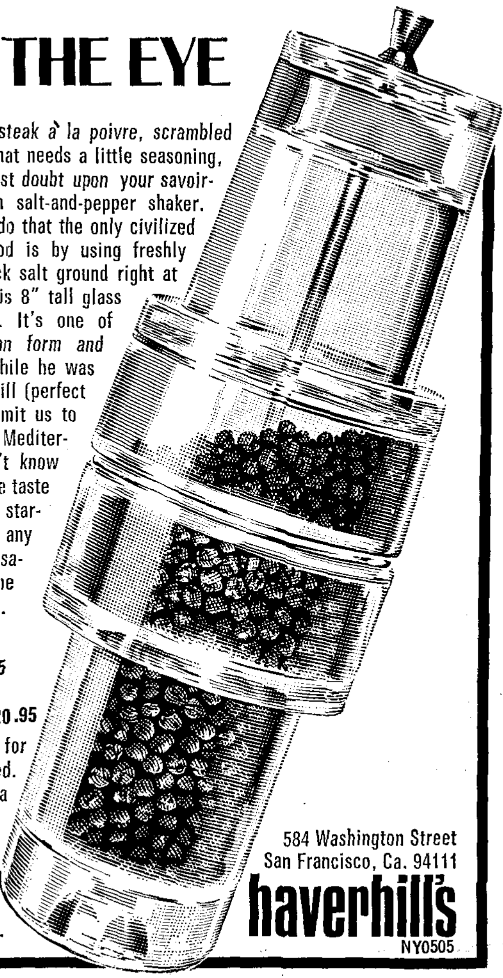

Nice Country Like You" opened originally at St. Peter's Gate, an Off Off Broadway house, four months ago.

BRIAN FRIEL is a very good writer, but his "Crystal and Fox," a study of a strolling player in Ireland whose destructive and self-destructive nature is entirely beyond his control, came off badly at the McAlpin Rooftop last week—this in spite of some sound ideas and some funny scenes and lines, and in spite of the performance of Rue McClanahan, an actress who brings an excitement all her own onto any stage. Miss McClanahan played the non-hero's loving wife.

THE kindest adjective I can think of for a badly performed mess called "A Phantasmagoria Historia of D. Johann Fausten Magister, PhD, MD, DD, DL, Etc." is "inexcusable." The show, which played one performance at the Truck and Warehouse, was assembled from the works of everybody you ever heard of, and the only reason for even mentioning it is to note the rapt silence that fell over the otherwise restless audience at the sound of Christopher Marlowe's enthralling lines from "Dr. Faustus."

IN "The Faggot," an oratorio at the Judson Memorial Church, Al Carmines, resident pastor, composer, and lyricist, celebrates homosexuality and other sexual bypaths with his usual utter seriousness and humor, his usual openhearted humanity, and, above all, his usual enchanting melodies. The script is one of Mr. Carmines' lesser efforts, and at one point it is slightly inattentive: in a touching scene, "I'll Take My Fantasy," we see Tony Clark, as a lonely, celibate Secretary of State, holding a press conference at the Pentagon. (Why at the Pentagon instead of the State Department, or why not the Secretary of Defense instead of State?) Nevertheless, the Judson singers and dancers are in top form, and there are many excellent numbers, among them Essie Borden's merry rendition of a song, "Fag Hag," and one of the loveliest duets imaginable, "Ordinary Things," with the inimitable Lee Guilliatt as Gertrude Stein, and Peggy Atkinson as Alice B. Toklas. Best of all, needless to say, is the presence of Mr. Carmines, not only at the piano but, temporarily, as Oscar Wilde (with Ira Siff as Lord Alfred Douglas). A star (and more) if ever there was one. "The Faggot" will be at the Judson, Fridays through Mondays, until May 7th. —EDITH OLIVER

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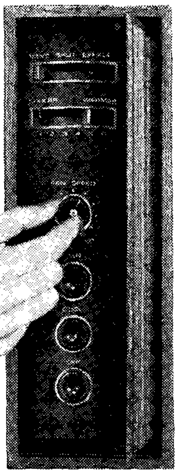

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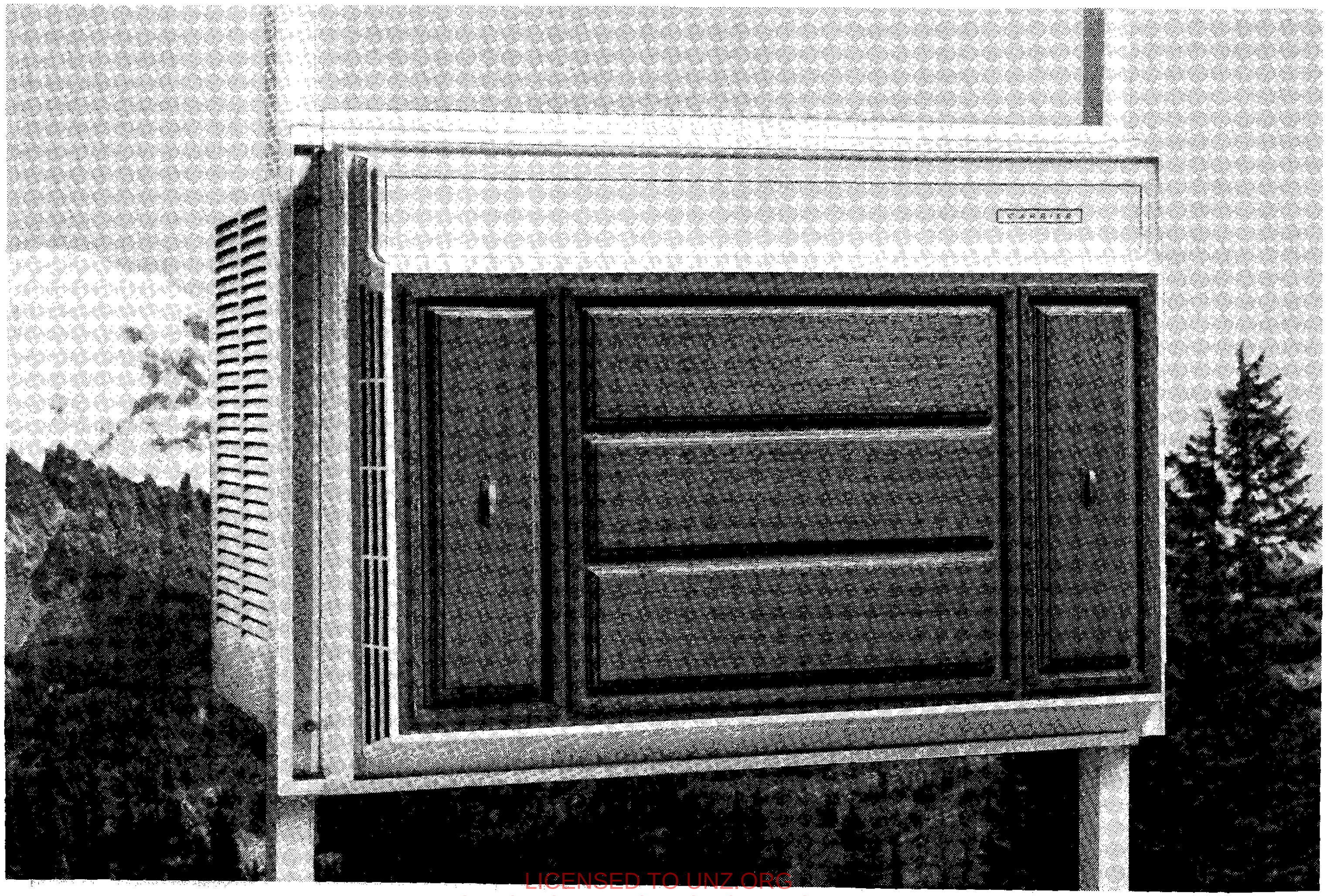

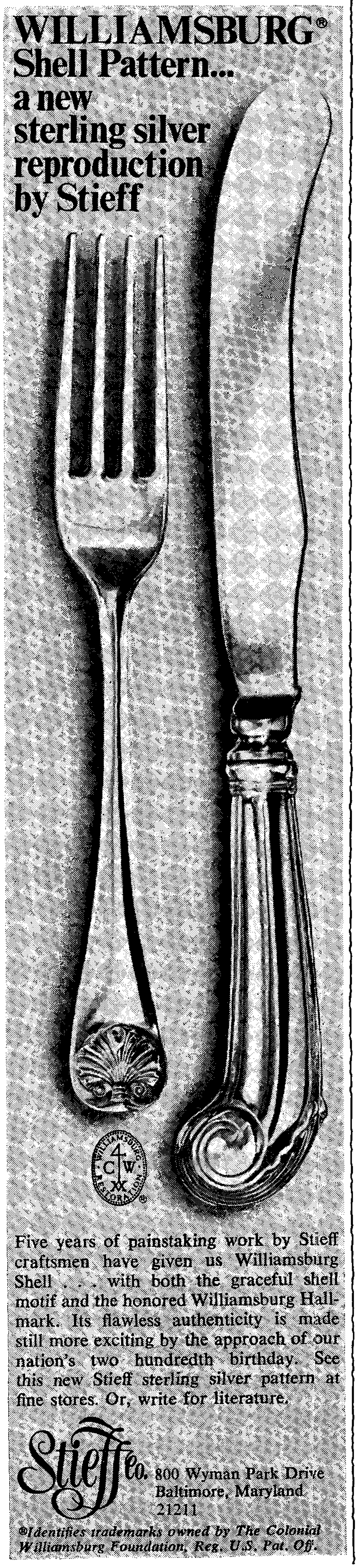

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THE RACE TRACK

Secretariat?

THE Kentucky Derby comes up at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, this weekend bristling with questions. The big one, of course, is Secretariat. If he's as good as I think he is, he will almost certainly win. After all, he was the first two-year-old to be voted Horse of the Year, and his first and second starts this season were smashers; in the Gotham Stakes he did the mile in 1:33⅖, equalling the track record. There's no doubt whatever that he wasn't himself in the Wood Memorial, for which I've had explanations galore from experts. Any trainer could tell you that the best of horses have their off days, and even the most prescient horsemen can't tell when they're having them. Well, in his first workout at Churchill Downs, the other morning, Secretariat, in company with Angle Light, went six furlongs in a driving rain on a muddy track in 0:24, 0:48⅖, 1:12⅗, and galloped out the seven furlongs in 1:26⅗. The clockers were quite impressed, for the going was heavy and holding. Lucien Laurin, the trainer of both horses, says that Angle Light, who led the whole distance in the Wood, won't start in the Derby unless the track is to his liking.

When I said that Secretariat would *almost* certainly win the Derby, I was thinking of the luck he would need in a big field, because he begins slowly and must have clear sailing, being strictly a one-run horse. As this is written, the *Daily Racing Form* lists twenty "prospects" for the Derby. I don't think they will all go to the post, but even so there will be too many who haven't a possible chance getting in the way. Still, if an owner is willing to pay $2,500 in entry and starting fees just to see his colors up on the big day, why shouldn't he? Sham, who is still second favorite, though he couldn't beat Angle Light in the Wood, had a half-speed gallop over the track in preparation for his final work. And the latest arrival, representing California, is Gold Bag, winner of the Coronado Stakes, which was the main event of the first Sunday's racing at Hollywood Park.

People play hunches in the Derby—it's that kind of crowd. In the old days, it was "Bet on Bradley"—and not a bad hunch, since the Colonel's horses won four times. After that, the crowd followed Calumet and the Jones Boys; they had seven winners. More recently, it has been the thing to back the winner of the Blue Grass Stakes, at Keeneland, and in the past decade Chateaugay, Northern Dancer, Lucky Debonair, and Dust Commander have brought off the double. Needless to say, My Gallant, who won the race the other day at the delightful track in Lexington, will have a following. As you know, he turned the tables on Our Native, who had beaten him by a head in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last month. Lengths behind them, Impecunious, the winner of the Arkansas Derby, and Warbucks finished in a dead heat for third. The time was 1:49⅗—just a tick faster than the Wood Memorial. My Gallant is trained by Lou Goldfine, who saddled Shecky Greene for the seven-furlong Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday. Shecky led all the way and rolled home by five lengths, but Goldfine thinks the mile and a quarter of the Derby will be too far for him (he was down the course in the Arkansas Derby). However, Joe Kellman, who owns him, wants him to run, so maybe he will. Later the same afternoon at Louisville, La Prevoyante, her injured foot quite recovered, also led all the way in her prep for the Kentucky Oaks, on Friday. She won by a head from Old Goldie. Her score is now fourteen out of fifteen.

OFFHAND, I'd say that the Hobeau Farm's Poker Night is one of the better three-year-old fillies. In her last seven tries, she has missed just once—losing by a length to the lively Windy's Daughter. In the mud at Aqueduct last Saturday, she won the Top Flight Handicap by four lengths—from Summer Guest, no less. Numbered Account, whom she had beaten several weeks ago, was fourth. When one recalls that Poker Night could have been bought out of a claiming race early in the meeting for $27,500 and that since then she has picked up $16,605 in the Bed o' Roses Handicap and $33,420 in the Top Flight, not to mention the other prize money, it tempts one to go into the horse business.

YOUR correspondent hasn't been in downtown Louisville in years (preferring to stay in Lexington), and he wonders if the little old man who sold tips in front of the Seelbach Hotel is still around. He always had the Derby winner—or so he said.

—AUDAX MINOR

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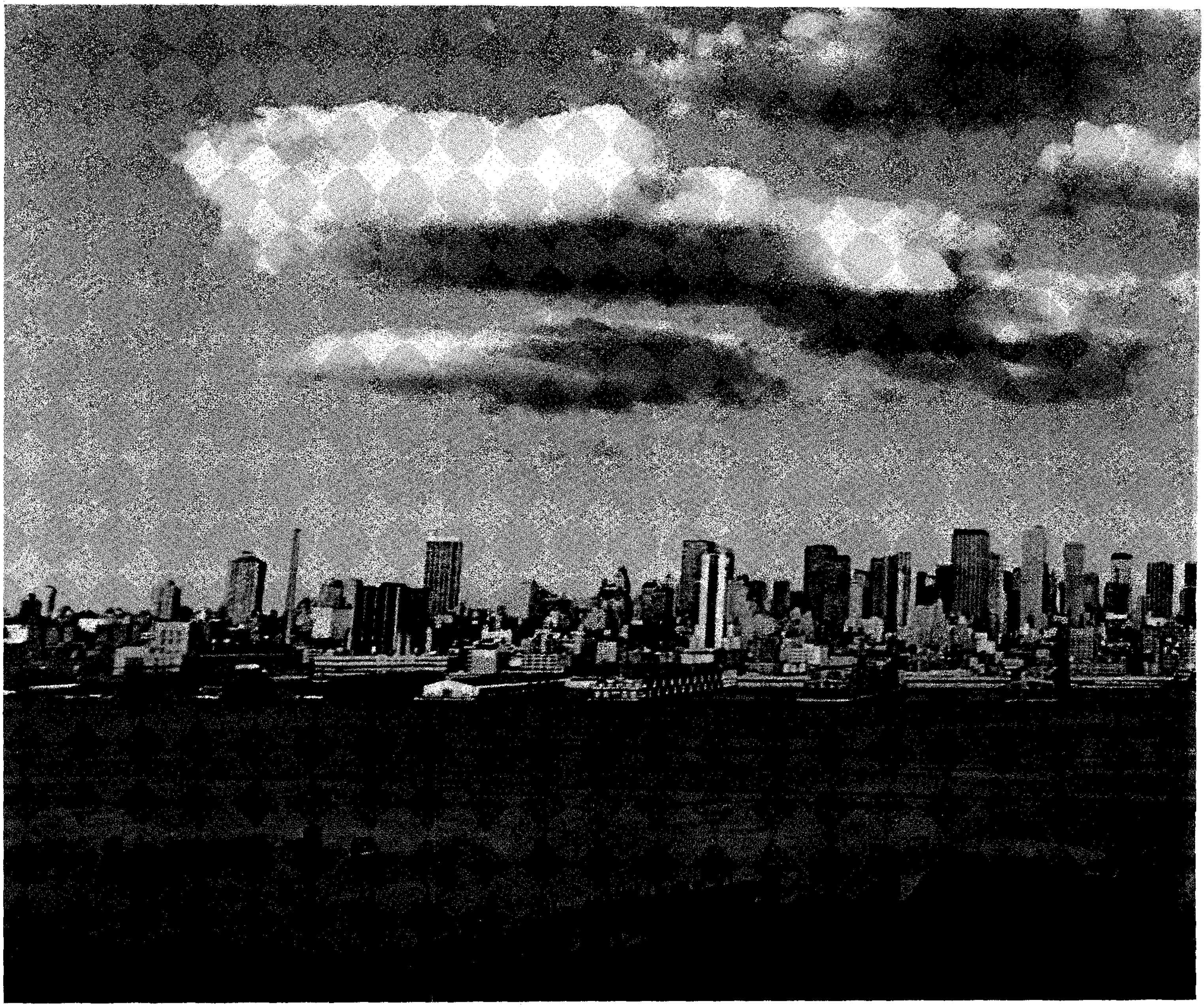

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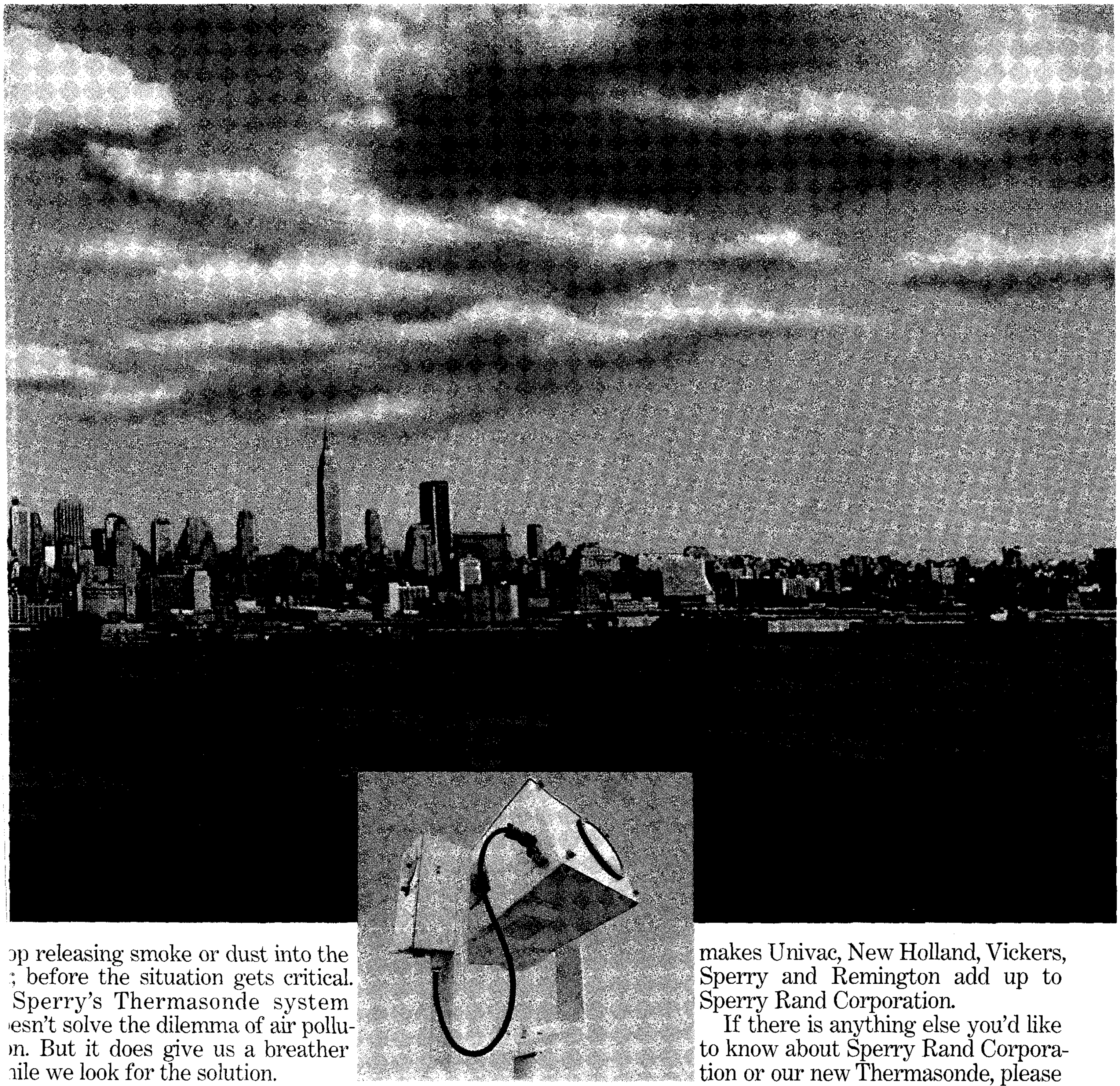

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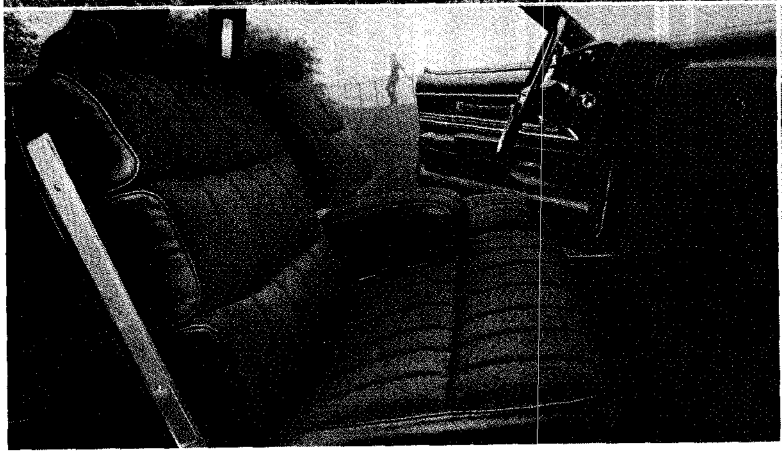

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U.S. JOURNAL: SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SERGEI KOURDAKOV

ON New Year's Eve, not long after midnight, the sheriff's department of San Bernardino County sent a patrol car to Running Springs in response to the telephone call of a young woman who said that her boyfriend had shot himself. Running Springs is a tiny town in the mountains, at the point where the road up from San Bernardino splits into one highway going toward Lake Arrowhead and another toward the ski resort at Big Bear. It has an oddly temporary look, as if it had been put up absentmindedly and might someday be dismantled in the same way. The attempts at the ersatz-chalet style that sometimes distinguish mountain resorts from supermarkets in southern California seem halfhearted—a piece of artificial timbering here, a few loops cut out of a knotty-pine porch railing there. Running Springs has a couple of motels that catch some overflow from the resorts on a busy weekend, but they look less like modern California motels than like what used to be called tourist cabins. When the sheriff's officers arrived, a distraught young woman led them to a room at the Giant Oaks Motel. A muscular young man dressed in a T-shirt and bluejeans lay on the floor between the two beds. A champagne bottle and a glass were at his feet. There was a bottle of strawberry wine on the television set. On the desk, there was a typewriter with a partly typed page in it. A .38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver lay on the rug. The young man had been killed by a gunshot in the head. The following day, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* ran a front-page banner headline that said, "RUSS DEFECTOR DEATH UNDER PROBE."

In some circles, Sergei Kourdakov had been known not just as a Russ Defector but as a repentant, evangelical, born-again Christian Russ Defector. Since last summer, he had been travelling to churches around the country as a speaker for Underground Evangelism, a Glendale organization that describes itself as "a ministry to the suffering church in the Communist World." The issue of Underground Evangelism's monthly magazine that had just been published carried a chapter of Kourdakov's reminiscences and an advertisement for a cassette tape, available for a donation of four dollars, of the Sergei Kourdakov story—"A Persecutor of Christians Now Witnessing for Christ." The cassette, a recording of one of Kourdakov's public appearances, has an introduction in which L. Joe Bass, the founder and president of Underground Evangelism, offers a dramatic account of Sergei Kourdakov's first twenty-one years—his triumphs as a model young Communist and Soviet naval cadet, his awful adventures as the leader of a brutal attack group that raided one hundred and fifty underground churches in the region of Kamchatka, his decision to leap from a Russian trawler off the west coast of Canada, his miraculous swim through icy waters to shore, his conversion, his amazement at discovering that a Russian-language Bible presented to him by a Canadian pastor was identical to the Bibles confiscated from the Christians he had once beaten and despised, his joy at finding in Underground Evangelism the very organization whose smuggling efforts had provided those Bibles to the persecuted Christians of Kamchatka. Underground Evangelism had featured refugee Eastern European Christians before but never one who was a repentant persecutor of Christians as well. Orders were already coming in for his forthcoming autobiography.

Underground Evangelism was accustomed to reporting the death of Christians at the hands of Communist torturers; that had become, in fact, something of a specialty. The death of a Christian—Underground Evangelism's featured Christian—by his own hand while he was sharing a motel room with a seventeen-year-old girl was another matter. Within a week of the shooting, Underground Evangelism had issued a press release stating that suicide, which had been mentioned in some early press reports, was out of the question, and that the circumstances of Kourdakov's death remained "strange" and "uncertain." His life had been threatened several times by Russian-speaking men, the release said, and he had once told Bass, "If you ever hear I have had an accident or committed suicide, don't believe it. I know how the Soviet police work, because I was one of them." The problems Underground Evangelism could expect from the press became obvious immediately after the shooting when an item appeared in Toronto, where Kourdakov had lived before coming to the United States. The Toronto *Star* quoted Kourdakov's Toronto pastor as saying that Kourdakov might have succumbed to the fast pace of the American evangelism circuit—part of the fast pace being, in the pastor's view, that Underground Evangelism had been using Kourdakov and exaggerating his career and exposing him to too much publicity. A young woman who said she had known Kourdakov at George Brown College, in Toronto, was quoted as saying that, according to a letter she had received from him, Kourdakov had regretted going into evangelical work and had confessed that he did not, in fact, happen to believe in God.

"Operator, I'd like to place a personage-to-person call, please."

The San Bernardino coroner's office had pretty much concluded that Kourdakov had killed himself accidentally while playing with the revolver, but Bass said that a county like San Bernardino did not have the facilities to deal with such sophisticated matters as the death of a Soviet defector. "What better time than midnight on New Year's Eve, and what better place than that small, tourist-packed resort area for Sergei Kourdakov to have an 'accident'?," a newsletter sent to the Underground Evangelism mailing list said. "It's a rural county, mainly desert and mountains, with a small population and a relatively small law-enforcement staff." It was not a line of reasoning that pleased the law-enforcement authorities of San Bernardino County. "Any time you have a death such as this, where there was a young man in a motel room, a young girl, and a bottle of wine," the coroner, Bill Hill, told the San Bernardino *Sun*, "I guess you could call it 'strange' and 'uncertain.' "

Attacks on Underground Evangelism over its handling of Sergei Kourdakov had begun from sources that could be expected to be even more persistent than offended county authorities or a suspicious secular press—two neighboring Glendale organizations called Jesus to the Communist World, Inc., and Evangelism to Communist Lands. Glendale, a middle-class section of the Los Angeles sprawl, is a center for ministries to the suffering church in the Communist World more or less the way Seventh Avenue is a center for the garment industry—an industry with which the Glendale missionaries seem to share standards of good will toward the competition. Glendale grew as a center for oppressed-church missions as Eastern European refugees who had moved to town to work for Underground Evangelism took acrimonious leave of U.E. and formed their own organizations. Jesus to the Communist World is run by Richard Wurmbrand and his family—Wurmbrand being a Rumanian Lutheran who wrote a book called "Tortured for Christ" and was, for a while, best known in this country for having removed his shirt before members of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to illustrate his testimony that the Communists had left him with eighteen scars in their effort to make him forsake the church. Evangelism to Communist Lands is a smaller operation, run by Haralan Popov and his family. Popov is a Bulgarian; his book, written while he was still with U.E., is called "Tortured for His Faith."

The three Glendale missions have some difference in emphasis—whether to concentrate on smuggling Bibles in by clandestine couriers, for instance, or to float some of them toward Russia or Cuba on appropriate ocean currents—but their literature tends to tell the same kinds of stories about the need for Christian literature and the need to help the families of jailed and tortured Christian martyrs. They tend to use the same terms, and even the same martyrs. One distinguishing feature of the

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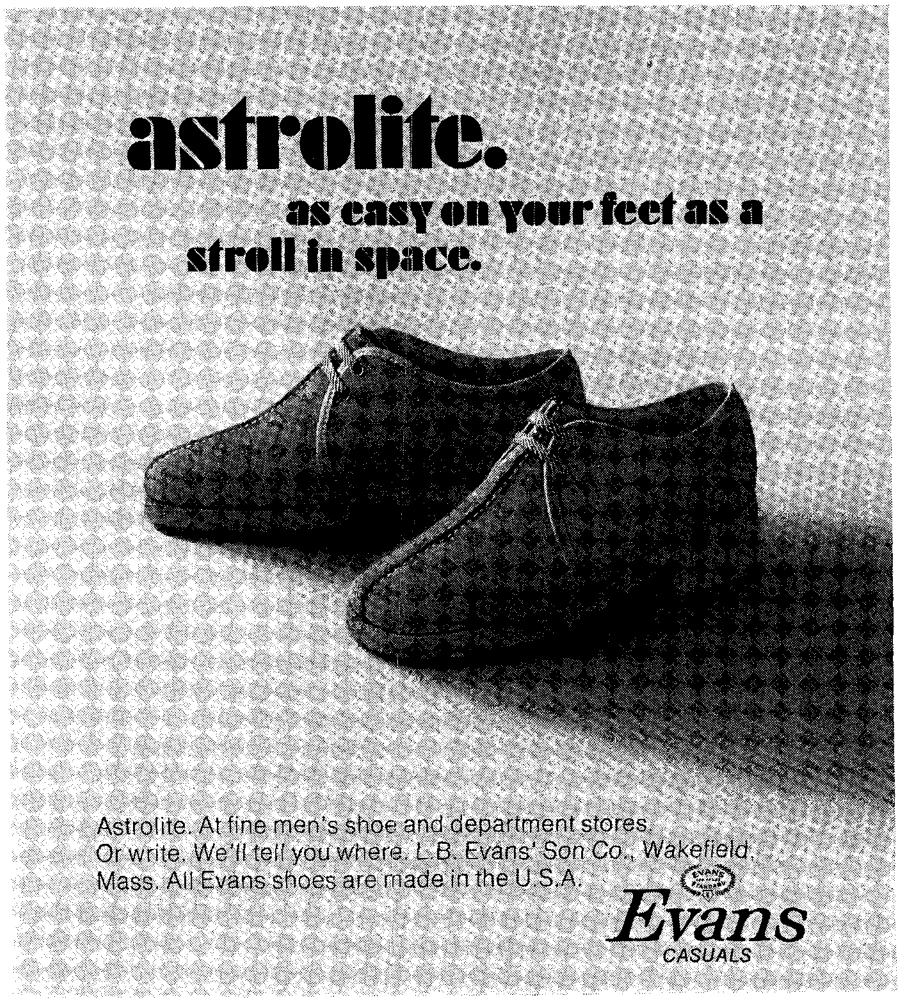

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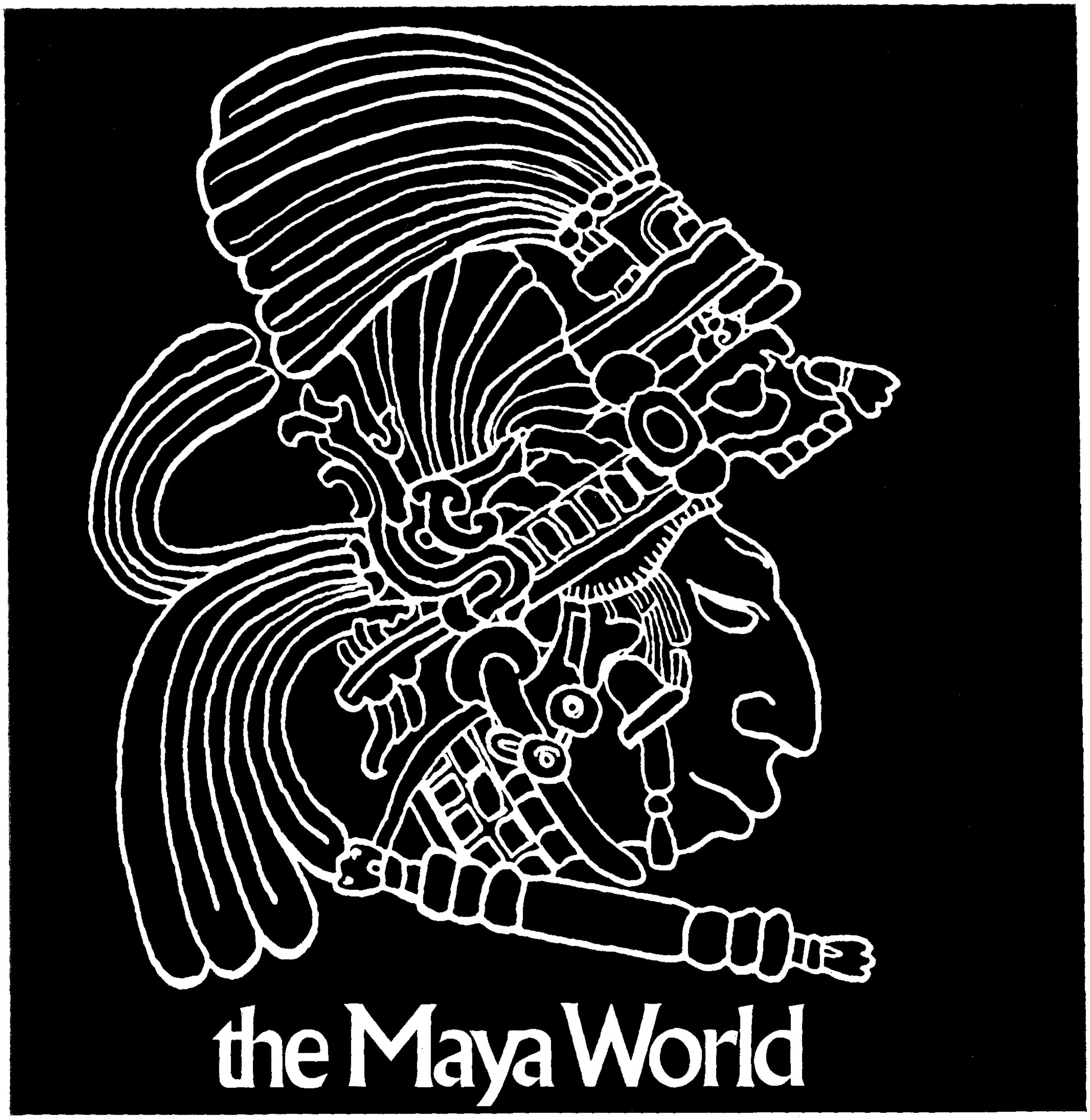

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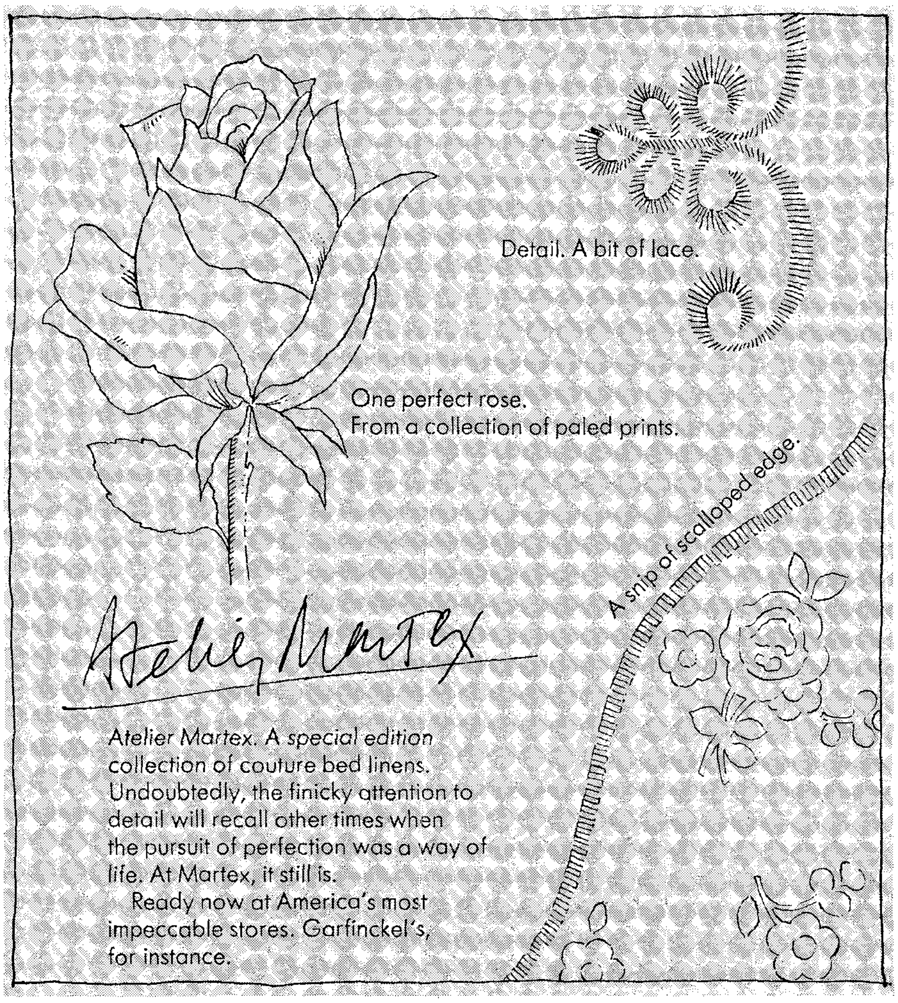

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Wurmbrands' discussion of mission work to the suffering church in the Communist World is their contention that L. Joe Bass has never done much of it, at least not enough to justify the two million dollars U.E. collects every year for that purpose—a contention they have made in a thick report that Bass has answered with a counter-report denying all allegations and accusing Richard Wurmbrand of carrying on a vendetta because he was thwarted in an attempt to take over Underground Evangelism. At first, Jesus to the Communist World reacted to Kourdakov's death merely by accusing Underground Evangelism of exposing him to worldly temptations he was not prepared for in its haste to exploit him. Then it began to question parts of the story told about him—whether there actually could be one hundred and fifty raidable underground churches in Kamchatka, for instance—and his own sincerity. (According to a letter the Wurmbrands circulated, Kourdakov, after falling to the floor of a temple in Toronto and shouting that he was filled with the Holy Spirit, was asked, "With what Ghost are you filled?" and replied, "Money.") Finally, the Jesus to the Communist World literature began saying that Kourdakov not only was not in danger from the K.G.B. but may have been a K.G.B. plant himself. The Popovs, who ordinarily use more restrained language than the Wurmbrands in denouncing Bass, limiting themselves for the most part to charges of lying and deception, said they were saddened that Bass had used Kourdakov instead of giving him the opportunity to grow in Christ. "He was what we call a backslider," Ladin Popov, Haralan's brother, said of Kourdakov recently. "And the wages of sin are death."

Bass explains the defection of people like Wurmbrand and Popov partly as a tendency in "the Eastern European mentality" to prefer small family businesses rather than large, centralized organizations. He says that those who accuse Underground Evangelism of trying to make a martyr out of Sergei Kourdakov are themselves guilty of vilifying the boy in order to further their campaign against Underground Evangelism. According to Bass, such attacks are no more than the leader in the field should expect. "Let's face it," he said recently. "They're interested parties. They're trying to build an organization from the same pool of donors."

At the coroner's inquest, held in San Bernardino the last week in February, the star witness was, of course,

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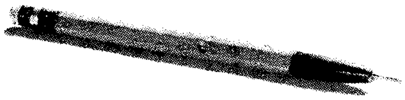

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the young woman who had been staying with Kourdakov at the Giant Oaks Motel—a blond high-school senior who had met Kourdakov at a church camp. Her parents, also churchgoing people, had invited him to be their houseguest while he was in California. According to the testimony, the parents were aware that Kourdakov and their daughter were going to take a weekend trip together—first to Disneyland and then to the mountains, where they hoped to do some skiing while Sergei worked on the papers he had promised to prepare as part of the effort Senator Strom Thurmond and others in Washington were carrying on to win him permanent residency. A polygraph specialist for the sheriff's office testified that the girl had responded to a question about her sexual relations with Kourdakov at the Giant Oaks—a question that had been included in the polygraph test at her father's insistence—by saying that they "had come close but not completed an act." ("I might say that was the area of the greatest concern of this young lady at the time of the test, as opposed to whether or not she had shot the man," the polygraph expert said. "So I feel we have very definite . . . truthful responses.") As the girl described New Year's weekend in Running Springs, she had spent most of her time watching television while Kourdakov typed away. On New Year's Eve, he had paused to watch the Dick Van Dyke show and some other programs he liked, and then they had shared some champagne, and then, for no apparent reason, he had held the gun up and shot himself.

From what the investigators gathered, Kourdakov may have made a mistake about which way the cylinder turns on a Smith & Wesson .38. The previous day, it was testified, he had taken out one bullet, explaining that he was removing it for safety reasons, and the investigators surmised that he might have thought he was firing an empty chamber. The gun had been borrowed from the girl's father, an electrician, who testified that Kourdakov had his permission to borrow a weapon whenever he felt the need of one. The father had heard that some people in Washington were working on obtaining permission for Kourdakov to carry a gun—ordinarily illegal for an alien—but, he testified, "it's been my sad experience in the past that bureaucracy moves so slow that he would get killed just about the time they got papers on him."

"How many weapons do you own?" the coroner asked.

"Seven," he replied.

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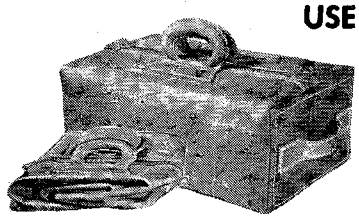

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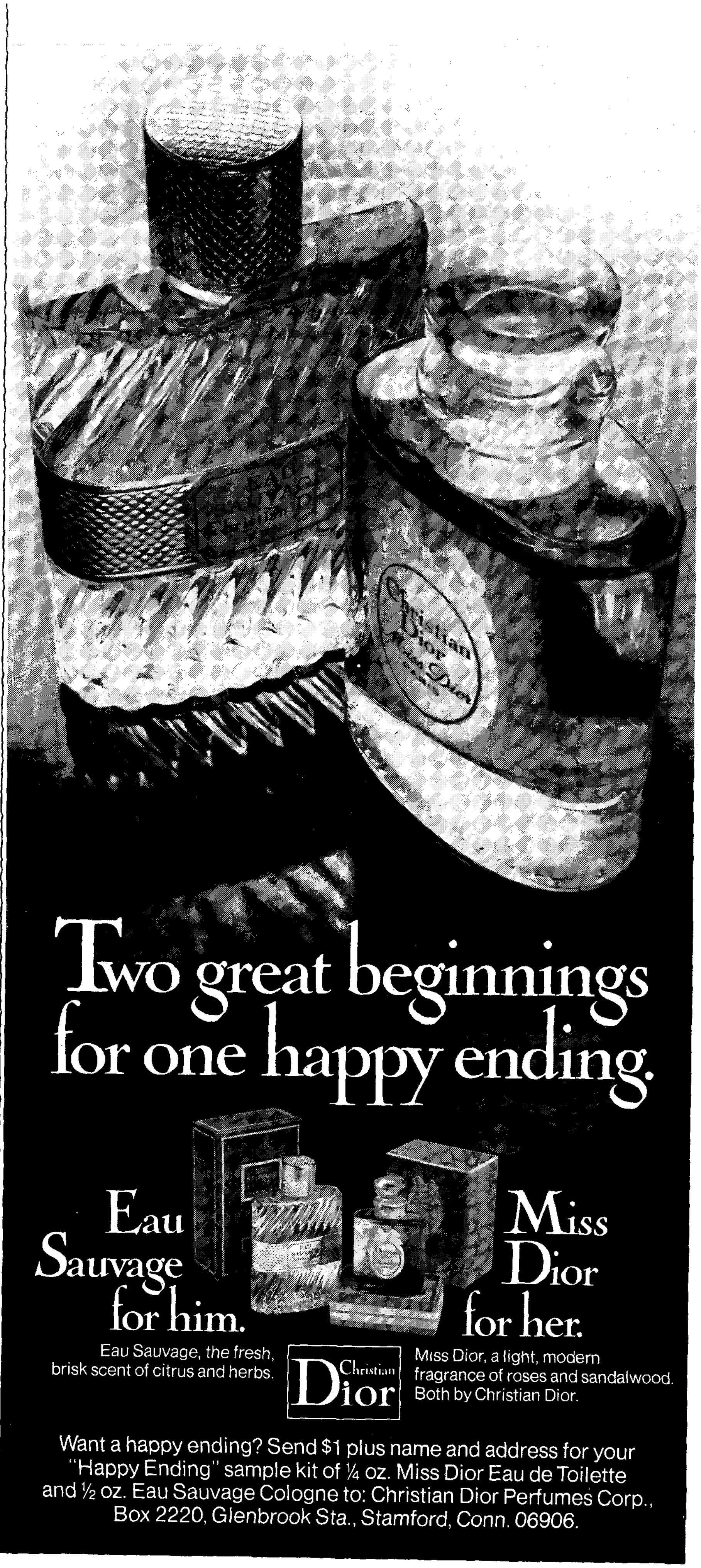
Bass offered depositions from churchmen in Washington attesting to what an exuberant, life-loving Christian Kourdakov had been. Some friends of the girl's parents who had met Kourdakov just before the young couple went off for the weekend testified that he had been in fine spirits, and had been particularly delighted with some new custom-fitted ski boots. According to his contract with Underground Evangelism, offered in evidence, Kourdakov had no financial worries. He was receiving a salary of two hundred dollars a week, plus ten per cent of the offerings collected at his speaking engagements (after expenses were deducted) and twenty-five per cent of the cassette take—an arrangement that had permitted him to clear $1,688.01 for the month of October. ("He's done quite well for being a resident of our country for a short period of time," one member of the coroner's jury remarked to the court.) The future looked even brighter, since Kourdakov's contract called for him to receive fifty per cent of the profits from his autobiography. He appeared to have both business and literary plans for the future. The page of typing in his typewriter was not documentation for Senator Thurmond but what appeared to be part of a short story.

Denying charges that Underground Evangelism had exploited Kourdakov, Bass said that the money spent on "developing Mr. Kourdakov into a well-rounded resident far exceeded any remuneration which our organization received as a result of his activities"—or, as the assistant treasurer of U.E. later put it to a reporter, "If you want to look on the cold, hard financial facts, we lost money on the kid." Bass said that Underground Evangelism had been mainly concerned about Kourdakov's "developing and growing into the American way of life." Much of the testimony, of course, indicated that Kourdakov had already grown into the American way of life at the time of his death: a weekend at Disneyland and at a motel, a seventeen-year-old girl more emphatic about her reputation than about murder, strawberry wine, a pair of custom-fitted ski boots, a Thunderbird in the parking lot. Where else but in America, after all, could Kourdakov find, to his ultimate misfortune, that the father of a girl he met at a church camp owned seven weapons?

AFTER three days of testimony, the coroner's jury reached a verdict of accidental death. Bass, under questioning from the coroner, said he was satisfied with the standards of San Bernardino County police work after



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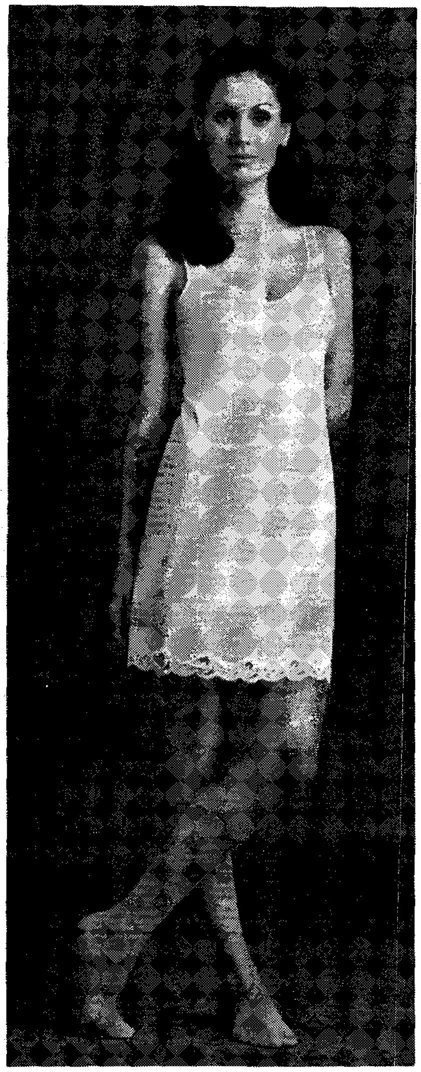

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all. But Underground Evangelism still answers questions about the case by saying that "quiet inquiries" are being made; the last two issues of Underground Evangelism's monthly, both of them devoted almost entirely to Sergei Kourdakov, mention nothing about his gunshot being self-inflicted but talk about his insistence on continuing his work despite the danger. The inquest had, of course, brought out some information embarrassing to Underground Evangelism. The Wurmbrands ordered a copy of the transcript, and Congressman Earl Landgrebe, of Indiana—one of the sponsors of Kourdakov's visa, and a man whose own commitment to the cause is strong enough to have resulted in his being detained in Russia last year for handing out Bibles—said he believed he himself had been exploited by Underground Evangelism. Bass has said that the rank and file of Underground Evangelism supporters remained loyal despite the circumstances of Kourdakov's death—which may indicate that evangelical Christians are more broadminded than they are usually given credit for or that Underground Evangelism supporters depended for their information on U.E. literature, which gave them nothing to be broadminded about, having mentioned alcohol not at all and sex only to say, in an early newsletter, that, contrary to rumors, "official sources completely rule out any misconduct in relation to a girl."

The April issue of Underground Evangelism's magazine announced "a fitting memorial to Sergei"—the Sergei Kourdakov Memorial Fund. Kourdakov's book is almost ready. Bass has just returned from a European trip on which he closed a deal for the German rights and began negotiation for publication in England. There have been reports that Kourdakov may have left heirs—some brothers in Russia—but they would probably have difficulty claiming his fifty per cent of the book royalties even if they made their way to Glendale. Clause 11 of his agreement with Underground Evangelism said that he would not "commit any act that will reasonably tend to degrade him or to bring him or U.E. into public contempt, ridicule, or would tend to shock or offend the constituency of U.E. or the Christian church in general." Sergei Kourdakov had obviously broken his contract.
—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

He is still producing shows, working on a 1973 variant of one of the rites of puberty, the sick hop.—*The Times.*

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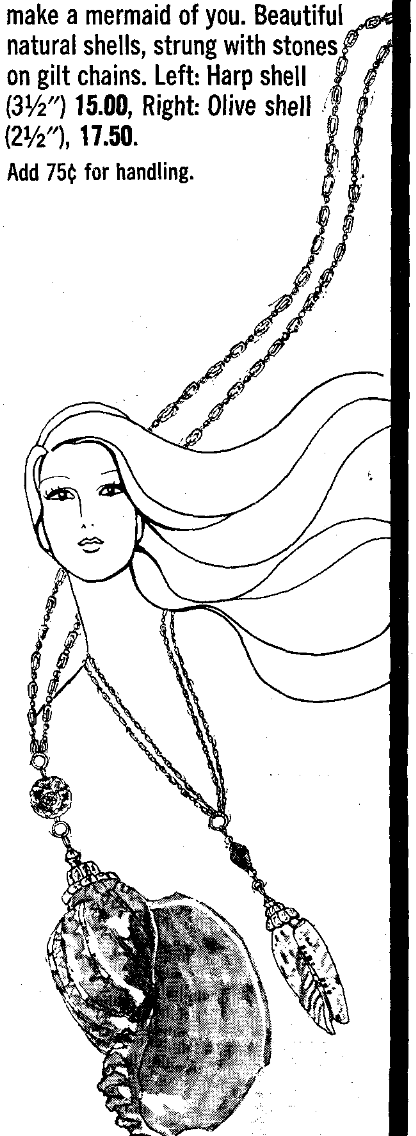

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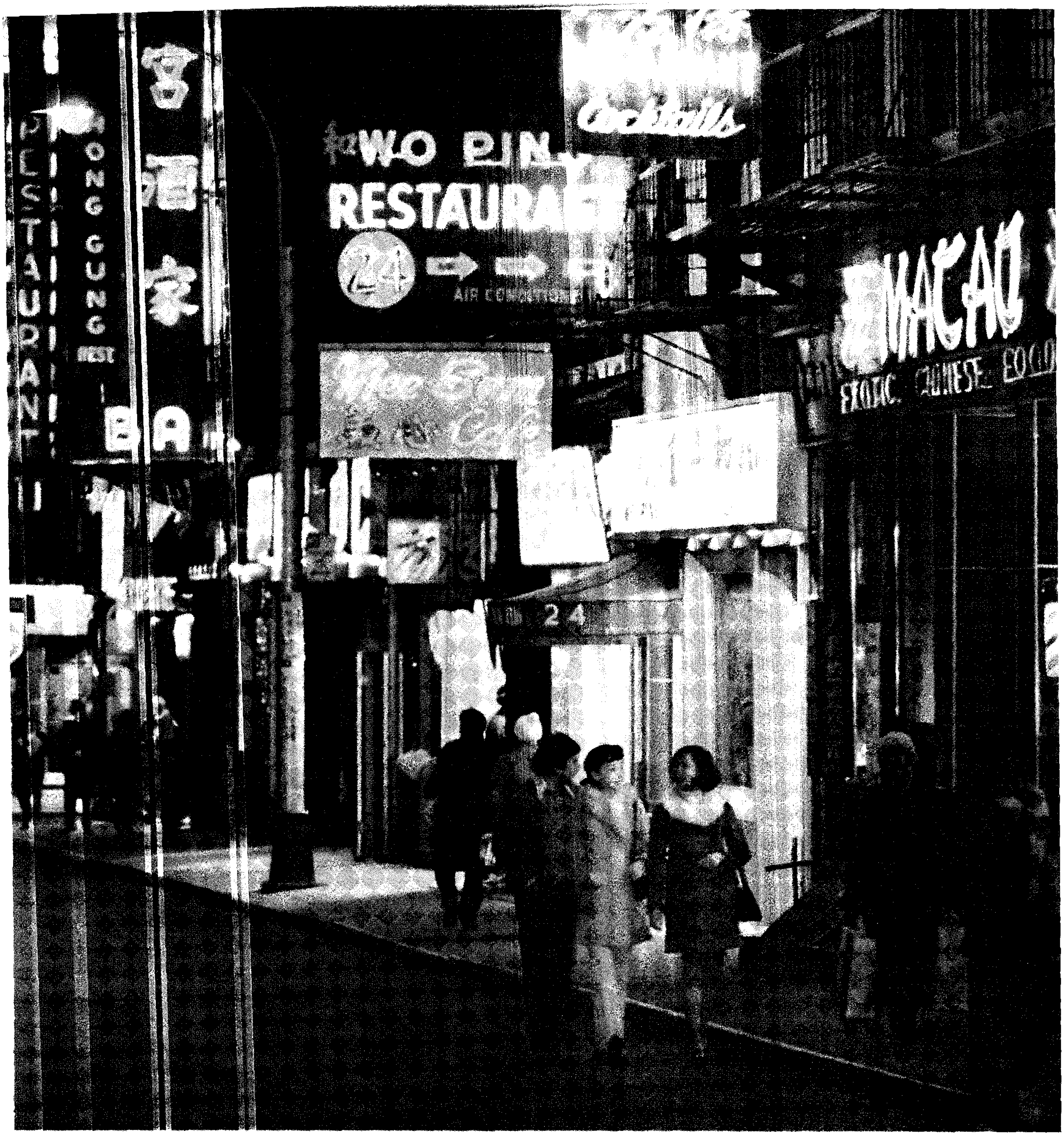
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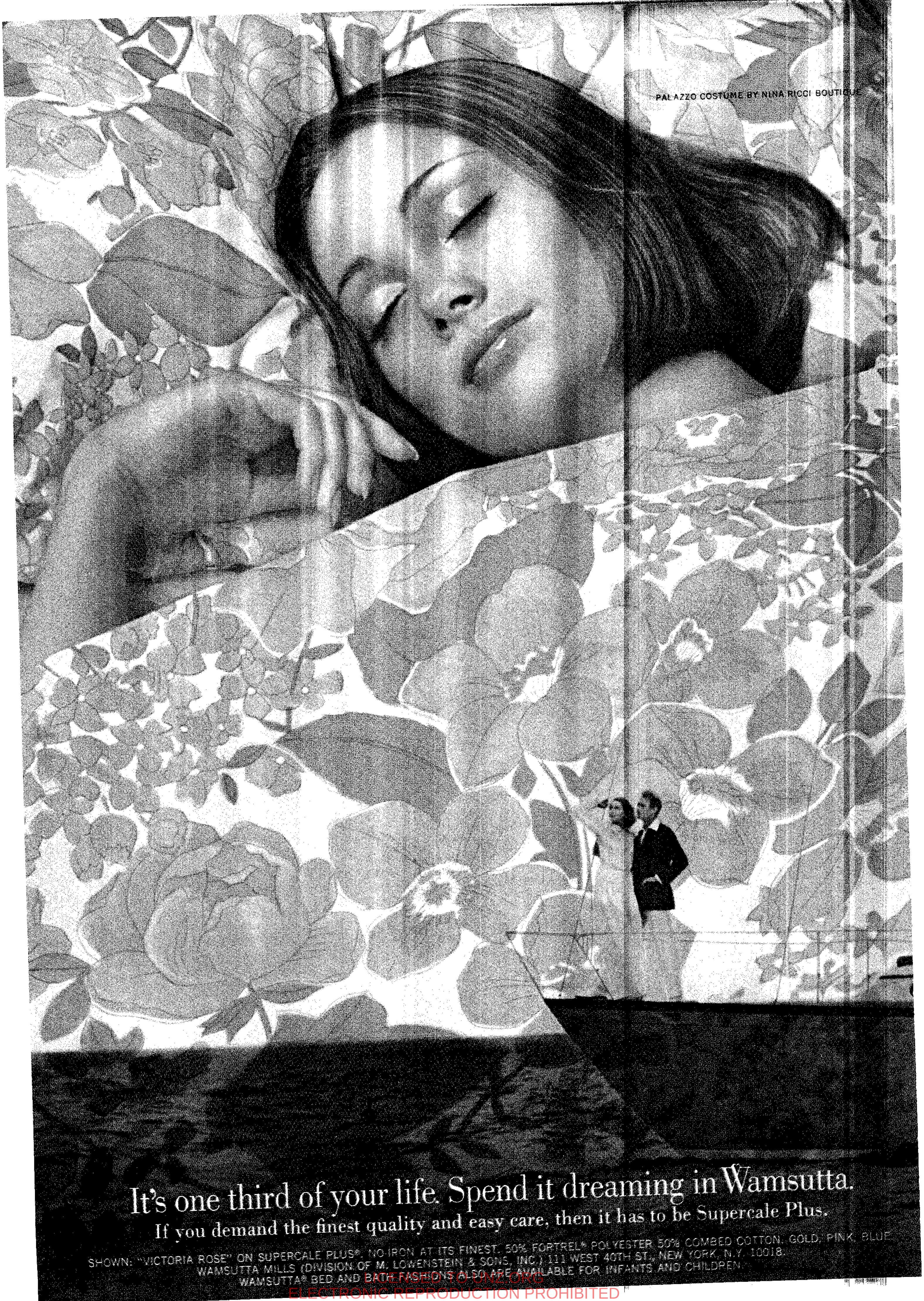
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THE ART WORLD

The Big Show: Art and the Crowd

AT the Salon des Refusés, the huge Paris exhibition of 1863 in which modernist art began its open contest with the academic tradition, the outstanding response of the spectators was hilarity. In "The Shock of the New" (American Heritage Press), Ian Dunlop quotes first-hand accounts of the irresistible laughter provoked by the exhibits. Word would get around that in this or that gallery there was a funny picture, and, as Zola reported in his novel "L'Œuvre," "people came stampeding from every other room in the exhibition, and gangs of sightseers, afraid of missing something, came pushing their way in shouting 'Where?'—'Over there!'—'Oh, I say! Did you ever?' And shafts of wit fell thicker here than anywhere else." Zola's "here" refers to the most memorable item of the show—Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," which was also the chief target of the giggles, guffaws, and wisecracks. Today, "Le Déjeuner" is a national treasure of France and a revered icon of modernism, and so no one, of course, any longer laughs at it. This does not prevent it from still being a ridiculous picture—a realistically painted scene that consists of a completely naked woman sitting on the grass with two fully dressed young men near the remains of a picnic, while in the background another girl in a pink chemise is gracefully picking something off the ground. That only the female has taken off her clothes apparently brought an explosion of comment similar to that evoked by the one-sided undressing in "Last Tango;" after disparaging the "Le Déjeuner" nude's figure, a prominent critic complained that the fellow beside her hadn't thought to remove his "horrid padded cap." What made Manet's contemporaries laugh was the literalism of the picture; it led to their comparing "Le Déjeuner" not with other paintings but with a scene that might have taken place at a private party in an upstairs room of a restaurant.

Had the painting been hung in an official Salon, the spectators might have been reluctant to regale themselves with such illicit associations. The fact is that nakedness as silly or perverse as that of "Le Déjeuner" was abundant in the Salon of 1863—from the fleshy Venuses washed up on beaches of Cabanel and Baudry to Puvis de Chavannes's allegorical "Work," which centers on the highlighted buttocks of an athlete with a sledgehammer—but while there was criticism of Salon entries, it is not recorded that anyone died laughing. Piety toward art embodied in the Salon and its august jury inhibited the jocularity of crowds faced with erotic or unfamiliar subjects, and induced what a contemporary critic called "that serious state of mind which is necessary to a fair comparison of works of art." The Salon of the Rejected placed no such restrictions upon the spectators' behavior. Rejected art exists on the metaphysical level of ordinary objects, if not on a lower one. It gives the spectator the license to react as he is.

But is not the absence of piety manifested at the Salon des Refusés exactly the condition to which modernism in art aspires? To strip art of its sheath of transcendence—religious, political, moral, aesthetic—has been a continuing motif of the modernist revolution. For the vanguard sensibility it is a matter of principle that nakedness should provide sensuous enjoyment and not be a means of summoning the mind to ideal realms. But when transcendence is cast out, everything that in the past made art art is cast out, too. Wherefore, confronted by the representatives of instituted values, such as the nineteenth-century Salon or the museum of today, vanguard art must be synonymous with *rejected* art—not because advanced art desires to fail but for the deeper reason that only art officially cast aside can arouse in the spectator authentic feelings uncoerced by vested authority. The advanced artist has preferred to run the gantlet of derision of an audience "on leave" from values instead of seeking acceptance by the high priests of acknowledged art. Thus a complicity automatically takes shape between the vanguard and that part of the public which has escaped the "serious state" of the pious art lover. The radicalism of "Le Déjeuner" lay in providing a channel through which the ribaldries of the crowd at the Refusés could be transmitted to earlier masterworks whose status was beyond question—for example, to Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre," which "Le Déjeuner" had parodied in part. Through the Salon of the Rejected, all art became susceptible to the taint of rejection, and thus potentially avant-garde. A chain of aesthetic subversion was set up, accompanied by the reiterated demand that works of art be treated on a par with phenomena of daily life. Over "Le Déjeuner" at the Refusés hovered the phantom of Mona Lisa with a mustache.

"Let art no longer depend on 'serious states' " echoes through the aesthetic insurrections of the hundred and ten years since the Salon des Refusés. The man responsible for inaugurating the epoch of upheavals was that mysterious adventurer Louis Bonaparte, stigmatized by Marx as the Prince of La Bohème, who "divested the whole state of its halo." According to Marx's analysis in "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," Louis, the enemy of all classes, was the personification of the farcical reversal of values which had overtaken bourgeois society in the middle of the nineteenth century. The Salon des Refusés was the epitome of Bonaparte's cultural classlessness. Having learned of complaints of widespread exclusions from the Salon of 1863, the Emperor suddenly ordered an exhibition of rejected art to be set up alongside the official Salon in the Palais de l'Industrie, in order "to let the public judge the legitimacy of these complaints." To put on trial before a "people's court" the authority he himself had appointed was nothing less than a democratic revolution against the cultural pretensions of middle-class society, its experts, and its arbiters of taste and high seriousness. The Salon des Refusés was the first of the great uprisings against the establishment and established values which have marked the history of art in our epoch. Crowds came to the Palais to jeer at the rejected art, yet attendance at the Refusés seems to have outstripped that at the official Salon. But the important social innovation was the discovery by the populace that it could, if it chose, treat art disrespectfully. After 1863, art became the object of a polemical struggle that has never been without its political dimension.

DUNLOP'S "The Shock of the New" covers seven historic confrontations between advanced art and a public wider than the usual art audience; from the Salon des Refusés to the Nazi "Degenerate Art" exhibition of 1937, these confrontations constituted the pitched battles of cultural change. Dunlop is not a professional art historian,

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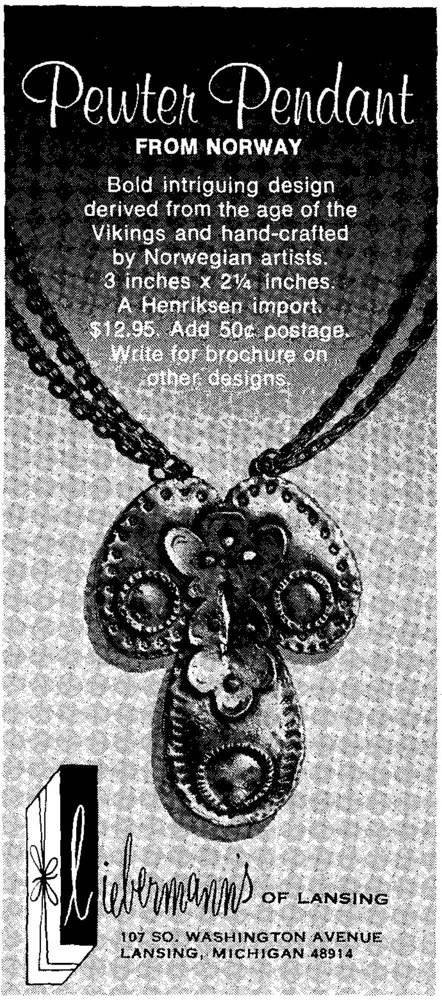
and his account of the emergence of new styles and key innovators in terms of dramatic Big Shows has the advantage of keeping in the foreground the social and psychological tensions that accompany alterations in the forms of art. The Impressionists, the Fauves, the Post-Impressionists were each introduced to the public through the kind of aesthetic flea market represented by the Salon des Refusés—and to the accompaniment of philistine malice, defensive rhetoric, and mounting popular excitement. To what extent, and in what manner, anyone was "shocked" by the Big Shows is difficult to say, unless "shock" is something that makes people turn out in droves and enjoy themselves. Moreover, the desire to *épater le bourgeois* is less in evidence in Dunlop's narrative than is the will of new talents to bring their creations into the light. In effect, the exhibitions were semi-illicit festivals in which spectators felt free, often for the first time, to express themselves on matters toward which they had previously maintained a posture of empty reverence: the Post-Impressionist show, says an author quoted by Dunlop, "stirred people who are not particularly interested in art." The "New" of Dunlop's title is particularly inapposite in regard to the last two shows it deals with: the International Surrealist Exhibition, in Paris in 1938, and the "Degenerate Art" show, in Munich in 1937, were not exhibitions of new art; in fact, the purpose of the Nazi display was to arouse contempt for a modernism that had become a tradition.

The pattern visible in Dunlop's seven Big Shows is that, though they begin by baffling and upsetting the aesthetically unsophisticated, their circus atmosphere tends to undermine the position of the educated: the Big Show incarnates the primitivist streak in modern art. Roger Fry, who organized the Post-Impressionist Exhibition in London in 1910, identified the cultivated, "who had hitherto been my most eager listeners," as "the most inveterate and exasperated enemies of the new movement," and announced that this hostility had its basis in social class. To appreciate traditional art required erudition and was thus a mark of status, while "to admire a Matisse required only a certain sensibility. One could feel fairly sure that one's maid could not rival one in the former case, but might by a mere haphazard gift of Providence surpass one in the second." Fry's notion that advanced art is accessible without intellectual preparation is hard to reconcile with early



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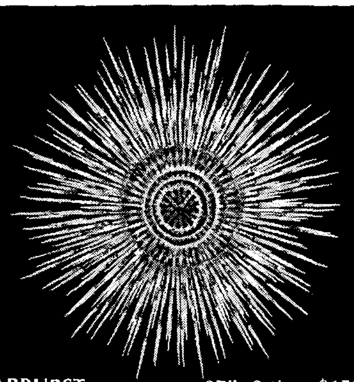

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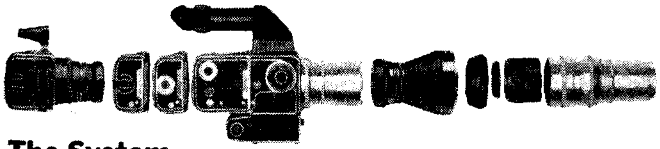

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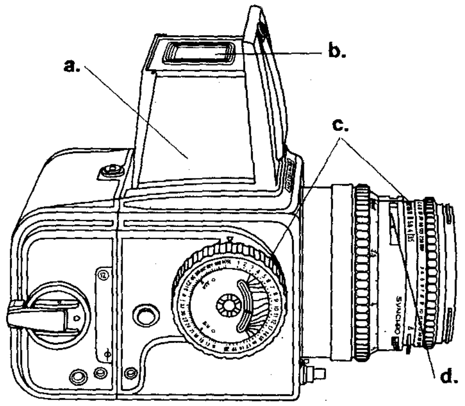

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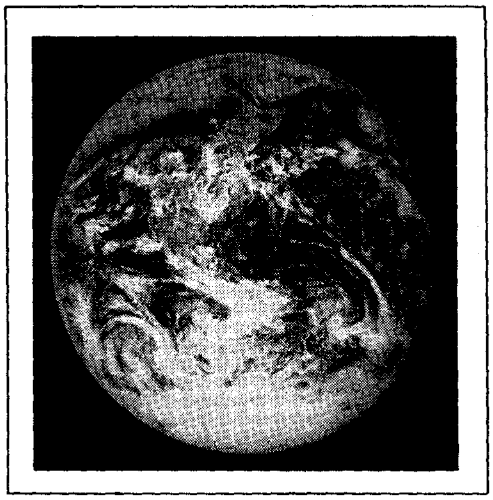

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popular reactions to "Le Déjeuner," to Cézanne's "A Modern Olympia," to Matisse's "Woman with a Hat," to Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." But even if "a certain sensibility" cannot be found ready to hand in one's maid, the repeated reversal of feelings in the history of modernism suggests that both ridicule and rejection are phases of appreciation.

As part of their program of inverse revolution, the Nazis in 1937 presented an anti-exhibition of advanced art under the title of "Entartete Kunst," or "Degenerate Art." The object of the show was to stir up the antagonism of the masses to advanced art: the former *refusés*, who now occupied places of honor in leading museums, were to be re-refused, or rejected again. Like the original Salon des Refusés, the "Degenerate" show was paralleled by an exhibition of officially accepted paintings and sculptures. Though the Nazis echoed Louis Bonaparte in calling upon the people to judge, they were unwilling to trust to the spontaneous derision of the public, and they surrounded the "Degenerate" exhibits with scurrilous inscriptions regarding the pathology of the artists, their charlatanry, their "Jewish" outlook. In addition, according to Dunlop, pressure was put on the spectator by the museum guards, who were instructed to watch whether he laughed loudly enough or appeared sufficiently shocked. The issue of the reaction of the crowd to modern art was raised once more, but in a distorted way and with a direct assertion by the organizers of the show of the political significance of modernism. "The Shock of the New" does not tell us how the visitors to the "Degenerate" show actually responded; very likely the information is not available. But even if most of the spectators laughed sufficiently to appease the guards, "Entartete Kunst" demonstrated—as did the Big Shows in Paris, London, and New York—the attraction that work in modern modes exerted through being, according to Dunlop's data, "the most popular of all the exhibitions covered by this book," with an attendance far exceeding the rival exhibition of art favored by the Führer.

THE Big Show of the type examined in "The Shock of the New" can no longer take place. After the solemn responses to Henry Geldzahler's "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, the recent Whitney Annuals, the "Documenta 5"

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show in Kassel, it is inconceivable that any exhibition can be mounted that would cause people to guffaw or howl. What has vanished is not advanced art, as the Nazis planned, but the independent and unruly spectator—the inexpert citizen who laughs when a picture (as of two dressed-up men conducting a debate with a naked lady on the grass beside them) strikes him as funny and who is irritated when works are boring. The outstanding fact about art in the past fifteen years is the restoration of public piety toward works under official auspices; it extends to anything, from pre-Columbian potsherds to big-edition prints, that has entered the precincts of art history. While avant-garde art was pulling down the pillars of the Salon, art theory was already toiling to restore them. Roger Fry's maid equipped by sensibility to appreciate Matisse has been replaced (*was* replaced, immediately after Fry discovered her) by the new intellectual aristocrats trained in aesthetics by Fry or successor critics and historians; in an introduction to a collection of Fry's lectures, Sir Kenneth Clark gave credit to Fry's theories, rather than to "a mere haphazard gift of Providence," for the popular acceptance of the French Post-Impressionists in Britain. Indoctrinated with awe toward art, the new "eager listeners" never scoff at what is placed before them, nor are they shocked. The aesthetic religiosity of the academic Salon has been restored on a worldwide basis, and is sustained by a voluntary oath of devoutness that overrides critical differences. As was the case at the Salon of 1863, to enter the door of the contemporary art world is to be possessed by "that serious state of mind which is necessary to a fair comparison of works of art" (and to refuse to compare them with things that are not art). Until there appear influxes of aesthetic outsiders capable, like the crowds of the Big Shows of the modernist century, of giving vent to their outsiderness, absurdity and mediocrity in art will remain secure against the grin. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

"We're building a house on Martha's Vineyard," she says. "We broke ground for it last weekend. We had been looking for a place outside New York. We saw Gian-Carlo Menotti's place in Mt. Kisco, and we saw a colonial house in Connecticut. I kept looking out the windows at both places, and Peter (husband Peter Greenough) asked what I was looking for. 'Walter,' I told him."—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger.*

A good, straight answer.

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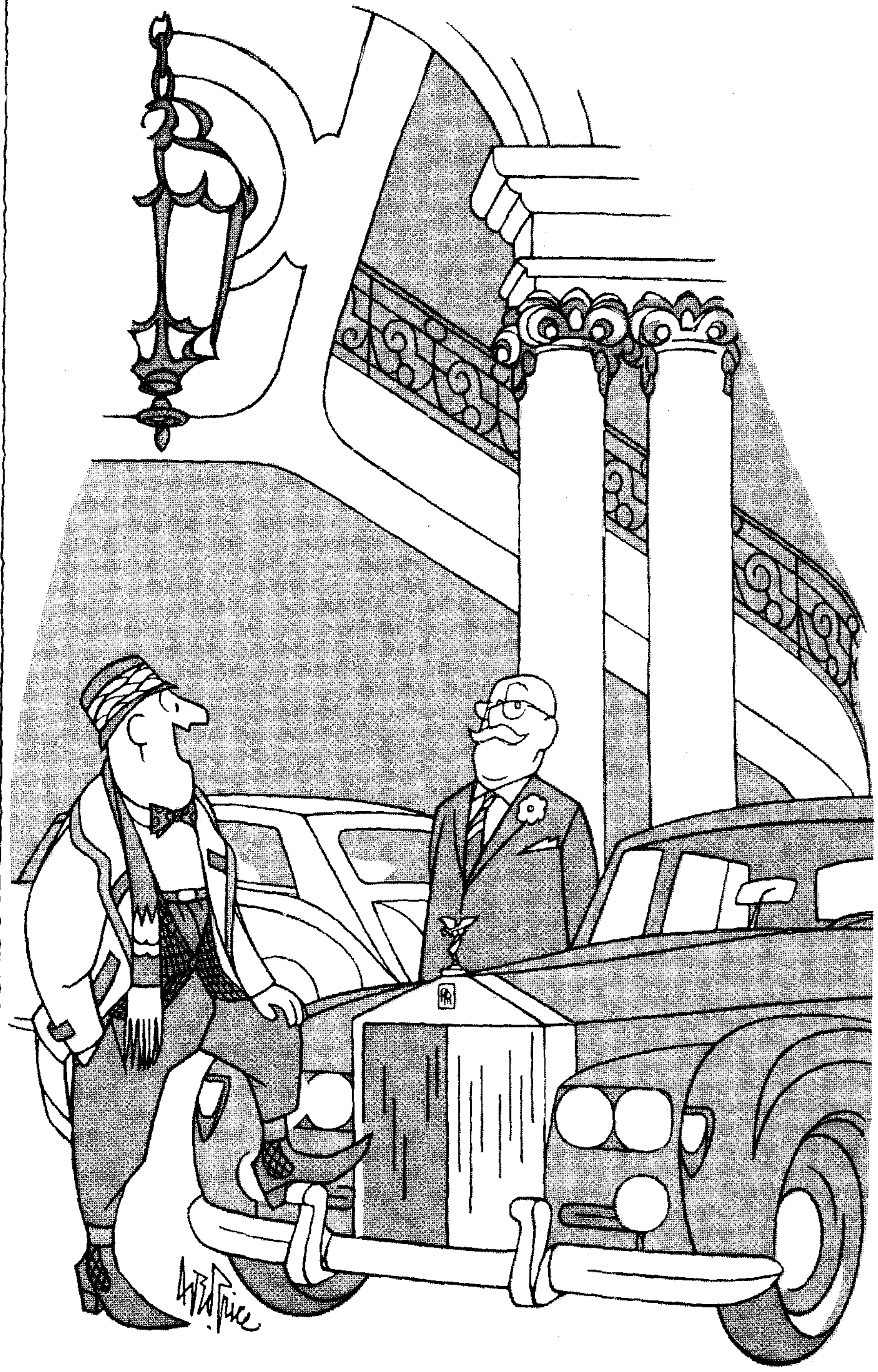

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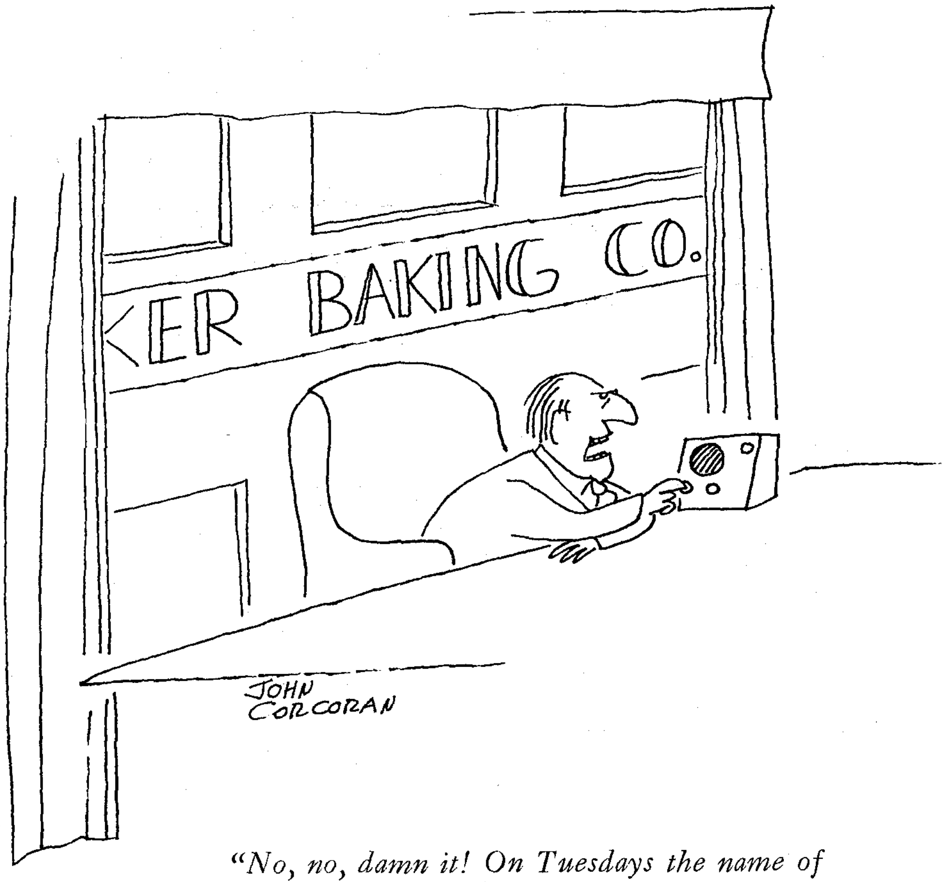
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

IN summer clothes one looks for utter simplicity by day and a hint of fancy dress by night. Since they get washed, worn, and battered far beyond the call of winter duty, they do not last long and so should not be expensive. The department stores don't do at all badly with evening outfits, but they still fall down on day dresses, and present forests of muddy Ban-Lon prints and Army-uniform shirtwaists. A visit to Dansko, 827 Lexington Avenue, at 63rd Street (another branch is ten blocks up, at No. 1021), is a reviving experience. This small shop has a clean, clear, Scandinavian atmosphere, enhanced by its fitting rooms, which are wood-lined, like saunas. And its selection of grown-up yet unstuffy dresses is excellent. There is a U-neck, short-sleeved T-shirt dress, from Finland, in a cotton-and-acrylic knit. A hem high enough to reveal a stretch of sun-browned thigh marks the lower boundary of its breezy print, which involves pale-blue-and-white magnolias and green leaves on a canary-yellow ground. The price is $16, which doesn't buy as much cheer at the grocer's. More responsible occasions might be met in a long-sleeved dress with a drawstring waist and in that cool and washable old favorite Liberty lawn. The main print concerned has Turkish-rug medallions of dusty salmon, blue, and beige on a nearly black base. A second print comes into play for some of the very thoughtful details, which include subtly contrasting cuffs, facing, and tab front. The dress, a native of Sweden, is $50. This thoroughly valuable establishment has something for all reasonable figures. A little-nothing dress of silver or peach Antron jersey is fit flattery for the very slim, at $34; so, too, is a slightly-more-than-nothing dress of cotton gauze (it suggests several layers of cheesecloth), pale apricot at heart but overchecked by chenillelike lines of green, white, and pink. It is straight-cut, has roll-up sleeves of newly comfortable width, and comes to $48. The same fabric appears in a $40 halter-back dress.

Some little dresses of the Antron jersey *have* been cropping up in the department stores, and there, because of their noteworthy freshness and unbeatable prices, they have been causing joy. These bear the name of Ruffinwear and are designed by a chap called Clovis Ruffin. Watch for neat fit and abbreviated cap sleeves or spaghetti straps, and expect no mercy for spare tires. Two of the finest of the current Ruffins are to be found at Lord & Taylor (second floor), Saks (seventh floor), and Bonwit's (eighth floor). The first, U-necked and cap-sleeved, has a clever four-gored bodice that goes on into a flippy little skirt; this is $36, and it may be secured in red, black, navy, peach, or emerald. The second has a low-waisted camisole top with spaghetti straps and a pleated skirt; this dress comes only in black, and will run the gamut of seasons and occasions for a mere $32. It is not surprising that some of the fine new Ruffins are in stock at that worthy shop Upper Mad, at No. 1260 (90th Street). The proprietors do a splendid job of scouting the market for the liveliest sort of styles that may still be comfortably worn by all those girls you see in the Nineties with babies and Great Danes in tow, stalking down to pick up their bean sprouts at the Empire Fruits store. One of Upper Mad's examples of Ruffinwear is short, side-wrapped, and white. It has red polka dots; $35.



"No, no, damn it! On Tuesdays the name of the game is oatmeal cookies."

LATER, when you emerge from a cooling shower amidst a storm of talcum powder, you can try out more fanciful modes—something peasantlike, or something from a foreign land. Now is the hour of the fragile kurta, the floating caftan, the proud dashiki, and the shy kimono. A long, sleeveless cotton gown of traditional Tibetan style is at Tibetan Arts & Crafts, 693 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), in a choice of sunny colors and batik prints. An arrangement of ties keeps the dress close at the waist and at the surplice-wrapped top but leaves ease in the skirt for sprinting toward the buffet table; $15 to $25. To top off trousers or an evening skirt, there is a shirt of ivory raw silk with a mandarin collar and a Cossack closing. This has sleeves long enough to cover the hands, should you feel modest, or to be rolled back, in an expansive mood; $19.99. Or have you given thought to a real live kimono? A dazzling company of kimonos suitable for breakfasting, beachcombing, or slipping into of an evening may be inspected in the New World Gift Shop, at 906 Madison Avenue (73rd Street). Long versions range upward from $10.95 in cotton and from $13.95 in rayon. (Silks go all the way up to $150.) There are many bright colors, and the prints include lotus blossoms, cherry blossoms, butterflies, and more of the sort of thing that must have bowled over Commodore Perry.

The geographic possibilities of the town are limitless. To return to Scan-

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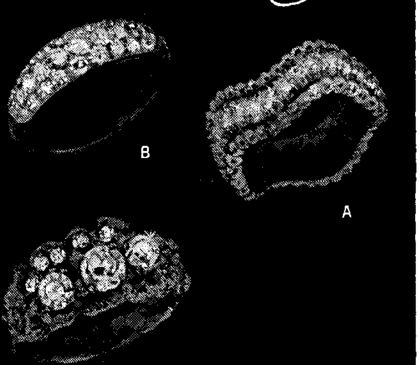

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dinavia for a bit, Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street, has some of those naïve cotton prints from the Finnish designer Marimekko. Among the shapes these have been run up into is a long dress with pared-away armholes, and a band of quilting at the hem of its flaring skirt. The print involves pine-green swirls and red balls on a white ground, and the price is $54. A shoulder-concealing caftan with long, wide sleeves, pleats on the bodice, and narrow horizontal bands below (these are of emerald, red, and chartreuse oblongs that look like bricks) appears in a bright blue; $80. Nor, returning to the main floor of Lord & Taylor, should we omit our home-grown peasant look. Here is a bunch of long, flouncy skirts and piffery-puffery tops in pastel gingham patchwork and other niceties, reminding you that summer gives you *far* greater leeway in the direction of cuteness than other seasons do. An Empire-waist sleeveless dress whose bodice, of white cotton eyelet, is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon and whose ankle-length skirt involves panels of eyelet and variously pastel-colored ginghams is all overprinted with sprigs of flowers; $45. A patchwork skirt of gingham and eyelet with a flounce at the hem and a pink gingham halter bodice is $50. The skirts are lined, the patchwork is handwrought, and the designer is Mr. Hank.

By way of contrast, we turn to West Africa, whence come many of the hand-painted batiks and the cottons in batik prints that make up the dignified, well-engineered styles at Ashanti Bazaar, 872 Lexington Avenue (65th Street). The evening possibilities include an ankle-length dress whose fitted, princesselike bodice is elasticized above and below the bust, but strapless. The lower elastications see the birth of a peplum frill. (Even this shop's most voluminous gowns take note of the body beneath.) One of the prints has a fuzzy sort of starfish theme in Oxford and Cambridge blues; $80. Among the fine, freewheeling skirts here are a wide, tiered Romany style in red, orange, and green, printed with a quaint West African bird, at $38, and others of either mid-calf or ankle length, with patchwork prints and side-wrapping diagonal flounces, at $45 and $75, respectively. Some of the skirts have matching halters. With these, and an armful of the store's bracelets made of trading beads and ostrich-eggshell discs, the world tour is complete.

I'M beginning to get bored by bikinis, and the arrival of some very new-looking maillots in the stores must

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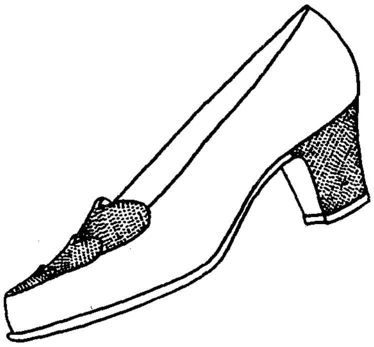

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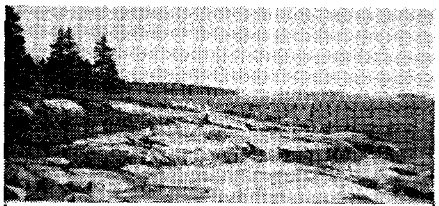

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mean that others share my view. These maillots have very low backs and are made of stretch fabrics in a single size, which fits all girls from size 6 to size 14. Anyone who falls outside that range, and probably quite a few who fall within it, should remember that these svelte, unstructured little jobs are quite demanding, and that the only thing they really conceal is the navel. In Lord & Taylor's fifth-floor Beach Shop I encountered several good examples, all by Maidenform and all in silky Lycra. One—the most distinguished—is jet black; it has a side-wrapped front, and narrow straps cross over a very low back. It's $28. A second, and the cheeriest, appears in a vivid multi-colored zinnia print; $25. Bathing belles of the more statuesque variety might profitably adopt some part of the well-cut beach-and-after collection of Tom Brigance, in the same Beach Shop. An apple-green maillot with gentle gathers going into a V-neck front and back, at $30, teams up with an ankle-length pull-on skirt, which is likewise of Lycra and likewise $30.

Only a couple of summers back, you couldn't find espadrilles for love or money. Now this comfortable and versatile summer footgear is everywhere, but Miller Eye, of 11 East 54th Street, a forerunner among stockists of espadrilles, must still hold the lead in variety of style. Here, for instance, is an evolution of the Marseille sneaker, with inch-wide stripes across the vamp, which may be either toeless or toed but never has a heel. The vamp is set on a two-inch rope-covered wedge. The color schemes include red, white, and green or red, white, and blue—presumably for Bastille Day. The sneaker is $17; for $16 you may pick out a pair of oxford-style espadrilles, also with a two-inch wedge, and in red, white, or blue canvas. This style looks especially good with shorts.

Accessories of a less earthbound—indeed, cerebral—sort may be uncovered at Ophelie, a new shop, of witty display and impeccable design, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st Street). The specialty is knickknacks—chiefly jewelry of the kind whose lack of precious stones in no way means a sacrifice of status value—and the stock all comes from France. It is safe to say that everything here is the latest rage in Paris, which is always fun to see. The current display tweaks at the classics as only confirmed traditionalists dare, and plaster-of-Paris busts of Richelieu, Racine, Napoleon, et al. may be seen with plastic earrings peeking through their periwigs and ceramic baubles on their pates. Among the prettiest and most

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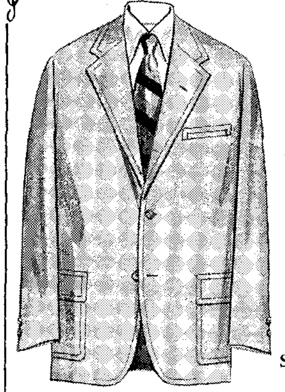

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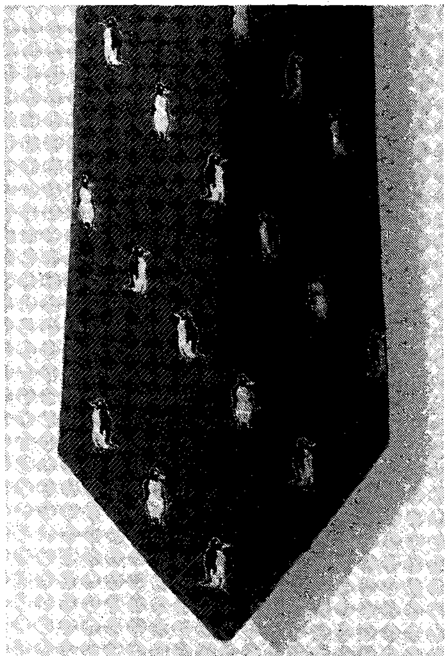

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ALSO new on Madison is Kamali, Ltd., which has moved its headquarters from 53rd Street to 787 Madison, at 66th Street. Norma Kamali, the firm's designer, is one of the most imaginative and independent-minded young talents around. The move to the wealthier climes of Madison Avenue has enabled her to come up with a collection that makes full use of her zest for unusual, opulent, or romantic fabrics and her skill at molding them into sometimes unexpected but never graceless shapes. One or two fortunate customers will acquire a great, curving, nineteen-twenties bathrobe coat trimmed with ostrich feathers and made from lengths of antique silk—one burgundy with silver thread, the other pale blue with gold—that have fallen into Mrs. Kamali's hands. The coats are $365. Other customers may content themselves with delicate chiffons, which have capelet sleeves and floating, garden-party hems, at $225, or with a slim, camisole-topped crêpe chemise whose hem opens into handkerchief-pointed gores. This dress, in its white, peach, mint-green, yellow, aqua, or black version, would be distinctive for summer evenings; $68. Another version of it, in white, has handkerchief points and a matching coat of ivory lace, and this ensemble is $175. A trouser suit of gray-and-white linen (the designer calls it her "touring suit") reveals, in addition to her eye for fabric, her restless experiment with cut and fit; $140. The jacket, under a matching cape, has the definite shoulders and slim waist that are typically Kamali; the trousers, in a completely novel way, are trim in the seat, easy through the thighs, and snugly fitted at the ankle-high cuffs. —K. F.

•

President Nixon may seek China's help in ending Midwest strife. Page 2.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

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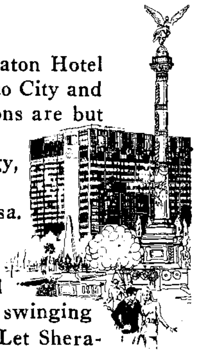

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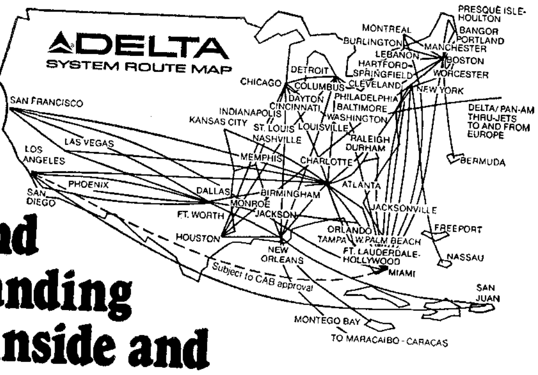
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THERE are frontiers in space more difficult to attain than the moon, and one is perhaps no more distant than our own bodies, whose behavior under conditions of weightlessness may place severe limits on how long and how far we can be away from our home planet. Later this month, a Saturn V rocket, the last of the series of giant boosters that have lifted Apollo astronauts to the moon, is scheduled to take off from Cape Kennedy. Although the rocket's payload, called Skylab, will be going only two hundred and seventy miles above the earth and settling into orbit there, from the point of view of man's physical frontiers it will be going a lot farther than that. Also, though to all appearances what space engineers call "the stack"—the tower of rocket boosters and spacecraft—will look very much the same as those used in Apollo launches, anyone observing the flight will soon see differences. For one, it will head up the East Coast instead of across the Atlantic. Then, nine minutes and forty-eight seconds after the launch, when the craft is not far from New York, the second-stage rocket will cut off, but the third stage—what would ordinarily be the Saturn IV B booster used to power Apollo astronauts out of earth orbit before itself crashing into the moon—will not ignite, as would happen on an Apollo flight. This part of the vehicle is, in fact, the orbiting workshop portion of Skylab; instead of fuel, this hollow booster shell will contain two floors of working and living quarters for three astronauts, who, after being sent up to Skylab aboard an Apollo command-and-service module, are scheduled to stay in earth orbit four weeks—twice as long a time as any Americans have spent in space before. Two later crews are scheduled to stay in Skylab for eight weeks each.

Sixteen minutes after launch, when the spacecraft is in orbit and is passing over Newfoundland, four shiny aluminum panels on its forward section will fall away, revealing a long, slender cylinder (partly hidden for the moment beneath a tangle of aluminum tubing and folded black panels). The cylinder, the size of an Apollo spacecraft, has two sections—an airlock module, nearest the workshop, from which astronauts will occasionally venture on space walks; and a multiple docking adapter, where the astronauts will arrive and depart. The docking adapter, the airlock module, and the workshop make up the main body parts of Skylab, which the astronauts who will be living and working there prefer to call simply "the cluster"—a name that will become even more appropriate when, a day and a half after its launch, the first astronauts, whose module will be linked with the other components, dock there. The cluster, travelling at seventeen thousand miles an hour, will circle the earth every ninety-three minutes at an inclination of fifty degrees to the equator; thus it will pass over three-quarters of the planet every day. It will be visible from different points on earth at dawn and dusk.

About ten minutes after Skylab is in orbit, according to Don Puddy, the flight director who is in charge of putting it there, explosive bolts will fire, and motors will hoist a tower some fifteen feet high, with the aluminum tubing and the black panels, atop the docking adapter; this is the Apollo telescope mount, which contains eight instruments for studying the sun. At twenty-seven minutes and forty-seven seconds after launch, the black panels will pop open to form four long, slender paddles surrounding the tubular telescope mount, like the rotor of a giant helicopter—the apparatus for producing solar electricity. Then, when Skylab is halfway around the world, two more sets of black solar panels will fold out from either side of the workshop, like wings.

Skylab developed from an earlier project, Apollo Extension Systems, in which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration studied what other uses the expensive hardware developed for going to the moon could be put to. The result was a proposal to orbit a space station made of leftover Apollo parts. Strictly speaking, though, Skylab is not a space station, which is usually defined as a structure that, like a house on earth, can be resupplied indefinitely with such consumable items as fuel, water, and food. There are no fittings on Skylab for refuelling it or for renewing its supplies of nitrogen, oxygen, and water, so after an effective life of about eight months it will be abandoned. Nonetheless, almost everyone at NASA *thinks* of Skylab as a space station, and the people there point out that it is, after all, to be resupplied with some items, such as film, experiments, and even astronauts. There are dozens of what NASA calls either experiments or investigations aboard, many of them having to do with the study of the sun or of the physiological effects of weightlessness; other impor-

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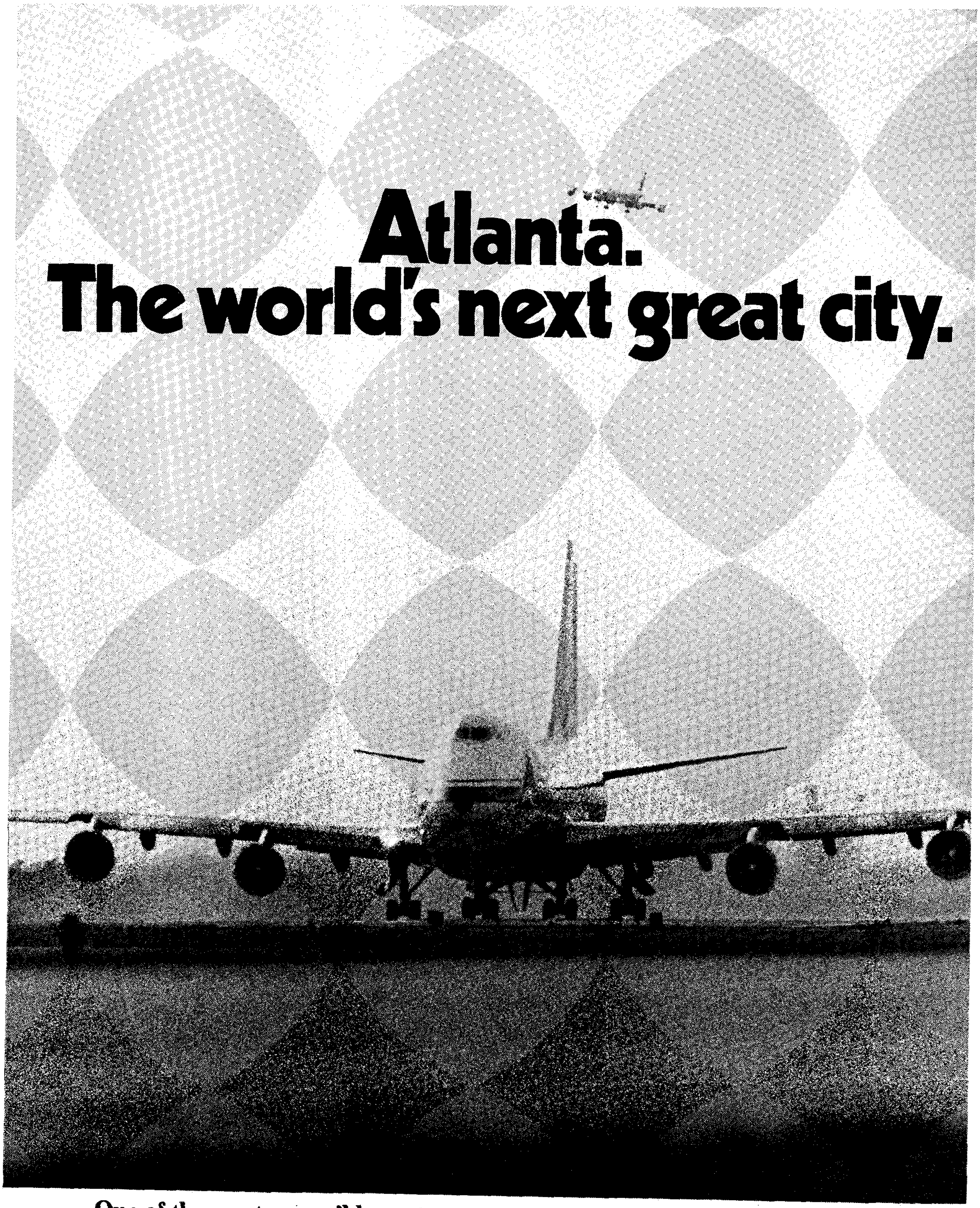

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tant ones concern what are called "earth resources," and involve elaborate instrument studies of earth from space; finally, there is a broad miscellaneous group involving biology, astronomy, and so on.

Skylab is certainly big enough to qualify as a space station by almost any definition; with the command-and-service module attached, it has the volume of a three-bedroom house, weighs almost a hundred tons, and is as tall as a twelve-story building. It is a quantum jump as far as the mobility of the crew within is concerned, for until now all astronauts have flown in craft the size of small cars, and have always been able to grip a wall if they had to—even in the Soviet Salyuts, which are called space stations but are actually the size of Apollo spacecraft. (A Salyut may be orbiting the earth at the same time as Skylab, though it will probably not be manned.) Skylab's main compartment is big enough for all three astronauts to float about in without touching each other or anything else. NASA officials make no secret of the fact that they have their eyes on a huge future space station that will be completely resuppliable, and, indeed, NASA is already working on a space shuttle that will have no special use unless there is a big space station for it to ply to and from. A space station, of course, is a step in the direction of permanent moon bases and extended trips to Mars and elsewhere in the universe. In any such grand schemes as these, Apollo and Skylab serve as complementary first steps, one in distance and the other in time.

As the first three Skylab astronauts—Charles P. Conrad, Jr., the commander; Joseph P. Kerwin, the science pilot; and Paul J. Weitz, the pilot—approach the cluster in their Apollo module, Skylab will loom up outside their windows like a pier. They will circle it, inspecting it to make sure that the telescope mount has been deployed properly and that the solar panels are in the correct position, and while they are circling they will have to be careful to keep their module away from two radio booms jutting sixty feet into space at a right angle from the airlock module. Before they dock, they will ask for clearance from the Mission Control Center at what last February was renamed the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center, outside Houston; as they will have had a long day, they will spend the night in the command module. Next morning, they will ask for clearance again before they open the hatch

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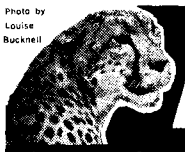

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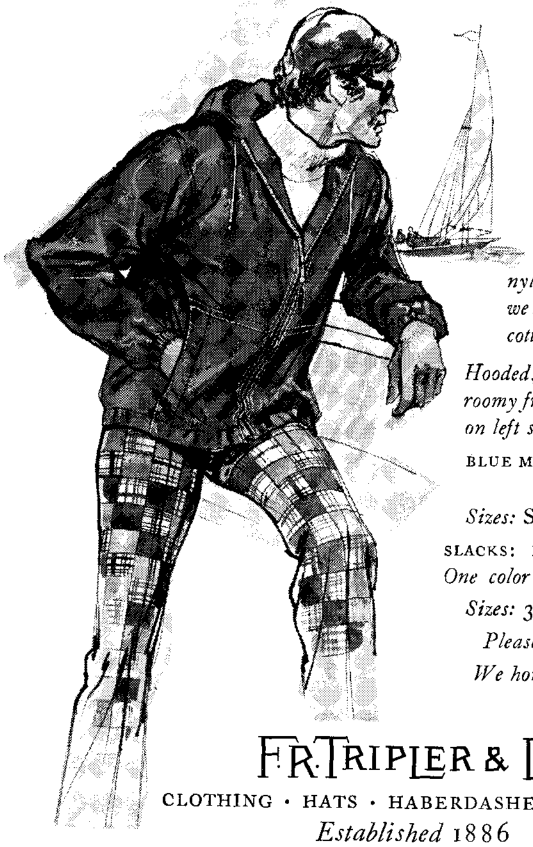
on the Skylab's docking adapter. Mission Control will have to make sure that the atmosphere inside Skylab is safe for breathing, because at launch it will contain, as a fire precaution, only nitrogen, which is non-flammable; oxygen will be added later, and the flight controllers will want to be certain that the mixture is correct—about seventy per cent oxygen and about thirty per cent nitrogen. They also have to make sure that Skylab is warm enough for the astronauts, who will be wearing light clothing during most of their stay; as nitrogen is vented and oxygen is added, heaters should warm the atmosphere to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The flight controllers will check the atmospheric pressure, too, which ought to be about five pounds per square inch—a third what it is at sea level.

When the astronauts open the hatch of the command module and then that of the docking adapter, they will find themselves peering into a black hole. As in any unopened house, the lights will be off; Weitz will have to reach through the hatch and feel for the light switch. (Conrad, the commander, will stay in the command module long enough to close it down so that it will be ready when needed again.) Then, before going on into the docking adapter, Weitz will inspect its interior—a white tunnel ten feet in diameter and seventeen feet long—to ascertain that nothing is floating about that he or his companions might bang into. Even if all is secure, the astronauts will still have to be careful, because jutting from the tunnel wall will be such a jumble of gray and white boxes and cabinets that it will be only too easy to bump a head or crack a knee, as it is for someone moving through a low, crowded basement. Some of the boxes contain the electronic equipment for what is known as the earth-resources-experiment package; other boxes are storage lockers for tapes and film. There are handgrips all about, and the astronauts will use these to propel themselves along the tunnel. Near the far end is the main control console for the entire spacecraft as well as the control panel for the Apollo telescope. It has many fewer switches and dials than an Apollo console, because Skylab, being more of a house than a vehicle, will be monitored mainly from the ground. Still, the console has many of the guidance and navigation controls that will keep the telescope mount pointing toward the sun and the solar paddles broadside to the sun—the best position for generating electricity. Virtually all the



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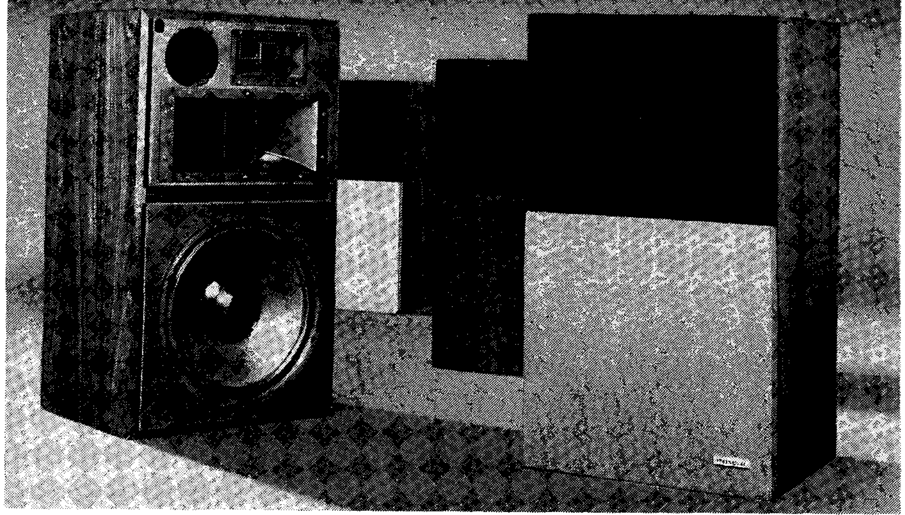

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cluster's power is solar. Most of the environmental and electrical switches are here, too, and on his way through the tunnel the pilot will flick on the switches for the air-circulating system.

A round hatch at the far end of the docking adapter leads into the airlock, and before the pilot opens it he will check a pressure gauge to make sure he and his colleagues won't be opening the hatch into a vacuum. Once again, they will have to turn on the lights. As the astronauts pass through the airlock—another white tunnel, this one also ten feet by seventeen—they will carefully avoid a lever painted yellow and black, which is the handle for the door that they will use to go on space walks.

Pushing through another round hatch at the far end of the airlock, the astronauts will turn on some more lights, but this time, instead of peering along a narrow tunnel, they will flutter on into a cavernous cylindrical room, twenty-two feet in diameter and twenty-five feet long—the upper deck—called the forward compartment—of the workshop. NASA designers, with big future space stations in mind, want the astronauts to try out a variety of interior spaces. Conrad says he expects to feel as though he is loose inside an Empire State Building without any floors; in gravity-free space, where astronauts can use the entire volume of a room, interiors seem far larger than they do on the earth. Like anyone going from a small space into a large one, the crew may take time to tumble about and explore. (They will be the first astronauts to float in absolute freedom, unencumbered by space suits.) The big space—in other missions the inside of the booster rocket's main fuel tank—is rounded at the top end (where they will enter it) like the inside of a dome; it is painted a sober gray. Where the arch of the dome meets the cylindrical walls is a circle of twenty-five big white lockers—the main storage area for equipment such as portable lights and electric cables, pressure suits, fans, and lamps. Just below, in a ring of ten brown tanks holding six hundred gallons each, is the water supply for all three Skylab trips. Dozens of aluminum crates containing experiments—many of them quite bulky—are bolted to the floor, which is an open grating of triangular mesh that the astronauts can hook their shoes into by means of special cleats. Through the mesh, the astronauts can see down to an identical grid floor on the lower deck of the workshop, which is their living quarters. When they want to reach it, they

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will wrap an arm or a leg around a blue fireman's pole and shoot along it through a round hole in the floor. The lower level—called the crew compartment—whose floor is six and a half feet below its ceiling, is rather like a group of rooms on earth. There are three more or less wedge-shaped chambers—the sleeping quarters, the wardroom (where the astronauts will eat and discuss their day's activities), and what is called the experiment compartment, along with a rectangular bathroom—all of different sizes, to give as much variety as possible. The doorways between them are long, oval ones. The walls are predominantly brown, a color selected because it goes best with pale skin; the astronauts are expected to get quite sallow during their long stay in the cluster, and the designers wanted to avoid colors that would alarm them by accentuating their paleness. (In matters like this, NASA designers were advised by a New York firm of designers, Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, Inc.) Most of the rooms are lined with brown or white storage cabinets, rather like the luggage lockers in railroad stations. In the center of the lower deck is a hatch, with an airlock, through which the astronauts will drop their refuse into a nonpressurized tank below. The Apollo astronauts had no such tank, and they frequently found themselves surrounded by a cloud of their own debris. The astronauts will take about a day and a half to get settled in—removing bolts, cords, and covers, and bringing in luggage from their module, including some of the more delicate experiments. As they go about their chores, they may find themselves getting behind, for astronauts tend to get a little dizzy and motion-sick the first day or so they are in space.

ON an average day (any day after the first or second will be average), the astronauts will get up at an unastronautically lackadaisical 11 A.M., Greenwich Mean Time, which is the official time for Skylab. In Houston, it will be 6 A.M., and the astronauts will try to live a Houston day, though their schedule will become more flexible. A clock will set off a buzzer in their sleeping quarters—a room divided into three small vertical compartments, like closets, where the beds, resembling sleeping bags, are upright against the walls. When the buzzer goes off, each astronaut will wake to find himself staring at a brown cabinet for clothing, about a yard away.

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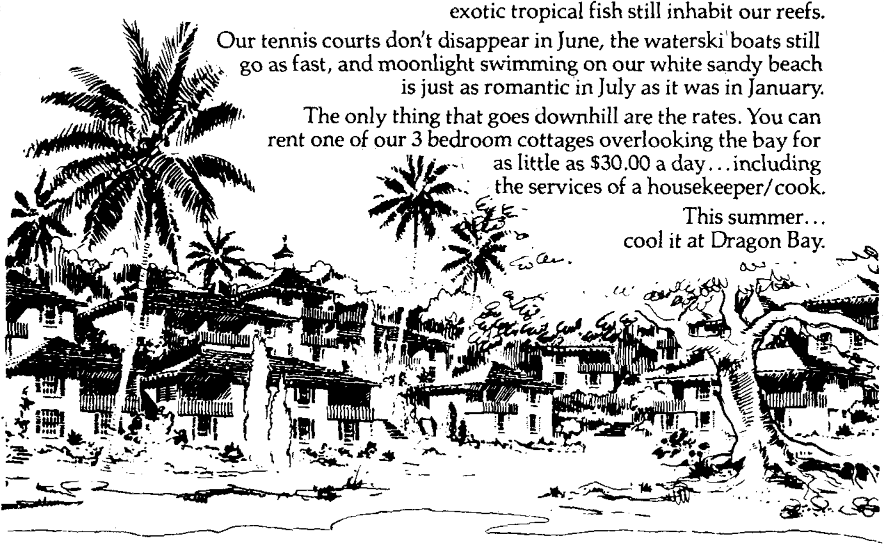

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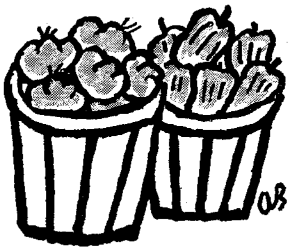
Skylab is to determine how well man can live in space, the astronauts will be constantly gauging the habitability of the spacecraft (what is called the crew-quarters-habitability experiment has its own Principal Investigator, as NASA calls them, in Houston), and a key part of the habitability experiment is clothing. In this experiment, items get higher grades the less the astronauts are aware of them. Previously, they have favored such clothing as the one-piece jump suits worn by jet pilots, which are difficult to put on and take off (a preference of the sort that led one NASA designer to refer to "cockpit mentality"). Such outfits were quite suitable for short flights—but for four- or eight-week missions the astronauts need something more comfortable. In bed, each one will be wearing a pair of undershorts and a T-shirt. The rest of his clothes will be moored nearby on black rubber knobs; when he takes them off at night they will be locked onto the knobs by pushing them into slits in the ends. His everyday attire will consist of a pair of trousers, a knit shirt, and possibly a light jacket with a NASA emblem on the chest, an American flag on the sleeve, and several Velcro-fastened pockets for notebooks or pencils. This attire can be varied according to the temperature of the spacecraft, the proclivities of each man, or a particular activity. For coolness, the astronaut might want to leave his jacket off and unzip his pantlegs at the knees, converting the trousers into shorts. If he feels the need to dress warmly, he may choose to put on long winter underwear, zip on the bottom halves of his trousers, put his jacket on, and get out some gloves. If he plans to stand in one place for a long time, he will put on shoes whose soles have metal triangles that he can twist into the grillwork floor to hold himself in place, but if he wants to be more maneuverable he might unscrew the triangles and replace them with small, round metal buttons, which can be slipped in and out of the triangular gratings more easily. Before the astronaut finishes dressing, he may have to rummage through what passes for his suitcase—the pack called the twenty-eight-day clothing-module rucksack, which is kept in the cabinet opposite his bed. The astronauts expect to change their underwear every second day, their trousers once a week. They will do no laundry while they are aboard, and dirty clothes will be dropped through the trash airlock into the waste tank below.

When an astronaut walks into the bathroom, he will find the toilet, like his bed, halfway up a wall. And the washbasin has no bowl—water wouldn't stay in it if it had—so that when he washes his hands he squirts them with water, which is immediately sucked away by a lower pressure area. He washes his face with a pre-soaked washcloth, which he then wrings out in a sort of press. If he wants a more thorough bath, he can set up a portable shower in the experiment compartment—but he can have only one shower a week, and then he must use only three quarts of water. He will rely mainly on the washcloths, of which hundreds will be neatly rolled up in cabinets and color-coded for the individual astronauts with red, white, or blue bindings. The astronaut can hang his washcloth or towel on the same sort of black rubber knob he has in his bedroom. Each knob has a color-coded picture of Snoopy next to it, and a great many items in the spacecraft are similarly labelled, so the astronaut may not want to look at the comic strip "Peanuts"—which has been the subject of cult-worship at the Space Center—for quite a while after he gets home. He will shave with his own razor and brush his teeth with his own toothbrush, both of which he has brought in his own toilet kit. Skylab designers are thinking in terms of space stations that will operate something like hotels—with scientists, astronauts, and other voyagers constantly coming and going, with their own suitcases. When each astronaut is through in the bathroom, he may whisk upstairs to the forward compartment to weigh himself. The fact is, though, that he will weigh nothing in space, so the scales will measure his mass—he will sit in a litter on springs, give himself a mechanical push of known force, and record how fast he swings back and forth.



The Skylab astronaut's day is plotted as painstakingly as the schedule was for any astronaut on an Apollo mission. An hour is to be devoted to breakfast, although the astronauts can eat a lot faster than that; they have to discuss the work to be done that day, and, besides, meals are one of the few occasions they will have to talk to each other. (The Skylab astronauts are eager to be together as much as possible, and some of them shot down an

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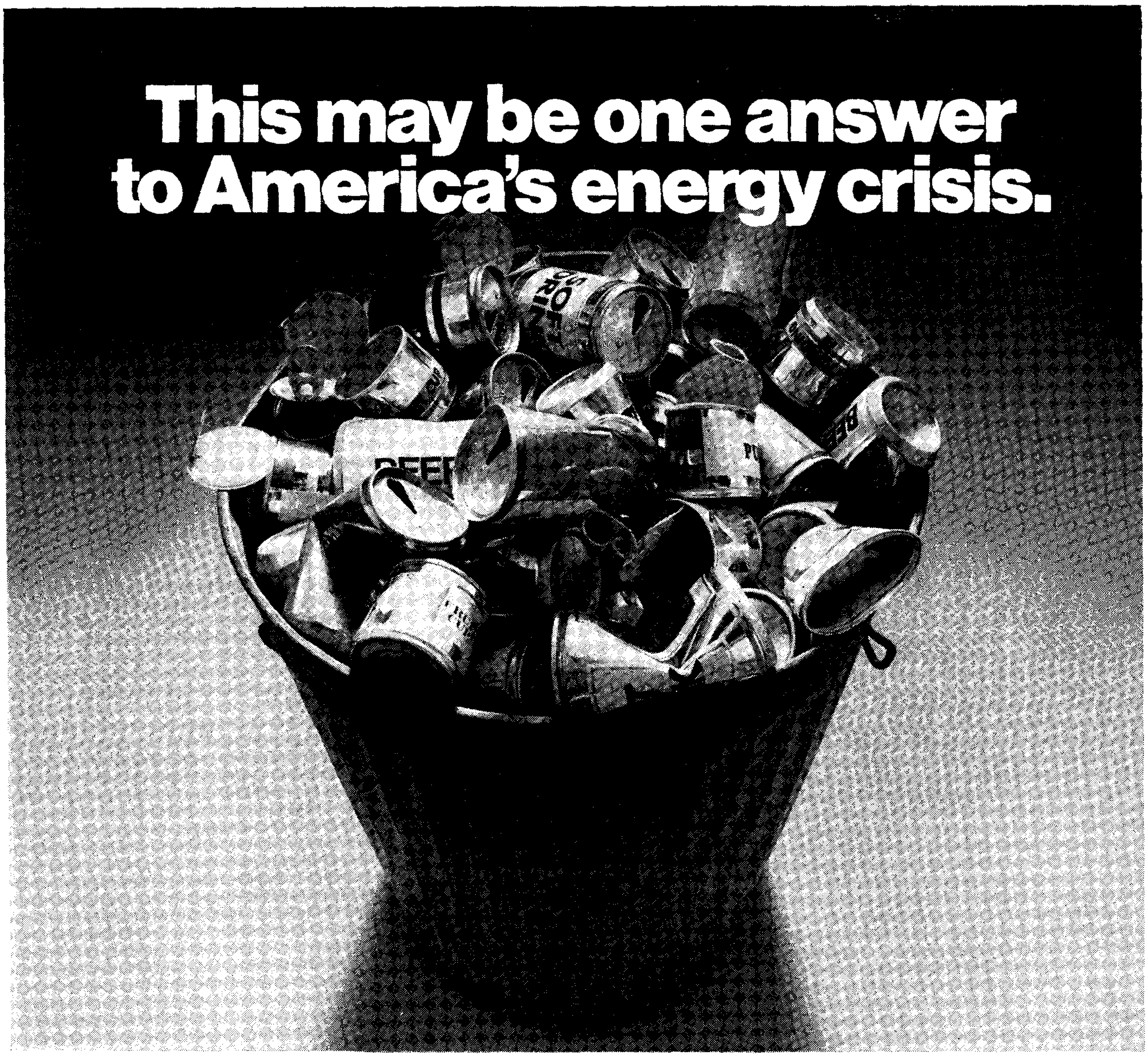

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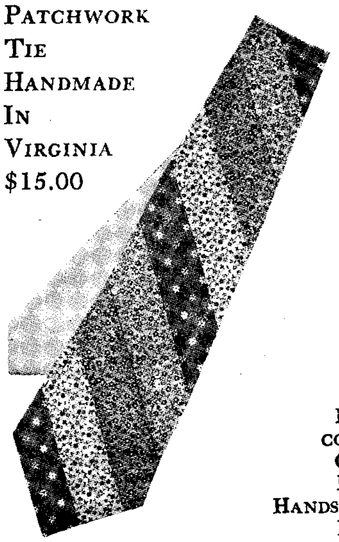

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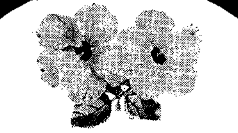
early proposal that they stand different watches around the clock.) In fact, Skylab astronauts will be thrown back on themselves more than any previous astronauts, not only because their mission will last longer but also because there will be less contact with the ground; the cluster's orbit is so steeply inclined to the equator that they can be out of radio contact for two hours.

To make the wardroom more habitable, the designers put the only big window there, and through it the astronauts will get an occasional glimpse of the earth or the sun, though most of the time all they will see is the black of space. On the wall of the wardroom are brown-and-white lockers, two of them concealing refrigerators and one a freezer. In the center is the dining-room table. The designers had wanted to give the astronauts a homey round table, but what were thought to be practical considerations won out, and Skylab wound up with what is little more than a covered pedestal supporting three food trays. It is thirty inches high—the normal height for tables on earth. The astronauts may find it a little uncomfortable in space, where the most natural position for sitting is closer to standing, with the arms crooked slightly upward. The best table might someday turn out to be one that is considerably higher and has a slanted top, but the designers didn't want to try anything so unearthly this time. Instead of crouching comfortably, therefore, the astronauts will sit in three chairs, which are nothing more than pairs of horizontal metal pipes that swing out from under the table; the men will hook their legs between the pipes, as though they were perching on a rail fence.

Skylab food is homier than Apollo food. The tabletop lifts off in three sections to uncover food trays underneath. Each evening before going to bed, the astronauts will fit cans of food into eight round holes in each tray, set timers so that their breakfasts will be warm in the morning, and shut the lids. Now, when they lift the lids and open the cans, they will sniff warm bacon and eggs and hot coffee—a new experience in space, where meals thus far have been heated by adding hot water. If the eggs need more salt, they can squirt it from a plastic envelope; the salt is in solution, so grains won't scatter all over the spacecraft. When an astronaut picks up his spoon to eat his cornflakes, he may notice that it is a little smaller than what he is used to on earth; in space, liquids tend to pile up in blobs because of surface tension, and if the spoon was bigger the astronaut



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would get a larger mouthful than he bargained for. It is because liquids are so cohesive that eating in space has become fairly easy, for even the flakiest foods, like dry cereals, can easily be made soggy enough to stick to spoons and cans. As soon as the astronauts open their cereal, they will add water, for one of the hazards of space breakfasts is that of inhaling an ambient Rice Krispy. (In the event that anything does get stuck in a windpipe, each astronaut knows how to do a tracheotomy.) The water mixes with powdered milk and sugar that are already in the cereal can, and some of the cereal itself is sugar-coated, which should make it even stickier. The water comes from three Snoopy-coded hoses in the middle of the table, each of them metered, so the astronauts can keep track of what they drink—something they have to do for a variety of medical experiments.

After breakfast, the astronauts will have a few minutes for washing up—or P.H., for personal hygiene, as their checklists call it—and then, some two hours after they get out of bed, they will be ready to begin work. First, though, they may put on radio headsets, so that when they are in different parts of the spacecraft they can talk with one another—though most Skylab astronauts will probably prefer to chat among themselves, or with the ground, over intercoms dotted around the cluster. Then one of the astronauts—the commander, perhaps—will float up through the hole in the ceiling of the lower deck and on into the dome overhead; he will disappear through the hatch at its apex into the airlock and the adapter, which make a sort of cupola. The commander will spend the morning at the telescope console, monitoring the sun. Back in the workshop, the pilot will "weigh" the remaining food supplies allotted to each man (that is, measure their mass)—the only way the doctors on the ground can tell precisely how much each astronaut has eaten—something else they need to know for the medical experiments. If an astronaut is found to have been skimping on his greens, he will be told to take a vitamin pill.

Meanwhile, the science pilot may well have been spending some time answering questionnaires for the crew-quarters-habitability experiment. There is one portable sound meter on board Skylab, but most evaluations of the spacecraft's environment are left to the astronauts' own subjective judgment. The lighting shouldn't be a problem, because it is soft and is made softer by the fact that the walls in many

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places are non-reflecting surfaces. Noise could be a problem, for the astronauts will never be far from air-conditioning and other machinery that will be humming constantly. If the designers had built Skylab from scratch—without having to fit it into a ready-made container—they might have handled the machinery, and other matters, quite differently.

When the pilot is through weighing the food, he will go on to an activity his checklist calls "systems/housekeeping," or "S/HK"—policing the area, which is important in space, where loose objects float about and can be banged into or inhaled. First, he will stow things away, and if he stows any item in a new place he will have to remember to tell Mission Control where he put it, for several engineers on the ground will constantly keep track of things; astronauts forget, and later crews will need to know. As the pilot performs his chores, he may be photographed by cameras on the walls, so that a psychologist running a time-and-motion study can later evaluate whether he gets more or less efficient the longer he is in space. (The astronauts will have almost no respite from experiments; even their sleep will be monitored.) He will run a vacuum cleaner that has several accessories, one of them small enough to get through the floor grating of the lower deck. And he will dump the breakfast cans down the trash airlock to the tank below, where the noise of their constant orbiting and caroming may well be audible to the crew-quarters-habitability sound meter. As more and more garbage is shoved down the airlock, Skylab's center of gravity will shift astern, causing problems for its guidance system. Weitz, the pilot on the first crew, says he fears a breakdown of the trash airlock more than anything else. As he cleans up, he will be particularly careful not to leave any bits of food around, for some bacteria flourish in weightlessness. At the end of each of the three Skylab missions, the cluster itself will be depressurized to prevent bacteria from growing.

WITH the spacecraft cleaned up, the pilot and the science pilot are ready for the main activity of the morning, which is to do some medical experiments whose equipment occupies half the experiment compartment. Kerwin, the science pilot in the first crew, is the only physician in any of the Skylab crews, something that is difficult to understand, in view of the seriousness and the enormous complexity of the medi-

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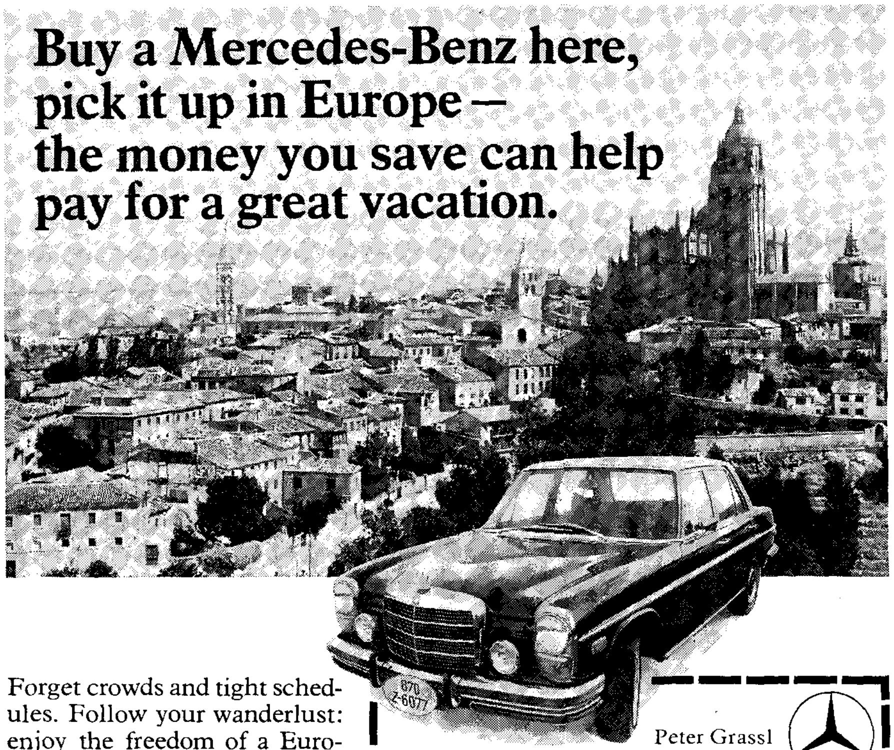
cal problems that might arise from weightlessness. Assessing man's suitability for spending long periods in space is one of the main purposes of Skylab—to this end, there are nineteen medical experiments aboard—and the venture may be at least as hazardous as any trip to the moon. The astronauts will be changing physically while they are in space, and many of the changes are potentially harmful. A number of them result from the ability of living things to adapt to new environments—a situation that seems paradoxical until one recalls that the history of evolution records more failures than successes. Much as the astronauts may enjoy floating about with their newfound weightlessness, those muscles of theirs that are no longer required to hold their bodies erect will probably adapt by beginning to atrophy. Their hearts, too, could alter their size and rate, because they no longer have to pump against gravity. Their bones may gradually lose calcium as they adapt to the reduced need for rigidity. Since blood will no longer circulate so freely in their legs, the blood vessels in the lower parts of their bodies, which normally exert a slight pressure to keep from bulging, may lose their tone. With less blood in the men's lower extremities, more of it will pool around their hearts, giving their bodies a false sensation of containing too much fluid, and, consequently, they will excrete more liquids than they should. One result of a decrease in body fluids is loss of weight (most of the Apollo astronauts were from three to six pounds lighter after a flight; they regained the weight quickly, though). But a more critical danger is excretion of essential chemicals, among them those which cause blood to clot, those which trigger the body's response to danger, and, above all, those which govern a number of vital functions—the electrolytes. They are part of the body's defense against infection and are essential in the living conditions of space, where men pass germs back and forth more readily than they do on the ground. The loss of one particular electrolyte, potassium, can cause arrhythmia in the heart. And electrolytes assist in the transmission of impulses along nerves, so their loss can also affect a man's efficiency and, ultimately, his entire thinking process. (Skylab will have as many medical supplies aboard, including digitalis and antibiotics, as most small clinics, and the astronauts will all know how to use catheters. They can also do throat cultures and limited blood counts.) Though all these tendencies have been observed in previ-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ous astronauts, none of them have so far developed into serious conditions on American flights—the longest of which, Gemini 7, lasted only fourteen days. Some of the changes, such as muscular and skeletal atrophy—attempts by the body to adapt itself to weightlessness—don't bother astronauts as long as they are in space but do become problems after the return to earth, when the men initially show some deconditioning of the cardio-pulmonary system, and, indeed, sometimes feel faint because of the unaccustomed rush of blood to their feet. Since the condition of astronauts returning after seven-day flights has differed little from that of the Gemini 7 astronauts, some flight surgeons wonder whether the worst effects may not be over by then; the Gemini 7 astronauts' symptoms cleared up within three days. However, greater difficulties were reported after Soyuz 9, the longest successful Soviet flight, which lasted eighteen days, only four days more than Gemini 7. When the two Soviet cosmonauts on Soyuz 9 returned, they couldn't stand up and had to be carried from their spacecraft; for the next several days they had trouble standing and walking, and for about a week they said they felt the weight of the earth's gravity at about double its strength. At the Space Center, other flight surgeons wonder whether fourteen days represents some sort of threshold of man's ability to survive in space. The longest space flight of all, the twenty-five-day mission of Soyuz 11, culminated in the death of all three cosmonauts. Although the disaster was apparently due to a mechanical error—an improperly sealed hatch—NASA officials would like to know whether the faulty hatch closing, in its turn, could have been due to an error by a cosmonaut whose efficiency had deteriorated. In any event, as one psychologist at the Space Center said recently, "You get beyond eighteen days, and each day is a new frontier"—a thought echoed by the commander of the second Skylab crew, Alan L. Bean, who said, "We really don't know what's going to happen to the guy in the long term, and this is probably, in my mind, the single most important thing that we've got to do in all Skylabs." Even so, Kerwin says he doesn't feel that there is any need for a doctor on either of the later, longer flights, and, indeed, Dr. Willard R. Hawkins, deputy director of life sciences for medical operations, has said he believes that the most serious problems should reveal themselves on the first trip. At the Space Center, doctors and astronauts are quite sanguine. People are always apprehensive about new experiences, they say; at the time of the first railroad trains, some worriers predicted that the speed would cause passengers to lose their breath. Dr. Hawkins, however, would prefer having physicians on all three flights.

One of the principal things the doctors don't know, and hope to find out from Skylab, is whether the physical changes occur at the beginning of a mission and then stop, or continue to a point that is damaging to the astronauts, either when they return to earth or while they are still in space. In studying chemical losses, the flight surgeons intend to make a profile of exactly what goes into an astronaut every day he is in space and exactly what comes out; hence the importance of the daily weighings of the man and his food supply, the metering of his water, and also the collection of his urine and feces, samples of which he will bring back to earth. The astronauts will also bring back with them data for bone-mineral measurements, bioassays of body fluids, immunity tests, blood counts, and mineral balance. The trouble is that none of these data will be useful in monitoring the astronauts while they are actually in space, though with respect to electrolytes Kerwin says that if he found an astronaut to be excreting more and doing less well on daily physical-fitness tests he would suspect a loss; he or the flight surgeons in Houston could then prescribe supplementary electrolytes.

Without being there themselves, doctors can monitor the astronauts' current condition with certainty only through two tests performed after breakfast—the ergometer and the lower-body negative-pressure experiment. The three men will have to take turns on each experiment two or three times a week, one being the subject while another observes him. On a given day, for instance, the science pilot, breathing through a hose, pedals the ergometer, a bicycle-like contraption, while the pilot records the amount of oxygen he uses up: the smaller the amount, the better shape he is in. A little later, the science pilot will use the equipment for the negative-pressure experiment. He will slide feet-first into a metal barrel that comes up to his waist and strap a rubber seal around his middle, to make an airtight connection; then the pilot will turn a valve to create a strong vacuum, which will draw the blood pooled at the science pilot's heart back

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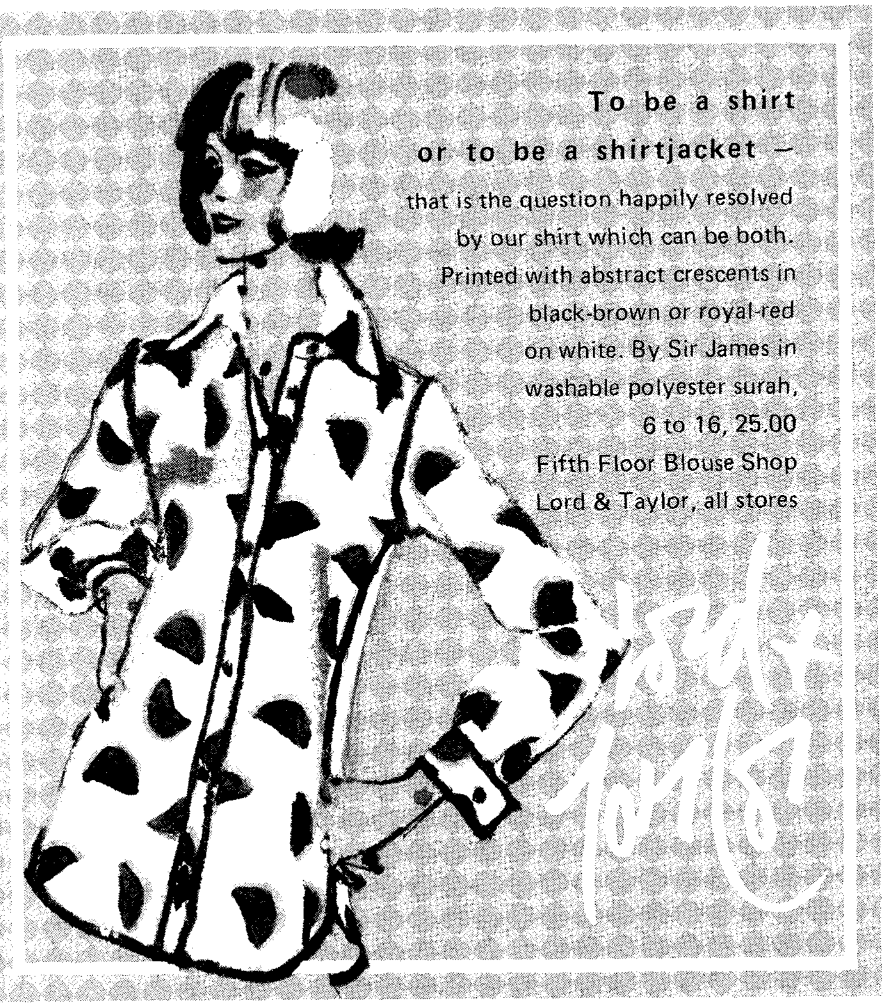
to his legs and feet, as if he were standing on the earth. A pressure garter around one of the science pilot's legs will gauge how much the blood vessels have swelled—an indication of the condition of his cardiovascular system. If the Gemini and Soyuz experiences are any guide, the Skylab astronauts might find a marked drop-off in their condition between the fourteenth day and the eighteenth. They could, however, tone themselves up by spending long periods in the barrel, which would condition their cardiovascular systems, or simply by riding the bicycle ergometer many miles for exercise. Most days, they will have periods of physical training. If these measures do not help, the astronauts might be told to come home, and, using their own command module, they could be back within twenty-four hours. Even after the shorter, twenty-eight-day flight, there is a possibility that the astronauts will have to be removed from the spacecraft on stretchers. (Their scheduled recovery ship will have special stretchers to keep them lying down.) If for any reason they should be unable to use their command module and must be rescued in space, it would take men from the ground anywhere from ten to forty-eight days to make rescue preparations and reach the cluster.

WHILE the pilot and the science pilot are bicycling and lying in a vacuum, the commander has been in the docking adapter, sitting in front of the console for the telescope mount. Most of the time, he will be watching a couple of television screens at the bottom center of the console, which are designed to show the sun in the best position for monitoring solar activity, particularly solar flares. A guidance computer at the lower left of the console will help keep Skylab broadside to the sun, so that the instruments are pointing directly at it. Although Skylab has thruster jets, most of the attitude changes will be made by three big flywheels, called control-moment gyros, that are on the outside of the telescope mount; there is one for each direction—roll, pitch, and yaw—and each wheel, which weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, spins electrically at nine thousand revolutions a minute. For any more drastic maneuvering, such as changes in orbit, the astronauts can use the rocket in the command-and-service module.

The solar telescopes peep out at the sun through holes that can be closed by doors; because the instruments are sensitive to cold, the doors will close



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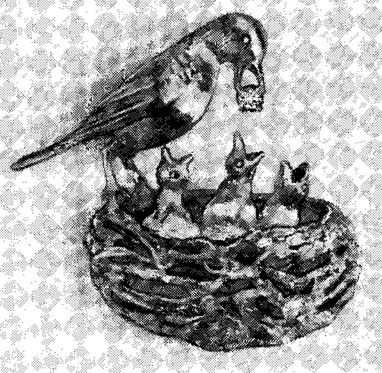

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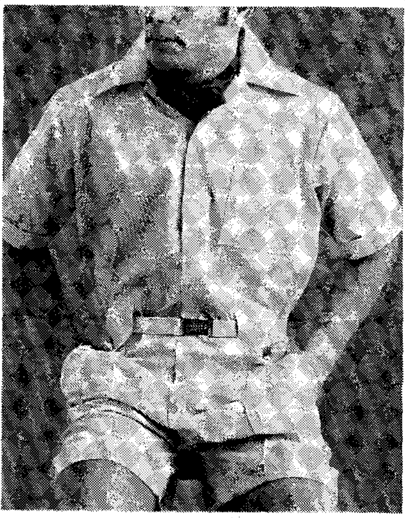

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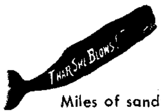
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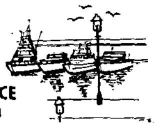

automatically each time the spacecraft goes into the earth's shadow, and the commander will have to open them again when the cluster orbits back into sunlight; he will have fifty minutes to "make his pass" at the sun before he is in darkness again. Each telescope can operate in many different ways, or modes, and every five minutes or so while the commander is making his pass he will have to switch from one to another of the modes, according to instructions he has received from the Space Center. For example, he might set one of the instruments, the ultraviolet heliograph, so that it takes three exposures at set intervals, each at a different solar wavelength. Because of the atmosphere, most of these wavelengths are invisible on earth. Together, during the period Skylab is operating, the telescopes will provide something of a cross-section of the sun, for different wavelengths originate in layers at various depths. (They are produced by bands of different temperatures within the sun.) One question the solar scientists would like to clear up is why the sun's atmosphere, the corona, is a million degrees hotter than either of the sun's two inner layers, the photosphere and the chromosphere; it is an apparent contradiction of the laws of physics for the cooler inner layers to transmit such enormous heat. The corona is the beginning of the solar wind—the constant stream of particles that flows through the entire solar system—and another of the experiments will try to explain what gets the stream started. The solar physicists' primary target, though, is solar flares, and on a given day there may be as many as ten minor ones. Medium-sized flares occur about once a week, and big ones about once a year, so the astronauts will be lucky if they manage to catch just one big flare during the entire Skylab mission. The biggest flares leap thousands of miles into space, with a force equivalent to a thousand hydrogen bombs, creating auroras and radio blackouts on earth. No one knows what causes flares, though they have long been associated with sunspots, which, being cool, inactive parts of the sun, are the opposite of flares. If a good-sized flare occurs while the commander is on duty, he will hit switches to put the cluster into what is called "the flare mode."

Six times during the three Skylab missions, two astronauts will put on space suits, and then one of them will go outside the spacecraft, retrieve film from cameras at the top of the telescope mount, and replace it with fresh

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film. The two will get into the airlock, shutting the big hatches at either end; when the pressure inside has dropped, they will pull the big yellow-and-black handle to open the door into space. Then one astronaut will float out, his long tether uncoiling behind him, while the other stays near the doorway to help handle the film. The first astronaut will have to work his way up a series of handholds and railings, which form what is called "the trail." At the top, or "sun end," of the telescope, he will anchor himself by slipping his feet into a pair of foot-grips, hang on to a handrail, open the instrument doors, and grope for the film cannisters—a little as if he were stealing eggs from an aerie. He will have a spectacular view, through the solar panels, of the entire cluster and of the blue earth, with its dappled brown-and-green continents and its swirly white clouds, cutting a giant arc out of the velvety black sky. If he contemplates the view too long, his reverie will be ended by a tap on his side; from the airlock door, the other astronaut will be maneuvering a long boom bearing fresh film. When the astronaut outside is through, he will follow the trail of handgrips and railings back down and on out to the command-and-service module, to check some more experiments. He has sixty feet of tether, and his entire journey will take about three hours.

THE astronauts will knock off for lunch at about noon Houston time. Lunch will be a fairly simple meal (as it is for most astronauts anywhere, since they are inveterate weight-watchers). They have a variety of sandwich spreads to choose from, such as tuna salad, salmon salad, and peanut butter. Their bread will come out of a can—representing something of a triumph for NASA's food technologists, who at first thought they would have to keep it fresh in the rather limited refrigerator space, which would have forced the astronauts to give up some of their favorite foods, such as steak and ice cream. The astronauts won't get ice cream often; each one is allowed only six refrigerator items a week, including fresh meat. After lunch, they will prepare their supper, putting cans into the holes in the food trays and setting the timer; even the ice cream will go in, for the trays can keep some items cool while warming others.

The commander, who may have had his lunch at the telescope console, will bring his empty food cans down, and the science pilot will take his place up-

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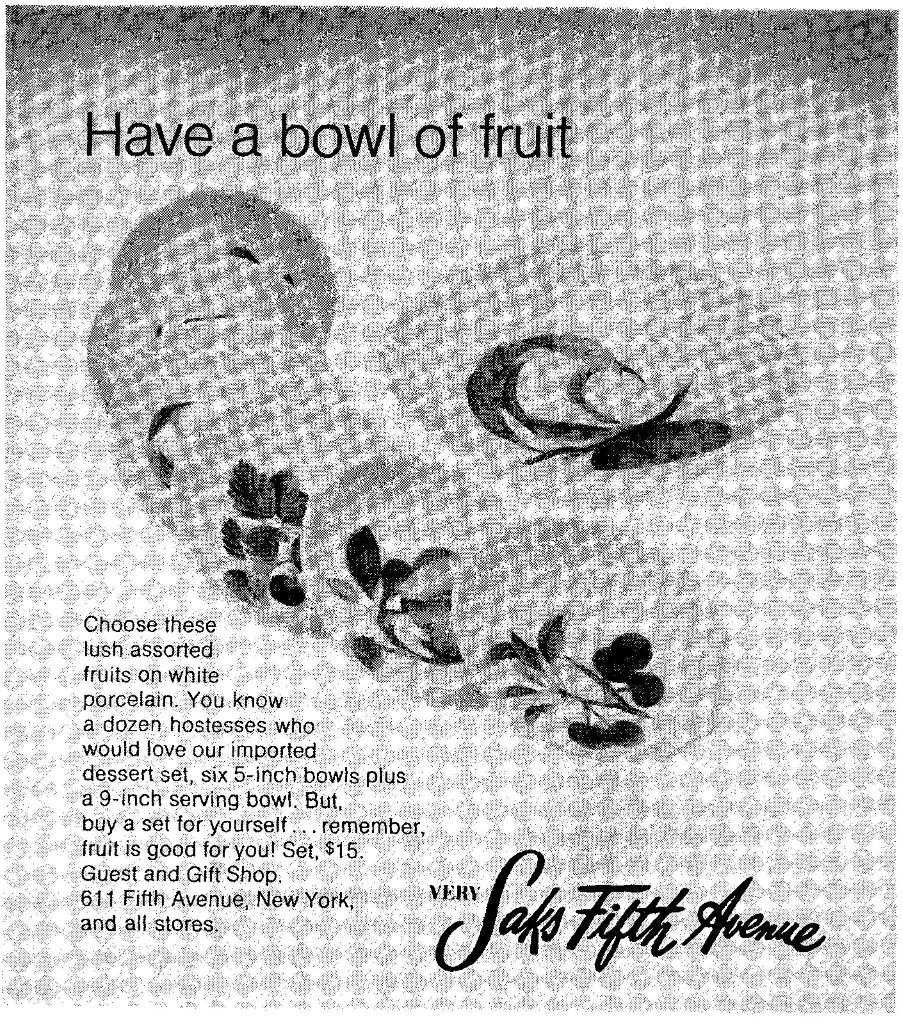

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stairs. While the pilot weighs the food left over from lunch and does a little systems/housekeeping, the commander will do one or two experiments. Then, after half an hour or so, the pilot will put the commander through his paces on the ergometer and in the pressure barrel. Although the astronauts' schedule sounds casual, the flight plan has a page for each day, and each page looks like a symphonic score. The schedule is nicely balanced, so the astronauts shouldn't be bored. On a given afternoon, for example, all three may switch off on the telescope console, and approximately once a week they will all have a day off at the same time, so they can get up a card game if they want. Other parts of the flight plan tell where over the earth the spacecraft will be at any given moment, which ground stations it will then be in touch with, and whether it will be in light or darkness.

As happens with any flight plan that NASA makes up a year or so ahead of time, the Skylab plan has been ripped up and redone over and over, and this revision will continue during the flights. In the Mission Control Center, the planning teams will sometimes shift whole blocks of the schedule around; entire afternoons can be moved from one day to another, and, indeed, a day might be moved to another week. The changes will be sent up by teletype—there is a printer in the docking adapter—so that the astronauts won't have to break off work every time they are over a ground station. The astronauts will be kept quite busy reading, for Mission Control expects to send up about seventy-two feet of new instructions every day. Weitz is nearly as concerned that the teletype machine might break down as he is that the trash airlock might; if the teletype does fail, the astronauts will have to copy down the seventy-two feet of new instructions and changes by hand.

The chief reasons for changes in the flight plan are the experiments in the earth-resources-experiment package; because they can't be done if there are clouds over the ground sites, they will have to be rescheduled according to the weather. (The astronauts will be over the same spot exactly four days and twenty-two hours later.) If the sky below is clear after lunch, the science pilot will turn off the telescope experiments and shift the spacecraft so that the earth-resources instruments—the row of odd-shaped antennas beneath the adapter and the cameras inside it—are constantly facing the earth; this rotation is hard on the power supply, because the solar panels will no longer be steadily facing the sun. Like the solar instruments, the earth-resources ones will look at the earth on several wavelengths, but the wavelengths will be different, because the earth-resources instruments will have to look through the atmosphere, and, consequently, will use infrared waves, divisible waves, radio waves, and microwaves. At the earth-resources console, which is smaller than the one for the telescope and is at the opposite end of the docking adapter, the science pilot will be kept busy, for he will have to start and stop the instruments as he passes over particular sites, and he will have to use different settings according to the instructions in his checklist or in the teletype updates. The different settings are important, because the scientists on the ground have to calibrate their instruments; the instruments are of such great sensitivity that many scientists, for whom looking at the earth from space is a new field, are uncertain about their techniques. The atmosphere may prove to be so dense that it will throw the instruments off; indeed, scientists involved in these experiments, some of whom are skeptical about the accuracy of data from an orbiting spacecraft, will be scattered around the world to get what they call "ground truth." There are a hundred and fifty-five scientists concerned with the earth-resources package, and they are interested in matters ranging from the spread of crop diseases to the movement of ocean currents.

THE medical experiments, the solar experiments, and the earth-resources package take up the largest single blocks of time, but the astronauts will have filled the intervals with many other experiments, so there will always be work for idle hands. The others are a mixed bag, touching on almost all branches of science, astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology among them. In the afternoon, after monitoring the commander on the ergometer and in the pressure barrel, the pilot may relieve the science pilot at the earth-resources console, and then the science pilot and the commander will go to the big gray domed room in the forward compartment of the workshop, where most of the astronomy experiments are. Many of these are bulky, because they employ long booms that are to be pushed out into space through two small airlocks in the forward compartment—each a strong-looking door about a foot square. To get an astronomical instrument into position, the astronauts will first bolt it onto the door frame to make an airtight seal; then they will press a button to open the hatch; and, finally, they will turn a handle to crank part of the instrument out into space. One instrument may poke out, another may telescope out, and still another may scissor out. In the case of an ultraviolet camera that will photograph very distant stars, among them some that are very young, the camera will stay inside the airlock but a mirror will poke out to reflect starlight onto the lens. Also among the experiments that the astronauts will be shoving out the airlock is one that collects any micrometeorites that bang into it, and another that will photograph any gases that have emanated from the spacecraft. Later, when the astronauts crank the instrument back in, close the hatch, and unbolt the instrument from the door frame, they will have to wear their gloves, for the parts of the instrument that have been exposed to space could be extremely cold, extremely hot, or anywhere in between.

The rest of the experiments are indoor ones, and in carrying out many of them the astronauts will simply press buttons on boxes, look through glass windows to observe what is going on inside, and photograph what they see. Several such experiments are designed to test in space various forms of construction, such as welding, which will be useful if NASA ever assembles a big space station. In one experiment, an astronaut will press a button on a box to start a fire inside, and will watch what the flame does; in a weightless state, after all, it can't go up. And since it would be useful to NASA to have some sort of money-making enterprise going on in any space station, another group of experiments has to do with manufacture; in one, when an astronaut presses a button on yet another box, round droplets of molten metal will harden into ball bearings. NASA hopes that these will be more nearly perfect spheres than any bearings manufactured on earth, where gravity distorts them slightly.

Still other experiments have to do with life sciences; in one of these, an astronaut will plant some rice seeds in a miniature greenhouse—a white box with glass sides—to see which way their roots grow. And on one of the missions some mice will be kept isolated in dark tanks to see how weightlessness affects their rhythm of sleeping and

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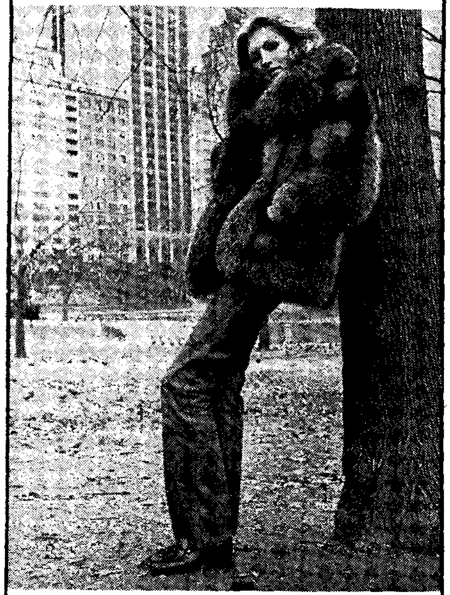

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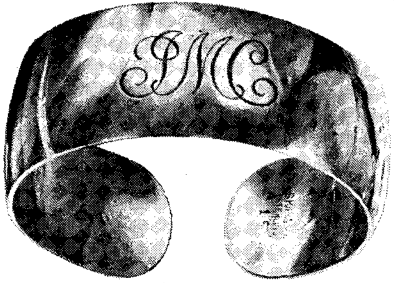

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waking. Another experiment will be to watch a spider spin a web in space; in a weightless state, the spider won't be able to drop down on silken strands, and, anyway, its nervous system may be badly disoriented. An astronaut will free the spider into a thin glass box, along with a fly. (NASA, following standard operating procedure, has provided a backup spider and a backup fly.) The box has a black background, against which any web the spider builds will show up well. It is a species of spider called a cross spider, which doesn't like to be caught building a web, and normally does its work in the privacy of the night. Consequently, an ultrasonic device will sound an alarm at the first sign of activity, lights will blaze, and a camera will take pictures. The cross spider, once she starts making a web, is unable to stop, and whenever she finishes a web, eats it and builds another the next night, so the experiment can be done over and over again—or at least until she learns that there is no other fly.

Some of the experiments require physical effort—particularly a couple having to do with human mobility in space. For these, the astronauts will have to strap on their backs equipment with little rocket jets on it; then they will shoot about inside the domed room as if they were tiny rocket ships, darting this way and that, twisting and turning, avoiding walls by reversing direction quickly. If an astronaut can't reach his retro-rocket in time and bangs into a wall, he will do nothing worse than bruise himself, since he can never go faster than two miles an hour; also, he will be wearing a crash helmet. The most strenuous project is the crew vehicle-disturbances experiment, for which the astronauts will jump about and push against big metal plates to see how much they can make the spacecraft wobble—information that will be useful to designers of space stations housing telescopic instruments that have to be held steady for long periods. This experiment will be performed only once, and it is a good bet that when it is over the astronauts will be ready for dinner.

DINNER, which the astronauts will begin a little after six Houston time, is the main meal of the day, and they will have a choice of such rib-sticking and fork-sticking tinned fare as turkey and gravy, chicken and gravy, or veal and barbecue sauce. Or, if an astronaut hasn't already run through his weekly allotment of six refrigerator items, he might choose filet mignon or

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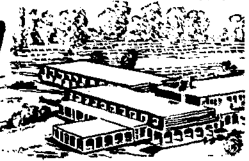

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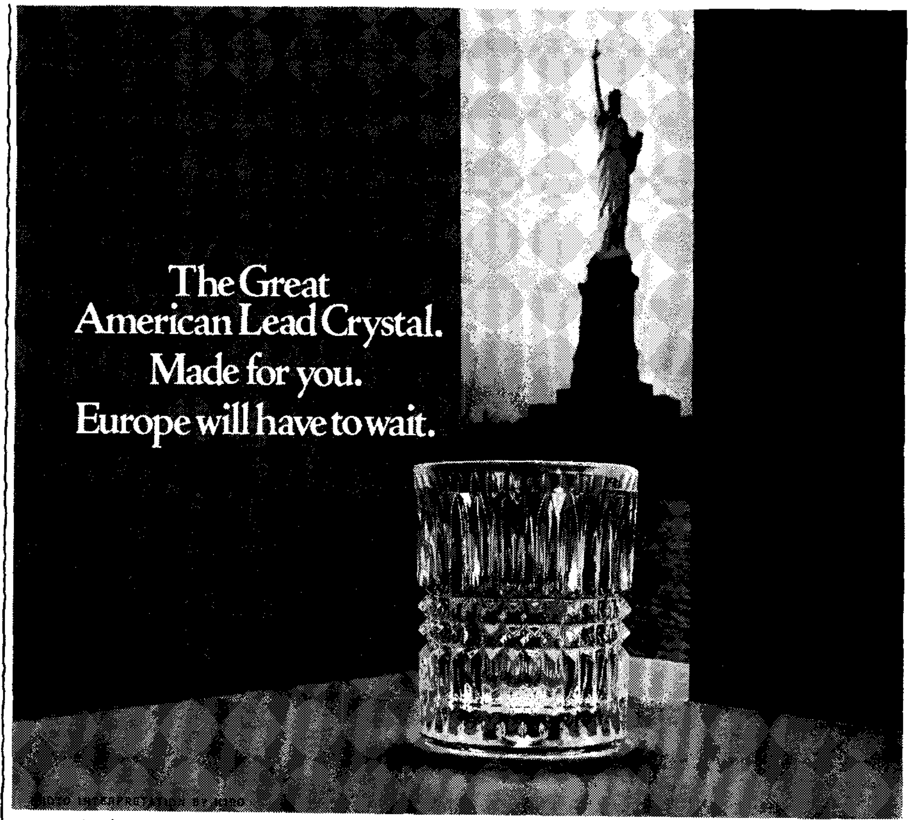
lobster Newburg. He will have vegetables as well—sticky ones, such as creamed peas, sweet potatoes, creamed corn, or stewed tomatoes. Like most of the other foods, the vegetables are dehydrated. For dessert, there will ordinarily be butterscotch pudding, applesauce, dried apricots, freeze-dried strawberries, peaches, pears, or pineapple. To drink, the astronauts will have a choice of lemonade, various other fruit drinks, cocoa, coffee, or tea—to be squeezed out of accordion-style plastic bottles. They almost had some wine aboard, too, but the decision finally went against it, for a variety of reasons (for one thing, it tends to decompose in plastic squeeze bottles). The main reason for its omission was that a local temperance league heard about the plan and complained. "Really and truly!" the chief food technologist at the Space Center, Dr. Malcolm Smith, exclaimed recently. "You can't design spacecraft for special groups. And the wine had a function. We wanted to put it on as a symbol of the fact that *we were going from a vehicle to a home*." Three astronauts who simulated a fifty-six-day Skylab mission last summer had wine, and they reported on it favorably; they said it gave them something to look forward to once a week.

After dinner, one of the astronauts—the pilot, perhaps—will return to the telescope console to keep up the sun watch, and the others, after they have weighed their leftovers, will settle down for an hour's planning session. First, they will have to absorb instructions and updates for the next day. Then there are their own reports to be compiled—observations of experiments, the condition of the spacecraft, and so forth. Much of this material is dictated into tape recorders and later played back to the ground. Any writing they do will be on clipboards—another example of the cockpit mentality. They ought to be through with their planning at about eight o'clock, and then—if they have kept up with their systems/housekeeping—they will have about an hour off. They may perhaps open a brown door in a corner of the wardroom and rummage around in the off-duty assembly—a cabinet crammed with books, a stereo, some sixty tape cassettes, a hand-exerciser, a rubber ball, a pair of binoculars, some magnetic playing cards and a dart board made of Velcro, with Velcro-tipped darts. Conrad is looking forward to putting the dart board on the trash airlock and throwing a dart from the command module, a hundred feet away, since the two spots are in line of



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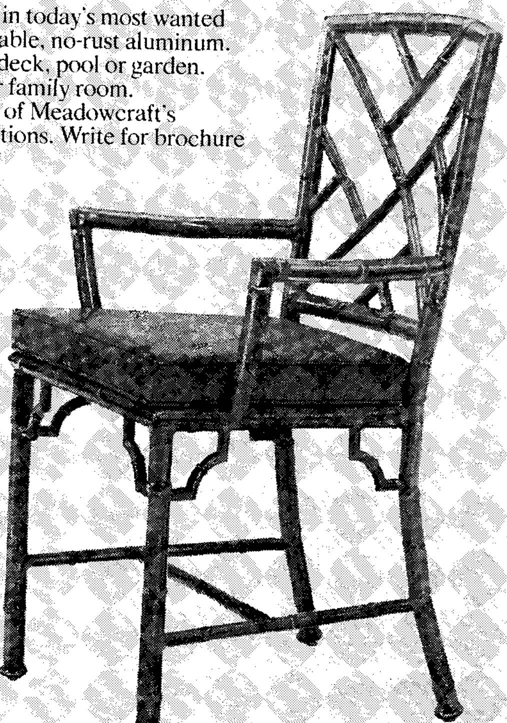

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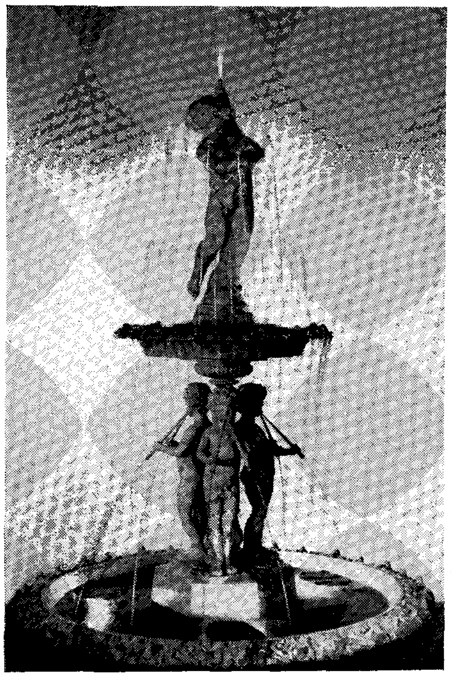

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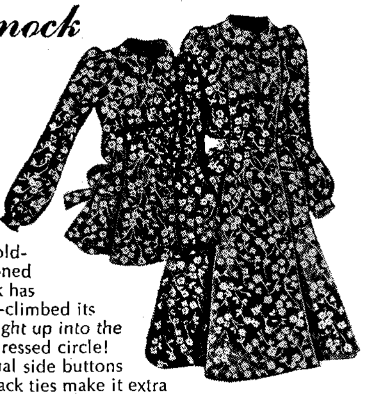

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sight along the main axis of the spacecraft. By and large, astronauts are not much on games; last summer the crew practicing the fifty-six-day mission never once broke out their playing cards. Even the ball will lose its fascination early; they will tire of chasing after a ball that never stops. The books may get a little more use; there are about thirty paperbacks, selected by the astronauts themselves. Before books were allowed aboard Skylab, NASA had to test them for flammability; some engineers at the Space Center set fire to a number of books and found that—contrary to what a casual reading of history might indicate—they were extremely fire-resistant. They turned out to be what one engineer called "great ablators," for one page has to be on fire before the next reaches its kindling point, and books even flake in a heat-dispelling manner, like the ceramic shields of spacecraft. Even so, whenever an astronaut removes a book from its shelf he will have to put it in a fireproof binder. The astronauts still may not do much reading, for studies have shown that men in isolation—in submarines, for instance, or at Antarctic bases—find that spare time hangs heavily and prefer to keep working. So the science pilot may put down his book after a while and waft off to see if he could take over the telescope console from the pilot. One generally approved way of alleviating isolation symptoms is listening to music; and when the pilot rejoins the commander downstairs, the two may put a tape on the stereo. Conrad and Weitz should hit it off well, for they are both breezy men. (Kerwin seems a bit more pensive.) If the talk runs out, they may spend some time simply looking out the window, passing the binoculars back and forth if they see anything interesting. If they are lucky, they may catch a glimpse of the colored band, called an airglow, that spans the earth twice each orbit—at dawn and dusk, as the sun's rays slant through the atmosphere. They will study the lights of whatever towns are passing below, especially if one of them is Houston. Some evenings, they may be able to have private telephone conversations with their wives at home. "You could throw the books away and all that other jazz if you could talk to your wife a couple of times a week," one of the astronauts said.

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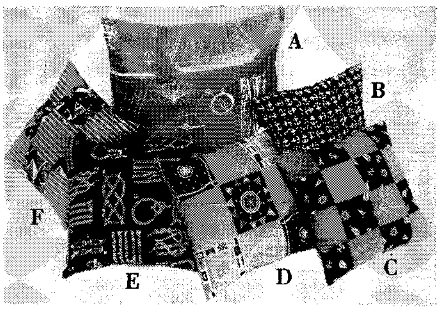

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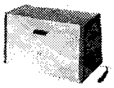

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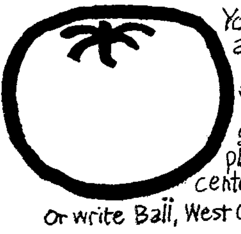

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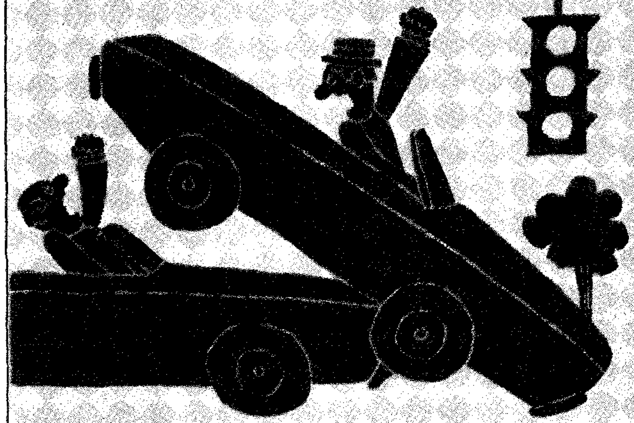

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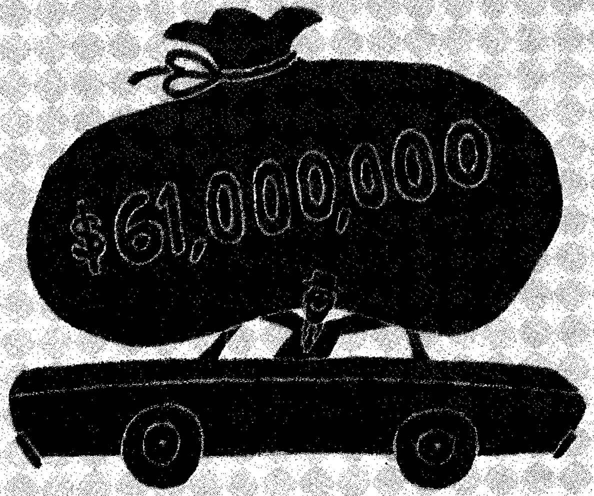
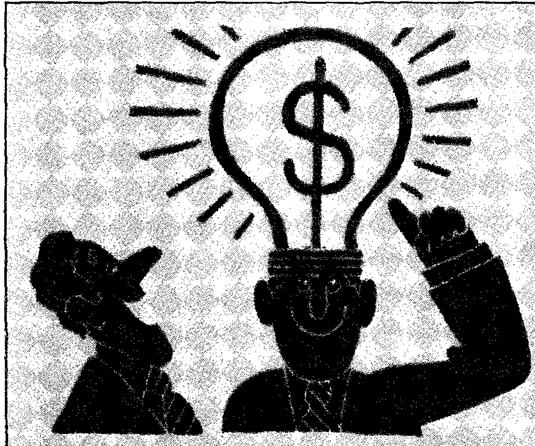


It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.



You'd expect an idea this good would spread fast, but only a few states have done anything about it. Where the law is strong and eliminates most lawsuits, insurance costs have come down. When the law doesn't reduce lawsuits, little is saved. Most states have not acted at all.

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other excitement on the sun. Even though the ground controllers will be monitoring the cluster's pressure and temperature while the astronauts are asleep, the commander will make a final tour to be certain that all is secure for the night. Before going to bed, each astronaut will make sure that the air is circulating properly through his compartment, for otherwise the carbon dioxide he exhales will linger about him, the way gases cling to any object in space. As he gets into his vertical bed, he will zip himself into a blanket-like cloth, which is less for warmth than to keep him from floating off into the night. If the upright position gives an astronaut insomnia, as some psychologists think it might, he can take down his bed and set it up normally in the wardroom. It may be one of the nights for the science pilot to put on a lightweight nightcap containing a number of electrodes, which are connected by red, yellow, and blue wires to a box nearby—an experiment to measure his brain waves while he is asleep. Astronauts in space have not always slept normally, and insomnia may well be a problem on such a long mission. So the Skylab crew will perhaps not have dream visions of the day's work—of floating inside their dome, of perching on the sun end of the telescope, or even of contemplating the earth as it unrolls below. They may well dream of these things after they get back, though, when the entire cluster, where they lost weight and strength and changed in other ways, may itself seem like a dream.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

•

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—*Palma (Majorca) Daily Bulletin.*

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•

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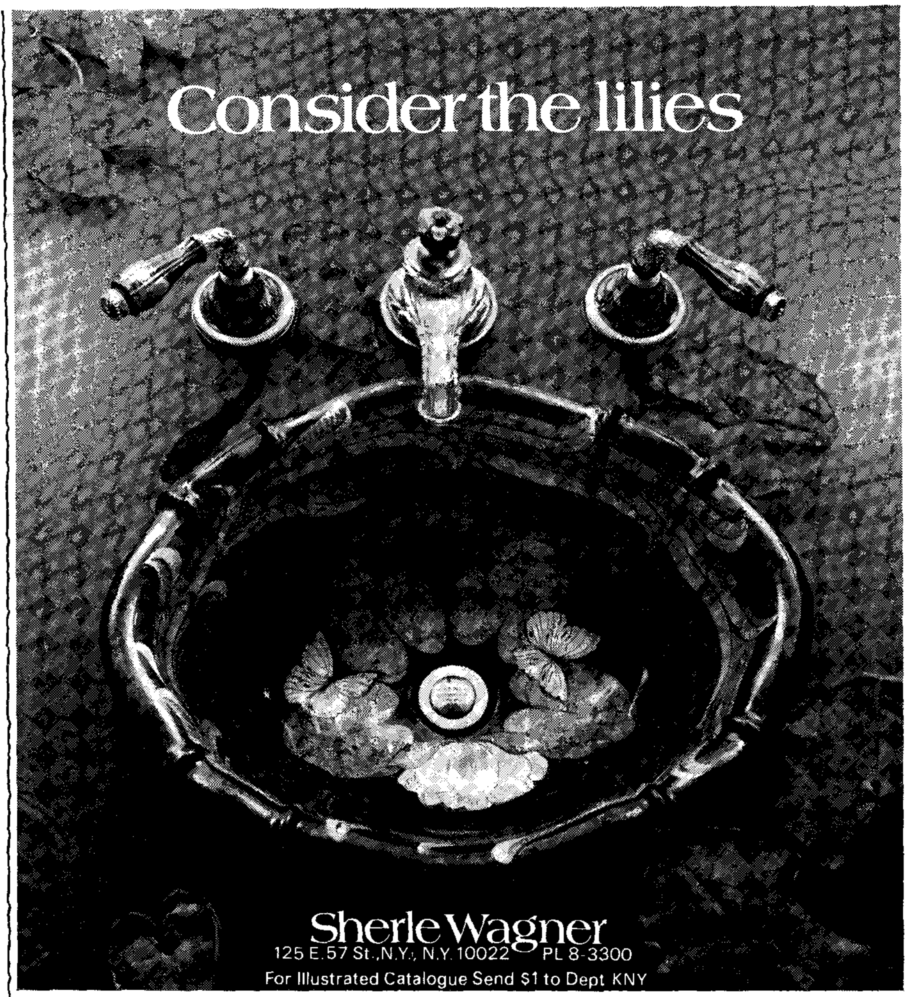
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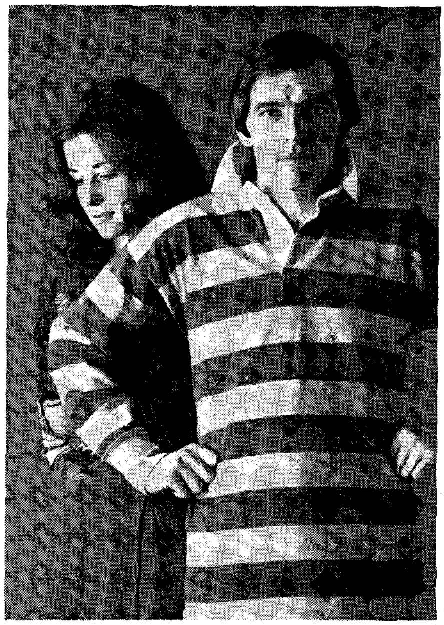

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fads

THE young actor who utters the key idiotic line in the most splendid but idiocy-ambushed comedy of the spring, tra-la, is called Timothy Bottoms. Dickens used to collect names; in his place, I would have put this one with Anita Sharp Bolster, which sometimes appears agreeably in theatre casts, and DeAth, which was on the sign of an old-established London butcher near Victoria Station. Mr. Bottoms is an angel-faced American juvenile playing a young man called Walter, the nervous son of a Pulitzer Prize winner. The old boy collects ancient, beautiful, and probably unread books and assembles his own leather-bound series on the large questions of civilization. The key line is "Love and pain and the whole damn thing"—part of a woeful romantic harangue aimed partly at Maggie Smith and partly at a lot of rocks in the middle of a Spanish landscape that has done him no visible harm.

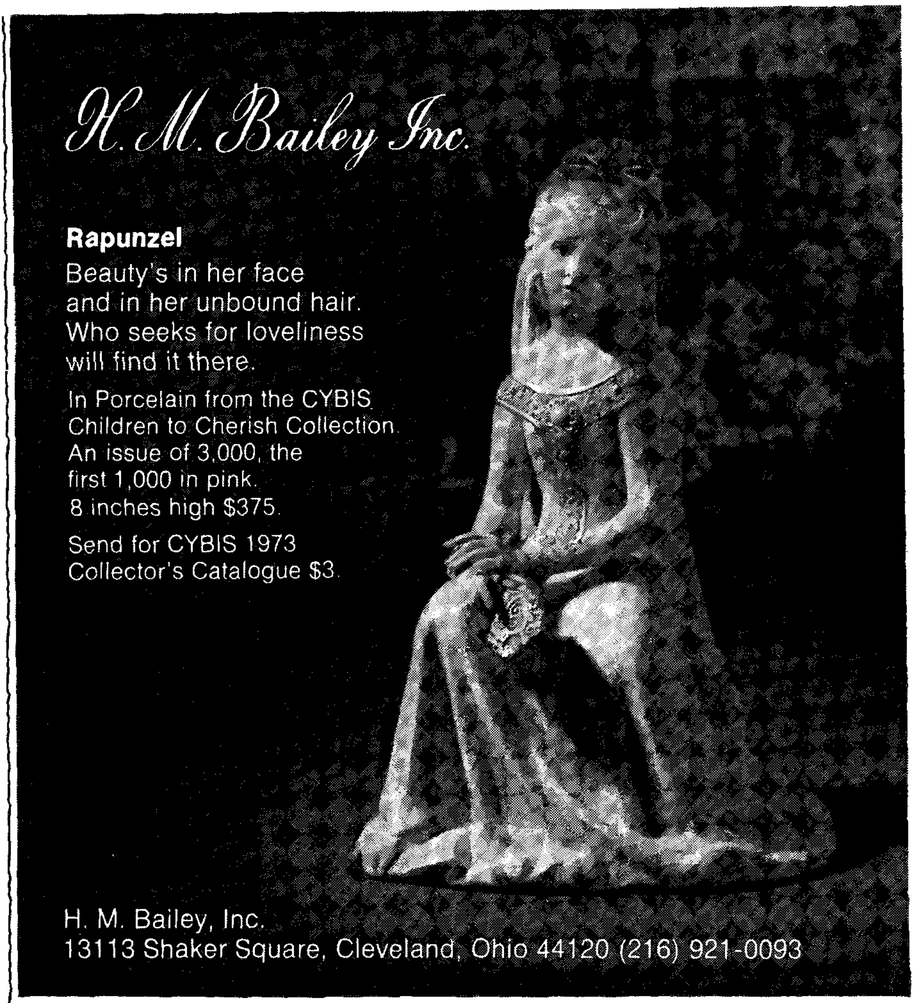
The line is also the title of Alan J. Pakula's comedy, which emphasizes that Europe and America were once (long ago, at an unascertained date sometime between the draining of the Flood and the wholesale swallowing of pseudo Freud) a single land mass, now separated by an uninformed middle-class indulgence here in psychoanalysis, which is the equal in spiritual philistinism of the earlier European cure for mental illness of taking cold baths and not talking about things. Walter certainly has troubles. They are exemplified by his going to sleep in the middle of exams. He may be trying to get away from the Pulitzer Prize-winning father. On the other hand, he is probably also trying to get away from his nitwit-prize-winning mother, who has promised him (in a funny line by the scriptwriter, Alvin Sargent) that he won't have to lie on the couch again as long as he goes back to the psychiatrist. He is deeply jealous of his sister because she built her own cello, and he has neurotic asthma. His greatest trouble, which drives home the width of the Atlantic, may be that he is in love with an English character (Maggie Smith) called Lila. A sensible redhead who looks all of three years older than the boy (though the literal casting and the script have her a good fifteen years older), Lila talks tactfully in the required Walter jargon about the generation gap. She asks in a downright way, using a bored and slightly bossy voice, what he's doing when he rants at the rocks. "I'm *thinking!*" he yells. "If you plan to scream in a field every time you *think* . . ." she says, in a precise, upper-class, schoolmistressy tone that covers with Restoration-comedy brilliance more than a vestige of Maggie Smith's own plain speaking. (She did the same thing for a vamp in the revival of "Hay Fever," with Edith Evans at the National Theatre.) Those long, thin wrists, drooping like stalks of overcooked asparagus eaten by hungry English nobs using their fingers and wanting the last drop of melted butter. That languid delivery, veiling an energy that can lift a solemn comedy like "Love and Pain" off its feet and apply brisk home nursing to revive it.

On the basis of his earlier work (directing Liza Minnelli in "The Sterile Cuckoo" and Jane Fonda in "Klute"), it seems possible that Alan J. Pakula has a touch less humor than Maggie Smith. I don't know how he could otherwise have expected her to get through the Camille line "I'm going to die." As it is, he photographs it in long shot; a closer view would have been likely to show her cracking up. One never discovers what she is dying of. She is on a tour of Spain, earnestly learning to say "*Por favor*" from a phrase book when she gets herself locked into a cliffside privy, and taking on a lecherous Spanish duke with the air of a poor relation in Jane Austen being shown a house that she knows her richer girl cousins are teasing her with. Spoilsport Walter, who abandons his bicycle in Spain and joins her coach tour, blames her sulkily for enjoying herself. Life is very unfair.

Lila has to deal with the lunges of the Duke (played by Don Jaime de Mora y Aragon, and looking every inch the name); with a trailer for two that leaks; with underclothes that wax indignant when Walter is making a nervous pass at her (joy from the audience: Maggie Smith here does the first sexual pratfall by a girl that I can think of); and with a bald Spaniard in a square who flirts with her by imitating bird-calls. There is also Auntie Vi and Auntie Gladys and Captain Bill—all back in Bournemouth, all very aged and querulous—who don't realize that Spain is a long way away and that she can't telephone every day. The dodderers think they want her to have a good time, but then they tell her the place is falling apart without her. After one call, which captures the horror of all expensive calls made to people who grab the receiver and burble away as though they'd dropped in for a chat after Sunday-morning church, Lila leans her head against the wall like a cat with a headache, and cries. Different people have different definitions of neuroticism. Her way out of misery is to get joyfully sloshed on a bottle of booze that was meant to be a present for the folks back home, and then to flit off with the Duke. "This is my mother's bedroom when she's here," says the Duke heavily. Lila carefully inspects the four-poster; she seems to be looking devotedly for a sign of the mother, in whatever poor shape. Poor shape is something she is used to.

You feel that Lila is discovering Spain, freedom, intimations of old age through those telephone calls and through Walter's adolescence. Walter, on the other hand, is discovering Himself and a manufactured thing called Joy, like the heroes of two other loweringly self-absorbed current films: John Whitmore's "Here Comes Every Body" (encounter group in California) and "You're Lying," Vilgot Sjöman's picture about a rebellious petty criminal who grows into a big-time grumbler, alcoholic, and thief because of the ungentleness of our dealings with the out-of-step. Sjöman once made a marvellous period film called "My Sister, My Love," about incest, which had the delicacy and stylistic substance of "Così Fan Tutte." With "I Am Curious, Yellow," his judgment slipped, and here it has slipped again, because the director's manner toward his topics and the character's predicament rarely seem more than paltry. So we have three new films that are solemnly absorbed by the romantic idea of exile from the ego and are directed in ways that make the idea seem too precious. Alan J. Pakula's is half rescued by the carrying power of Maggie Smith's humor and her fascination with other people. Sjöman's film nearly makes it, except that there is something gross in the way he treats his stirring idea about casual penal slaughter. So does "Love and Pain," because of the stoic attempt of Alvin Sargent's Lila to take the sting from distresses by treating them as if they were incidents in farce.

AN endearing Gaumont-British musical of 1934 called "Evergreen" is now playing at Theatre 80, St. Marks Place. It is greatly loved in England but not much known here, in spite of having music and lyrics by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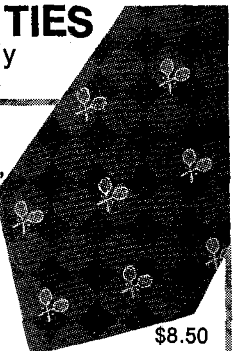

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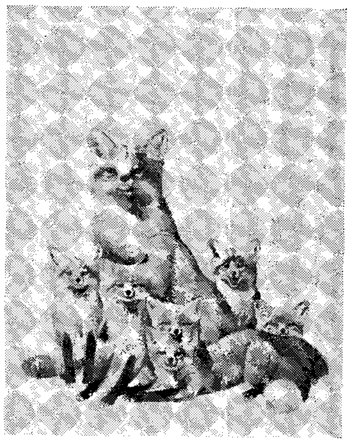
Harry M. Woods and Rodgers and Hart. The star is the beguiling young Jessie Matthews, a beauty with a name more fitted to someone who might come in to clean the brass, and a face even more amazedly circular than those of all the other primrose stars of her day. She sings with the clear boy-soprano voice that one associates with Julie Andrews and "Salad Days" and Gertrude Lawrence and the original English cast of Sandy Wilson's "The Boy Friend" and a life of sleeping with the windows open without central heating in a larynx-bathing mist. In girls on both sides of the Atlantic, pertness then was found rather captivating and feminine. Jessie Matthews had a lot of it. The quality is the exact opposite of, say, the belting energy of Elaine Stritch or the politely suppressed world-suspicion of Beatrice Lillie. In her young days on stage and screen, Jessie Matthews danced ravishingly. The clipped innocence of this film is full of charm, and it must have struck people even at the time as semi-parody, the way Busby Berkeley's movies did.

Miss Matthews plays Harriet Green, the fictional adored pre-First World War star of the Tivoli. She is first seen in "The Past," giving her farewell performance to sobbing charwomen and tearful aristocrats before, as the emotional toastmaster says, "Cupid snatches her from our midst." She is going to marry a marquess. He is chinless and recognizably besotted, and everyone loves a besotted marquess. She sings the famous "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," to wild acclaim, and dances holding a parasol against the hot glare of the follow spot. The chorus is joined by men wearing striped blazers and straw boaters. At a terrific farewell party afterward, she does a famous dance down a long linen-covered banquet table, dragging with her a *Punch*-Cockney understudy, who has been persuaded to become a ladyship herself. The guts and the admirable legs of dancing girls have long been topping up the blood of the English nobility, with Broadway doing more than its share.

Then we are in "The Present," in the Depression, and words like "pluck" are current. Hungry girls queue to pull up their skirts to audition for the chorus: that familiar period scene. The actor playing the director here is Sonnie Hale, throwing tantrums at the squealing girls without even first looking around behind him to make sure that his lackey has put down his stool correctly, so that he can flounce down with aplomb wherever he stops in his



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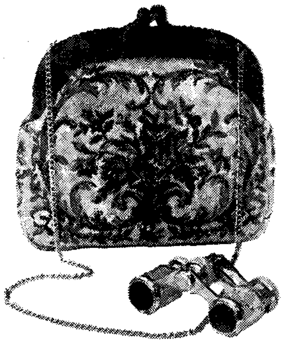

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furious pacing. It was in "The Past," at Harriet's pre-wedding party, that the worst happened. In the middle of the champagne being drunk out of the understudy's rather large slipper (from which her goofy groom-to-be took a fair old glug), our heroine was dramatically called away to Hackney to face her blackmailing lover of the past, by whom she had a daughter. Ashamed unto death of her definitely non-marchionesslike behavior, Harriet left the child in the arms of her dresser and sailed for South Africa, which was where failed marchionesses went in those days. Now, in "The Present," the daughter returns as Harriet Green resurrected, to the joy of London and also of her theatre manager, who is desperate for a gimmick to combat the new talkies. He passes her off as her long-lost mother in a crimped gray wig that wouldn't deceive a soul, and blessed with the skin of an eight-year-old. She does her famous high kicks without a trace of arthritis, although she is supposed to be hitting sixty. She wears glorious wide-legged pajamas and untrammelling tulle evening dresses whenever possible, for the sake of the high kicks, which are breathtaking, though some of the big production numbers are blithely tasteless. There are travelling vistas of chorus boys in 1914 uniforms, in a mechanical-ballet style suggested by Fritz Lang's "Metropolis." The chorus boys are mounted on conveyor belts that let them stand to attention, looking sumptuous, inside halves of gigantic bullets. What's more, a blockbuster bomb shaped like an enormous hair dryer rhythmically comes down to cover one pretty girl after another and bobs up again to show each girl transformed into a replica of a soldier. So much for the munitions work that won the vote for women in England.

But still: "Over My Shoulder Goes One Care" is a tune to which people still fondly know even the words. So is the engagingly dopey "Dancing on the Ceiling" ("I love my ceiling more Since it is a dancing floor Just for my love"), sung by the star staring upward in the early hours in chaste sleepwear. "Evergreen" has real charm, vivacity, and gayness about it: not the biting wit of Lubitsch, but something silly and sweet. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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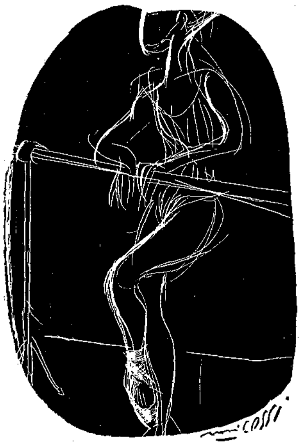
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Nureyev Version



IN ballet history, the usual order is reversed; the Romantic works come first, then the Classical. And the Petipa-Tchaikovsky "Sleeping Beauty," first performed, in St. Petersburg, in 1890, is the grandest, fullest, and finest achievement of Classical ballet—its "definitive statement" and an enduring inspiration to later choreographers. Balanchine, Ashton, and Kenneth MacMillan all proclaim their debt to the inventions of Petipa. Brought from Leningrad to London by Nicholas Sergeyev, "The Sleeping Beauty" became, in 1939, the foundation of the Royal Ballet's work, and the dancers, directors, ballet masters, and teachers who have gone out from Covent Garden to play leading roles in ballet across six continents have all been brought up on "Sleeping Beauty" as ballet's Bible. Meanwhile, in Leningrad itself, "The Sleeping Beauty" remains the work that shows Maryinsky-Kirov dancing at its purest and most poetic. The Kirov company brought its "Sleeping Beauty" to London twelve years ago, and left a new mark on all subsequent Western productions. The influence was continued, in a highly personalized variant, by the participation of the ex-Kirov dancer Rudolf Nureyev in the Royal Ballet performances and then by his own stagings of the work—at La Scala, in 1969, and now for the National Ballet of Canada. With a "Sleeping Beauty" "produced, staged, and with additional choreography by Rudolf Nureyev after Marius Petipa," the Canadian company made its Metropolitan début last week. It offered an exceedingly grand presentation of the piece—from a scenic point of view the grandest, in fact, that I have ever seen.

When August Bournonville, that great Romantic choreographer (whose "La Sylphide" is another work in the Canadian repertory), visited Petersburg in 1874, he was distressed by what he saw: "Much as I wanted to, I could not discover action, dramatic interest, logical continuity, something that would even remotely remind one of common sense. And if, on occasion, I did succeed in finding a trace of something like it (as, for example, in Petipa's 'Don Quixote'), the impression was immediately obscured by an endless number of monotonous bravura appearances." Ivan Alexandrovich Vsevolozhsky, appointed Director of the Imperial Theatres in 1881, changed all that. He instituted production councils in which scenarist, choreographer, composer, and designer got together to plan a new work. Of "The Sleeping Beauty" he was both scenarist and costume designer; Tchaikovsky, "in large letters," dedicated the published score to him. Composer and choreographer worked closely together. Petipa told Tchaikovsky exactly how many measures he wanted for each episode, and specified the tempo, the style, even the scoring. Princess Aurora's first variation should be accompanied by violins and cellos pizzicato, and harps; at Carabosse's unmasking, at the end of Act I, "a chromatic scale must sound in the whole orchestra;" the Sapphire of Act III, being of pentahedral cut, required an accompaniment in 5/4 time. When, during rehearsals, the Panorama music of Act II came to an end before the great panorama of painted canvas had rolled its full course, Tchaikovsky composed extra music, whose length was determined, literally, by the yard. The three collaborators played each his different role in giving unity to the elaborate *féerie.* Vsevolozhsky had his conception of a glittering dance pageant mounting to its climax in an apotheosis-paean to imperial splendor (a paean in the precise sense, since the ending would show Apollo costumed as Louis XIV). Petipa had his sharp-cut scheme for a balanced and well-varied sequence of dances. And Tchaikovsky? He always delighted in the evocation of past centuries. Petipa's blueprint checked his tendency to sprawly form. And he poured out his heart. It is Tchaikovsky's music that gives character to the heroine and expresses the "inner theme" which raises "The Sleeping Beauty" above the level of a pretty divertissement.

Most of the fairy tales that adults go to the theatre to see again and again—"Swan Lake," "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," the "Ring"—symbolically enshrine truths about human experience and human behavior to make their pleasures more than incidental. "Swan Lake," for example, is a drama involving conflict and character; it gives scope for dramatic expression, for acting, and for diverse striking interpretations. By comparison with Prince Siegfried in "Swan Lake," Prince Florimund of "The Sleeping Beauty" is a cipher. What does he do to deserve his princess? The briar thicket surrounding his bride is no dangerous Magic Fire through which only the dauntless can pass. And similarly, by comparison with the brave, pathetic Odette and the formidable temptress Odile, Princess Aurora is a passive heroine played upon by circumstance. Can we find a moral in "The Sleeping Beauty" beyond that guest lists should be kept up-to-date lest awkwardness result? Perrault, who wrote the fairy tale on which the ballet is based, suggested, "What girl would not forgo her marriage vows, at least for a while, to gain a husband who is handsome, rich, courteous, and kind?" Not enough! In a preface to the Penguin edition of Perrault, Geoffrey Brereton remarks that it is "tempting to adopt the nature-myth interpretation and see the tale as an allegory of the long winter sleep of the earth"—but adds that "the allegory, if it is one, is obscure." Tchaikovsky's interpretation was simpler. His "Sleeping Beauty" is a struggle between good and evil, between forces of light and forces of darkness, represented by the benevolent Lilac Fairy and the wicked fairy Carabosse. The prelude, a straightforward exposition of the music associated with the two characters, suggests it; the consistent employment of melodies related to or derived from these themes—the Lilac Fairy's transformation of the Carabosse music at the close of Act I, the Carabosse figuration that propels Aurora's dance with the spindle, the opposition of the two themes in the symphonic entr'acte that precedes the Awakening—makes it clear. These two forces shape Aurora's destiny, and although she initiates nothing, with just a little stretching of the imagination we can accept the declaration of the Russian composer and critic Boris Assafiev that the heroine's three adagios (the Rose Adagio, in E flat; the Vision Scene appearance, in F; the Grand Pas de Deux, in C) tell "the story of a whole life—the growth and development of a playful and carefree child into a young woman who learns, through tribulations, to know great love." It is in this sense that Margot

Fonteyn, since 1939 our leading Aurora, dances the role.

That question "Can we find a moral?" prompts others. Is it right to look for one? Does the "meaning" of "The Sleeping Beauty" not lie simply in its patterns of movement, as does that of, say, "Ballet Imperial," Balanchine's homage to Petipa and Tchaikovsky? While spectacle, pure dance, expressive dance, narrative, and symbolism must mix in any presentation of the work, what importance should be given to any single ingredient? Different productions have provided different answers. The Kirov's has modest décor; the dances shine as rich, perfectly cut jewels in a quiet, rather dowdy setting; this Leningrad "Beauty" is not a drama but a long, lyrical poem in varied metres, spun on a thread of radiant narrative. Kenneth MacMillan's presentation, at the German Opera, in Berlin, in 1967, was very grand indeed to look at (the epochs were moved forward, so that Aurora fell asleep in the reign of Catherine the Great and woke a century later, under Alexander II) and also rather dramatic—yet the main emphasis was again not on the story but on the dances, both Petipa's and those that MacMillan added, in brilliant emulation. The famous old Covent Garden version, which did more than twenty years' hard service (and in 1949 introduced the company to New York), balanced all the ingredients listed above, but toward the end it fell apart; though the central Petipa episodes were lovingly preserved, around them was a ragged patchwork. The 1968 replacement was softly romantic, lavishly sentimental in appearance, and did not last long; I have not seen its successor, which opened at Covent Garden in March.

Nureyev's production for the National Ballet of Canada is different again. The décor, by Nicholas Georgiadis, is even more sumptuous than Barry Kay's in Berlin, though it does not sparkle so brightly. Mr. Kay produced a jewelled effect, of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, with the softer gleam of pearl and opal in the Vision Scene; Mr. Georgiadis prefers an impression of old gold, with touches of rich colors that are muted as if by a layer of fine dust; in the final scene the dominant tone becomes rust red. David Hersey's subtly elaborate lighting subdues the colors still further and blurs distinctions between them; a prevailing amber glow neutralizes all shades in the Vision Scene except when follow spots fall on the principals, or the attendant fairies

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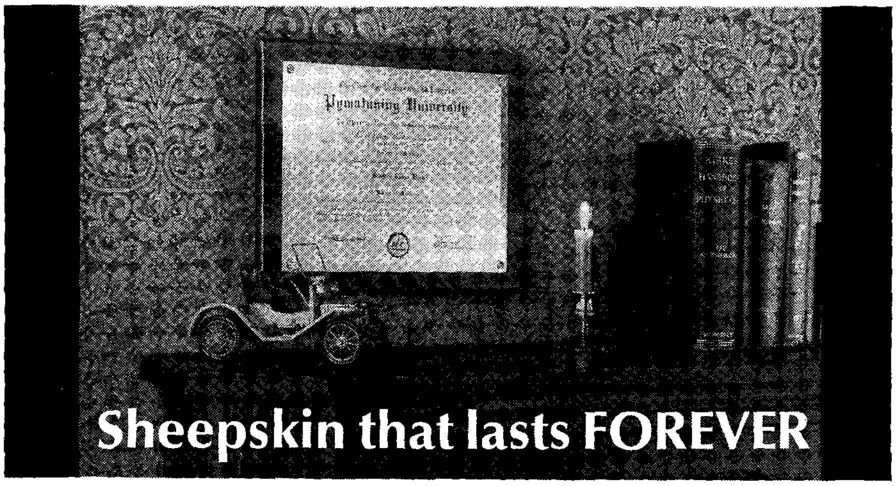

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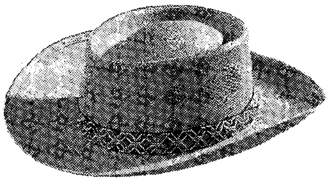

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enter pools of white light stage-front. Blackness at the back strikes an unsuitably sombre note at the christening party of the Prologue; Aurora's wedding, I think, also calls for a more splendid general blaze. All the same, the lighting is carefully and imaginatively wrought. There are some excellent stage effects: a streamer of red ribbon flies across the stage, to shape itself as Carabosse and her retinue; a boat for Florimund and the Lilac Fairy glides magically through the obstacles on the way to the palace. The tableau of sleeping courtiers through which the prince, marvelling, picks his way is a triumph for designer, producer, and lighter at once. Mr. Georgiadis's architecture, substantial and imposing, leaves plenty of space for the dance. His multitudinous costumes are beautiful both in detail and in massed effect. Only the cut of the tutus, which are large, floppy, and thus line-obscuring, is unhappy.

Nureyev's handling of the piece is extremely elaborate, from the first moment of the fairies' entrée; they come on four at a time, *bourrée*ing hand-in-hand, each group with an attendant cavalier, who then lifts the leader while she draws her companions through the mazes of a most un-Petipalike procession. The second fairy variation is danced in duplicate, which is unusual, but in the score the variation does bear the names of two characters (Coulante, Farine). Nureyev's main innovation in the Prologue is to divide the role of the Lilac Fairy into two: a "Principal Fairy," who does the dancing, and a Lilac Fairy "proper," who turns up at the party, last guest to arrive, only after Carabosse has spoken her curse. Crinolined and heavily draped, an ambulant tea cozy, this fairy can do little more than glide about and wave her wand. Carabosse is played by a woman, as she was by Natalia Dudinskaya in Leningrad a decade or so ago, and she is played by Celia Franca in terms of offended dignity rather than evil malice. Her retinue roughs up the good fairies in a rather infelicitous sequence. Amid all this complication, and with the roles of good and evil genies reduced, the point of the Prologue is not clearly made. The fact that the fairies are endowing young Aurora with the gifts characterized in their variations is unstated, and a newcomer might watch the scene without even becoming aware that a royal infant is the focus of the festivities. The knitting bee, at the start of Act I, becomes another production number, involving slatterns, cat's-paws, halberdiers, hangmen, and a good deal of fussy activity. At the close of the act, the four minor

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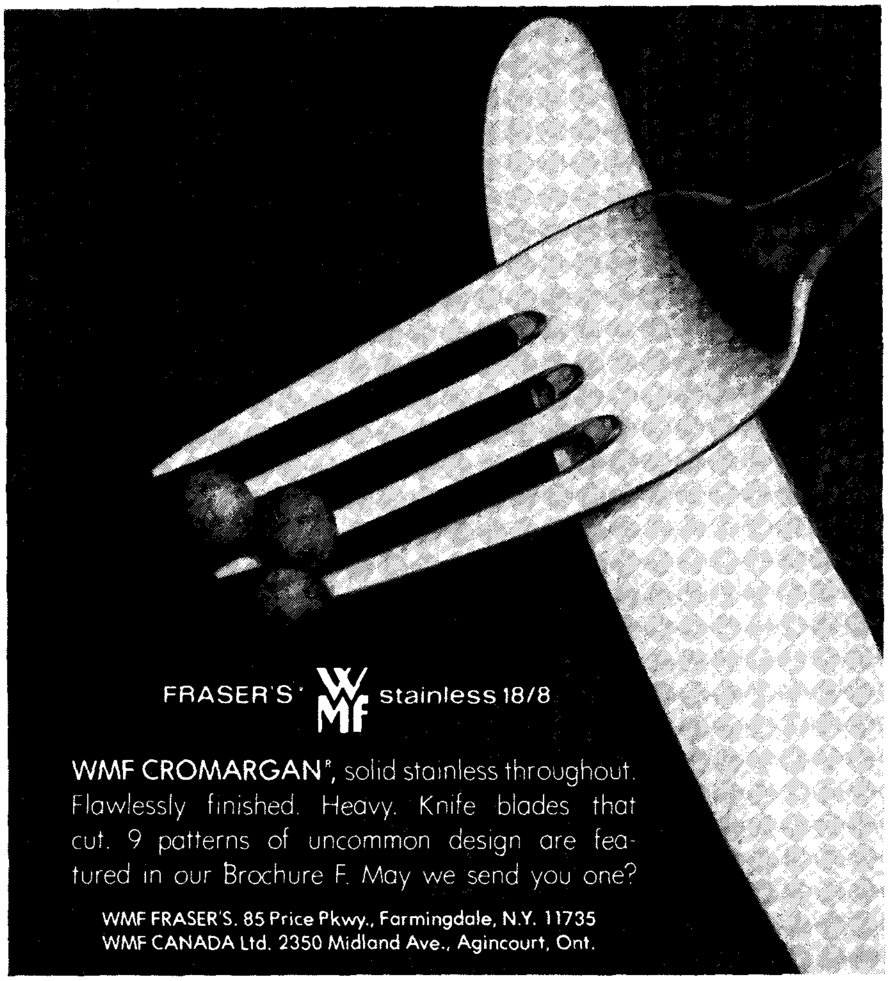
princes, lunging at Carabosse, run one another through. But Petipa's lovely inventions for Aurora are respected, even if eight minstrel girls figure too prominently in parts of the Rose Adagio. Veronica Tennant, Aurora at both performances I saw, places the choreography precisely, apart from a tendency to push forcefully into arabesque. She does not convey much sense of a developing character, and her dancing lacks, above all, legato—that feeling for a flowing line which links one image to the next. It is stop and start again—sequences chopped into short phrases. And this is a general company fault, observable in most of the solo dancing. The musical director, George Crum, has it, too; Tchaikovsky's long melodies do not flow smoothly enough. The anonymous orchestra is proficient but a bit short on strings. Some of Mr. Crum's rhythms are sludgy and undramatic.

When, in Act II, Prince Florimund arrives, in the person of Rudolf Nureyev (who dances fourteen of the sixteen New York performances), he gives a splendid demonstration of that phrasing command which, so to speak, keeps the line going through the rests. In Petipa's original the Prince was not a large dancing role (the brilliant male technician of the Petersburg company, Enrico Cecchetti, created not the Prince but the Bluebird—and also Carabosse); Nureyev has enlarged it. He has given himself three variations in Act II, the second of them done to Panorama music shifted to an earlier point in the act. Aurora's second solo has been rewritten, without the alternating *relevés*, and not improved. The voyage to the palace and the Prince's entry are, as I said, strikingly achieved. After the Awakening, the climax of the story, there is a letdown. It is mainly Petipa's fault; here, surely, there should be a pas de deux for the Princess "whose radiant beauty" (in Perrault's words) "seemed to glow with a kind of heavenly light" and the Prince "who hardly knew how to express his joy and gratitude"—but, instead, the curtain drops after a few bars. In the old Covent Garden version the difficulty was solved by moving straight into the wedding celebrations, and for the 1968 production Ashton composed a tender new pas de deux to the music of the entr'acte. In the Canadian version, on the opening night, Miss Tennant and Nureyev made things worse by expressing no great interest in one another. Reactions in this production were often inadequate. Earlier in Act II, the Prince showed little surprise when the Lilac Fairy joined him but behaved as if fairy apparitions were an everyday oc-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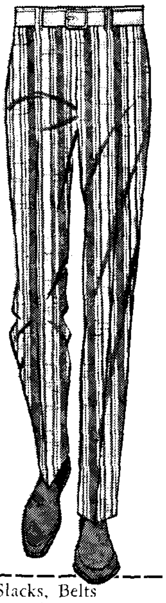
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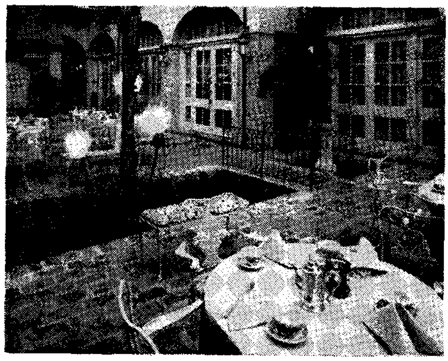

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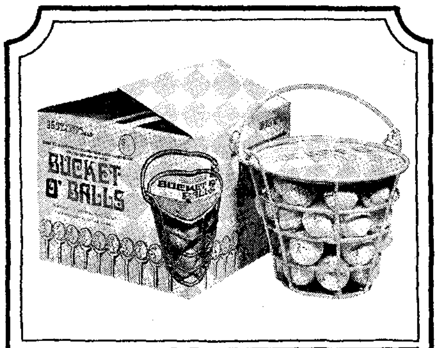

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currence. Act III in the Canadian "Beauty" opens not brilliantly but quietly, with the Sarabande, originally the penultimate dance, brought forward. Then things follow much their usual course. The pas de quatre of Jewels becomes a pas de cinq, with the Diamonds a twin set. (The male Diamond is allotted Sapphire's 5/4 solo variation.) Bluebirds are placed before Cats; Red Ridinghood, Hop-o'-My-Thumb, and Cinderella are omitted; so, unfortunately, is the apotheosis. Again, the plot point—that all the characters of fairyland have assembled to pay homage to the royal couple—is not potently made, but again there is a display of dense dance patterns around the solos, with much rich "doubling at the octave" in Nureyev's favored manner.

The National Ballet of Canada was conceived when the Sadler's Wells/Royal Ballet, after its New York triumphs in 1949, went on to appear in Toronto. The official début was late in 1951; the company comes of age with a "Sleeping Beauty" that shows it need yield nothing in scale of presentation to the London company. Of course, a warning note must be sounded: the well-trained dancers will not mature until the company has a choreographer of its own who composes for them. Being brought up on the Bible—whether Petipa's A.V. or Nureyev's R.V.—is good, but the dancers must also learn to sing their own songs if they are to live and grow. —ANDREW PORTER

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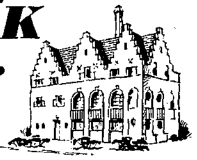


BOOKS

Ayrton Fecit

IN 1967, the English painter and sculptor Michael Ayrton published "The Maze Maker," one of the best of the many mythological novels written in English since 1955, when Robert Graves offered, in his two-volume Penguin "Greek Myths," a handy compendium with-it and far-out enough to make Hellenic legends interesting again. Mr. Ayrton's account of Daedalus, supposedly written by Daedalus himself, picks its way briskly among the scattered and conflicting classical references to its hero, skillfully exploits Graves' jumbled treasure of semantic and anthropological explications, and—though the narrative's second half loses speed in a welter of mysticism and interlocked symbols—repeatedly draws energy from the author's excitement over the art, business, and mystery of fabrication. The primitive craftsman's careful magic comes to life in a dozen procedural descriptions—how to cast bronze, how to make wings, how to counterfeit a honeycomb in gold, how to construct an artificial cow in which a real woman may enjoy intercourse with a god who has assumed the form of a bull. Daedalus gives us the book's thematic core: "Poets have much in common with heroes. They are neither of them aware of the world, of its true appearance nor its real consequence, its structure nor its marvellous imperfection. They are blind to that, and because my methods of gaining experience have been observation, deduction, and experiment, I have been no worse off and much better instructed than any poets or heroes known to me. . . . I am involved in matters which I do not wish disturbed nor interrupted by eloquent activities, the facile assumption of power, speculation on immeasurable phenomena, nor any apotheosis. What I make exists."

Fittingly, then, Mr. Ayrton's next, and present, volume of fiction is entitled "Fabrications" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Twenty-seven short prose pieces, fashioned in a variety of styles and with a variety of pictographic devices, propose to insert into the packed and stacked reality of documented history various shims of speculation and fantasy. Imaginary pages of actual memoirs are supplied. Gilles de Rais takes his part in a performance of Shaw's "Saint Joan" in wartime Southampton, and enlarges the part with a stirring self-defense. An invented Scots artist, "John Calder of Kelty," is plausibly intertwined with known facts and surviving works of sixteenth-century Italy. An extant twelfth-century manuscript illustration is explained by a fable involving one of Mr. Ayrton's favorite themes, taurophilia. The man whose ear St. Peter sliced off lends the other to the mendacities of Flavius Josephus. And so on. The stories presuppose a reader able to delight in pedantry, with enough sense of history to find enchantment in its odd nooks and corners—Rome in 1001, Jotapata in 67. Embroidery of the archival texts is not, in this eclectic era, an unfamiliar form of art: witness the stories of Borges and Barthelme, the poems of Richard Howard and, a century ago, Robert Browning. As a cherisher of old oddities, Mr. Ayrton shows much erudition, wit, and spirit. He tells us about John Philip Sousa's novels, about the curious cookery (flourishing in the dyspeptic reign of Charles I) that incorporated consenting dwarves into large pies called "surprise pastries," and about the eerie heroic statuary of the Saluvii, a Celtic tribe that dominated the valley of the Rhône in pre-Christian times. He is especially vivid, predictably, when he deals with art. Brunelleschi and Giacometti are seen interfering with the space of their time, and Piero della Francesca and Caravaggio deliver monologues that startle with their intensity—for Mr. Ayrton, not predictably, is an excellent mimic of dead styles.

Yet, though "Fabrications" pulls us willingly along from one conceit to the next, and a number seem perfect, something makes resistance all the way, and we emerge feeling that we have left the shop not of an artist but of a hobbyist. Why is this? For one, Mr. Ayrton's voice, when not engaged in a work of impersonation, gravitates toward an off-putting archness:

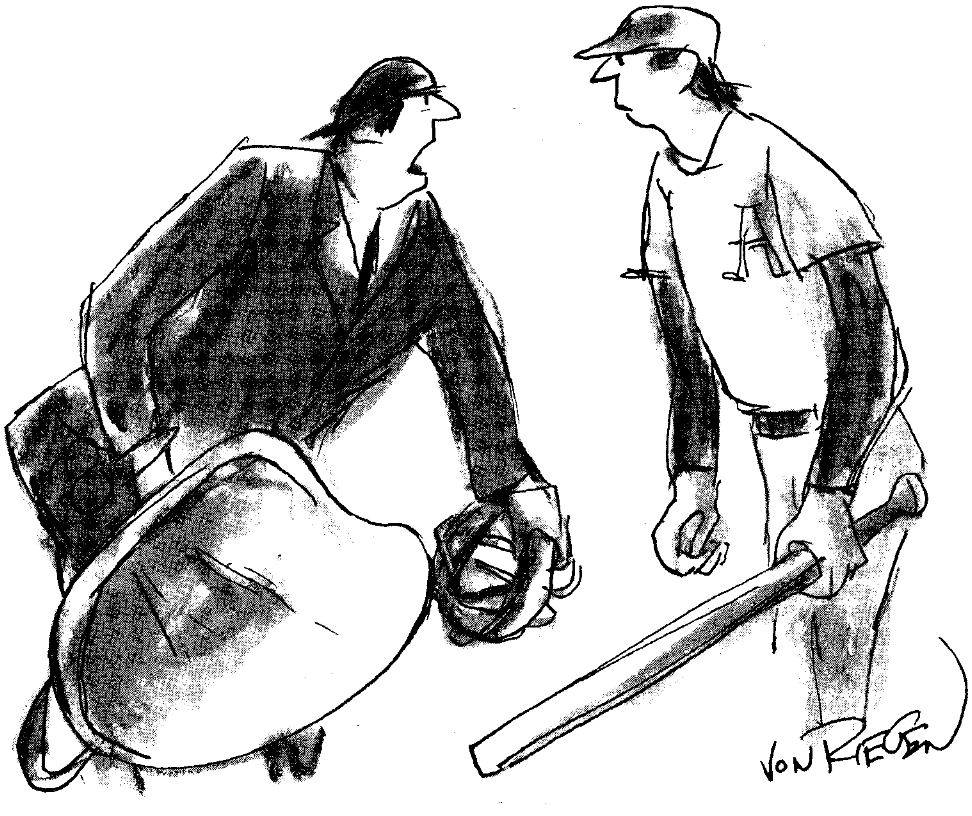
> If I suggest that an art dealer, with whom I have for some time been acquainted, is exceptional even among his coevals, I might, if I named him here, be thought basely to seek to curry favor with him.

In flirting with clichés, he does not always avoid being seduced by them:

> He is particularly knowledgeable about, and on the best of terms with some of those commanding and seminal figures whose names hang, in the world of art, upon every lip.

> . . . not without a substratum of truth to which I at least subscribe.

And, from this same unfortunate pair of pages (the first two in the book, and



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we never quite trust him again), a specimen of the clarifying that stupefies:

> His later life was spent in endlessly seeking to penetrate the barrier and establish the spatial and human dimensions of those few personages whom experience had taught him he could grope truly to perceive when face to face with one.

More than a matter of an occasional careless or windy sentence, it is an error of tone, this trivializing fussiness of diction. In contrast, Borges (whom Mr. Ayrton several times names, as if defying an invidious comparison), though equally recondite in his matter, maintains a directness and a haunted simplicity of prose that carry us into the heart of his shadows and bestow upon *his* fabrications—his "Ficciónes" and "Labyrinths"—the nobility of monoliths.

Nor are Mr. Ayrton's fancies uniformly pretty. It is one thing to bring Dionysus to modern America in search of devotees ("Cool it, man" is the greeting he receives) and another to have Kierkegaard watch the progress of Abraham and Isaac up Mount Moriah in an episode of a television Western. The former impossibility has a certain pith; given the existence of gods, this is how they might behave. The latter is merely impossible; given the existence of television, it could not have been turned on in 1843. The incongruity seems wantonly—even, with the attendant gibes at the Dane's theology, spitefully—produced. Mr. Ayrton takes too lightly his own dreadful freedom to invent what he pleases. Some of his fabrications—"The Minocorn," "Dr. A. R. Broga"—are feeble japes, if not family jokes; others—"A Gesture of the Hand," "The Vanishing Point"—are so graphic in conception that they are too difficult, even with illustrations, to "picture." The illustrations, some of them indispensable, are not very snugly married to the text, or sharply engraved. Indeed, and alas, the book as a whole is not very well produced. Unlikely to reach a large audience, it should have been exquisitely aimed, as a fine fabrication, at the few who would relish its dry learning and delicate mirror play. But the American publisher has imported the English edition, with its strong savor of thrift. The pages have slender upper and outside margins, matched with disproportionately wide lower and inside margins; these large margins make it possible to add illustrations here and there without the expensive trouble of resetting type around them, but they look mistaken on the pages (two out of three) that carry no illustrations or

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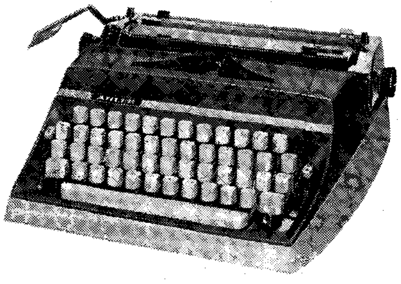

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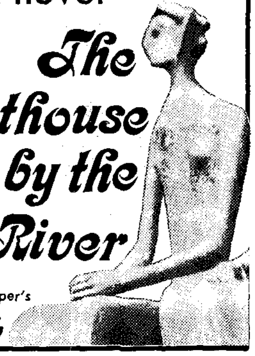

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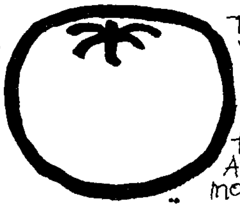

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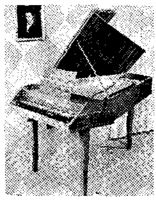

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footnotes. And I have never seen a book contain, for its size, so many widows. A widow—a short line, especially one ending a paragraph, that turns up at the top of a page, where it looks unsightly—can be avoided, either by tampering with the text or by adjusting the pagination; it is elementary book-production manners to avoid widows. Of the first thirty-one pages in "Fabrications" that could be possibly headed by widows, seven are; a deliberate widow-maker could scarcely have contrived more. What would Daedalus have said? Daedalan strictures will seem picayune to writers of a Dionysian persuasion; and of course no story or poem is purely constructed, or purely inspired, any more than the event of sailing can be all sail or all wind. This time out, Mr. Ayrton's intricate rigging creaks, in puffs of erratic breeze.

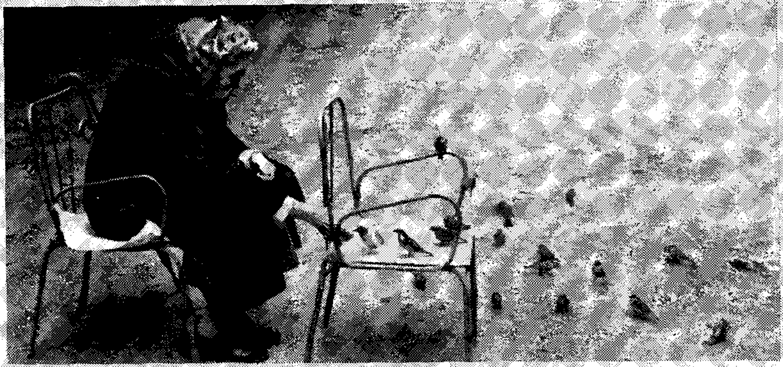
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CATHOLICS, by Brian Moore (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A jewel of a book—Mr. Moore's best since "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne"—about the complexities of religious faith. The story is set at the end of the twentieth century, and it centers on a band of rebellious Albanesian monks, headed by a spiritually troubled abbot, who live, like barnacles, on a rock off the Irish coast. The monks' rebelliousness, which practically amounts to heresy, consists of accommodating their somewhat old-fashioned parishioners (and themselves) by journeying to the mainland every Sunday to celebrate the Mass in Latin, to hear private confession, and to ring the Sanctus bell—all in blatant contravention of the rules and spirit of the now totally streamlined, socially conscious, with-it Church. To put an end to their insubordination, which has begun to attract alarming numbers of pilgrims (thanks to a program on the B.B.C.) and is thought to threaten a projected "*apertura* with Buddhism," Rome sends its ablest trouble-shooter, Father Kinsella. The monks offer stubborn resistance, but the abbot eventually concedes, and Father Kinsella, resplendent in denim fatigues, leaves, victorious, in a flash of helicopter blades. The story is told with such superb grace and wit that one only wishes it were longer.

THE QUEEN OF A DISTANT COUNTRY, by John Braine (Coward, Mc-



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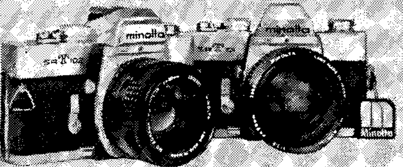

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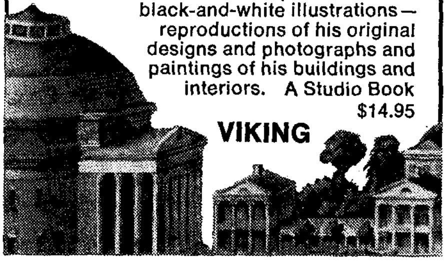

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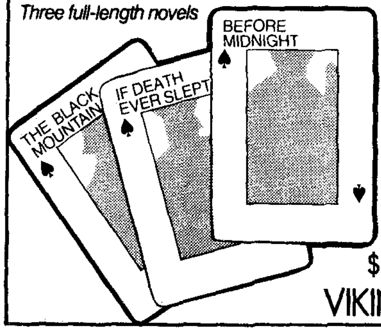

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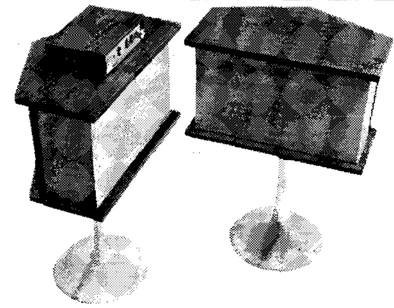

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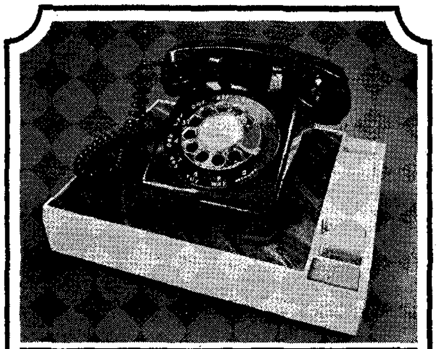

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Cann & Geoghegan). A portrait of the artist as a middle-aged icicle, by the author of "Room at the Top." The central character is a successful thirty-eight-year-old writer of middling talent who realizes with horror one day how little anyone or anything really matters to him: his girl friend doesn't, his ex-wife doesn't, his child doesn't, and, worse, his work threatens not to. In an attempt to change all this, he returns to the scene of his Yorkshire childhood, to try to rekindle his feelings for the one person he has ever loved—a dashing older woman who once encouraged him and started his career on its way. This fails. His Lady Brett has become a frumpy old Marxist who no longer much admires either him or his work, and their meeting is a disaster. Confused but resigned, the writer sulks back to Kensington and eventually bumps into his old girl friend, who nicely allows Mr. Braine to conclude this extremely pompous book by suddenly becoming the answer to everything.

GENERAL

Seven Houses: A Memoir of Time and Places, by Josephine W. Johnson (Simon & Schuster). Miss Johnson looks back curiously on seven houses in which her life has been lived—six in her native Missouri and one in Ohio, where she now resides. She sees these houses not as architecture but as scene, and she sees them in glimpses, in the sudden, unaccountable liftings of memory. In one, there is racing upstairs, down halls, through attics, in games of hide-and-seek. She sees another as steps: "We sat morosely on the back steps in the cold, in the sun, waiting to be allowed inside after a certain quota of fresh air was absorbed." Another house is a hedge of rose-of-Sharon bushes and a precept: " '*Never* put another book on top of the Bible,' Miss Sallie said." There is the family farm, where "I had a rolltop desk in the attic under a dormer window (the wind through those dormer windows made an eerie banshee sound), and I wrote"—her 1934 Pulitzer Prize novel, "Now in November." The memories sharpen with the years, and the Ohio house—a country house, to which she went as a bride and where her children were born—is full of life and event and the world at last seen whole.

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Hyde (Harvard). When Mrs. Thrale was preparing Dr. Johnson's letters to her for publication, she panicked, because she was afraid that there would not be enough to fill the two volumes she intended. Helter-skelter, she added Latin verses and mottoes by Johnson, his translation of some Boethius, anecdotes, and even some of her letters to him. Mrs. Hyde has felt no such need to pad this brief book—based on the Boswell-Thrale letters—about the relationship between Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and her husband, Henry Thrale. Her writing is simple, warm, and scholarly, and brings all her characters to life: Mrs. Thrale, with her "whirligig" of a tongue; Mr. Thrale, the solid, generous husband and host, turned by an apoplectic stroke into an intemperate, mercurial invalid; even Signor Piozzi, the one usually flat character, becomes round at times. As for Boswell, we see him here, by a wonder, as perhaps we have never quite seen him before. Illustrations.

A CHINA PASSAGE, by John Kenneth Galbraith, with photographs by Marc Riboud (Houghton Mifflin). Here and there, Professor Galbraith's humor is a mite ponderous. That criticism out of the way, his brief book can be described as a very useful account—at least for general readers—of Communist China, and particularly of how its economy works. Mr. Galbraith, who made a three-week tour of China last September, is modest about his discoveries: his trip was not as extensive as he could have wished, and he makes clear what he does not know, could not find out, or thought it tactless to ask. Nonetheless, he is able to tell us a very great deal. His work is particularly valuable because he regularly compares unfamiliar Chinese ways of doing things, or peculiarly Chinese economic decisions, with their Western equivalents and alternatives.

NO NEUTRAL GROUND, by Joel Carlson (Crowell). The author, who now teaches at N.Y.U., is a refugee (white) from the Republic of South Africa, where for many years he practiced law and tried to use his work to help the black population. That effort proved impossible, and when his and his wife's freedom, and possibly their lives and the lives of their children, were endangered, they fled. Mr. Carlson, writing simply and plainly of his legal cases, of the Africans he defended, and of the

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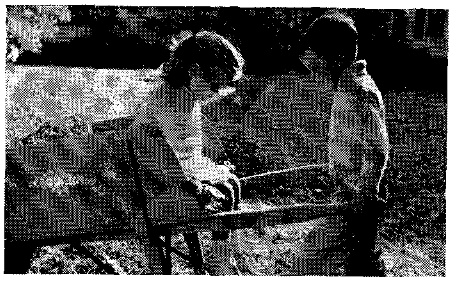

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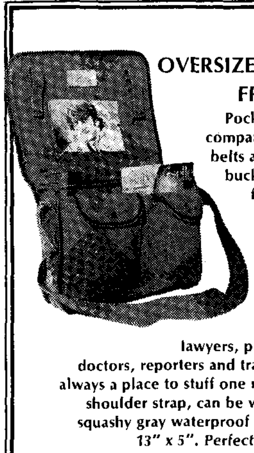

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operations of the Security Police, offers a heartrending and infuriating portrait of life in a country that is doing its best to copy Nazi Germany. He feels that "the structure of the system in South Africa . . . [is] too rotten, too unjust, too cruel to be salvaged," and his only hope is "overturning the regime." He does not discuss how this can be done, but his book makes it very clear why he feels as he does.

COCTEAU'S WORLD: AN ANTHOLOGY OF WRITINGS BY JEAN COCTEAU, edited and with an introduction by Margaret Crosland (Dodd, Mead). In his excellent biography of Cocteau, published several years ago, Francis Steegmuller noted, with considerable irritation, how people tended to belittle Cocteau's real genius, forgetting—as they did with Oscar Wilde—that behind the posturing, the charm, and the extravagant life was a serious, occasionally inspired, and incredibly versatile talent. Steegmuller may have overestimated Cocteau's talent and underestimated the value of the theatrics (more than any of Cocteau's work, they keep his memory alive), but his book put the two in perspective and separated wheat from chaff in the writing. Margaret Crosland's anthology of Cocteau's poems, plays, stories, and essays doesn't do this at all. Good writing and bad are treated with equal hushed respect. And though it is nice to have such a fat Cocteau collection, containing many rarely seen works—such as his marvellous travel reporting on Japan and Egypt, and the much underestimated "Le Livre Blanc," a beautiful novel-memoir about a young homosexual—there is far too much here (including the stultifying "Le Potomak") of Cocteau at his worst.

NOTE: Jeremy Bernstein's portrait of the life and thought of Albert Einstein, which appeared recently in these pages, has been published by Viking under the forthright title "Einstein."

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STATEMENT OF FACT

The purpose of this bill is to remove "feathers" from the definition of litter under the Maine Litter Control Act. It is impossible to keep live birds from shedding feathers while being transported.—*Legislative Document No. 992, 106th Legislature, State of Maine.*

Furthermore, you're going to get feathers wafted downward as long as there are eagles in their flight. Right?

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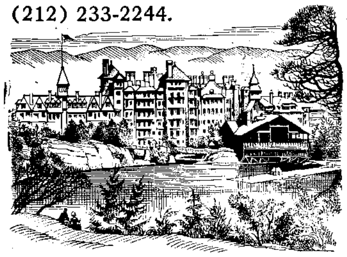

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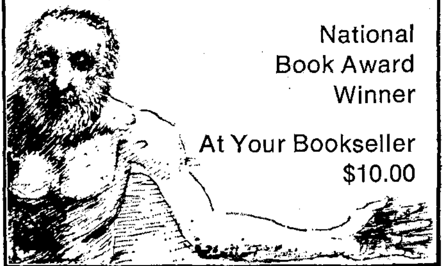

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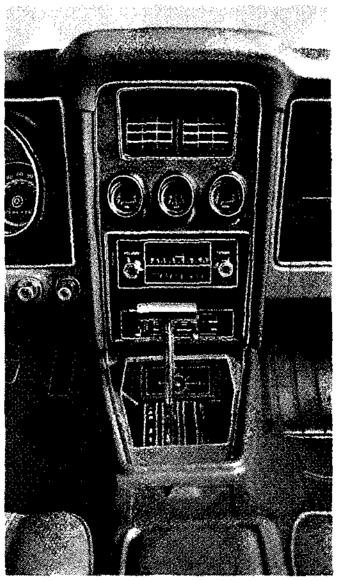

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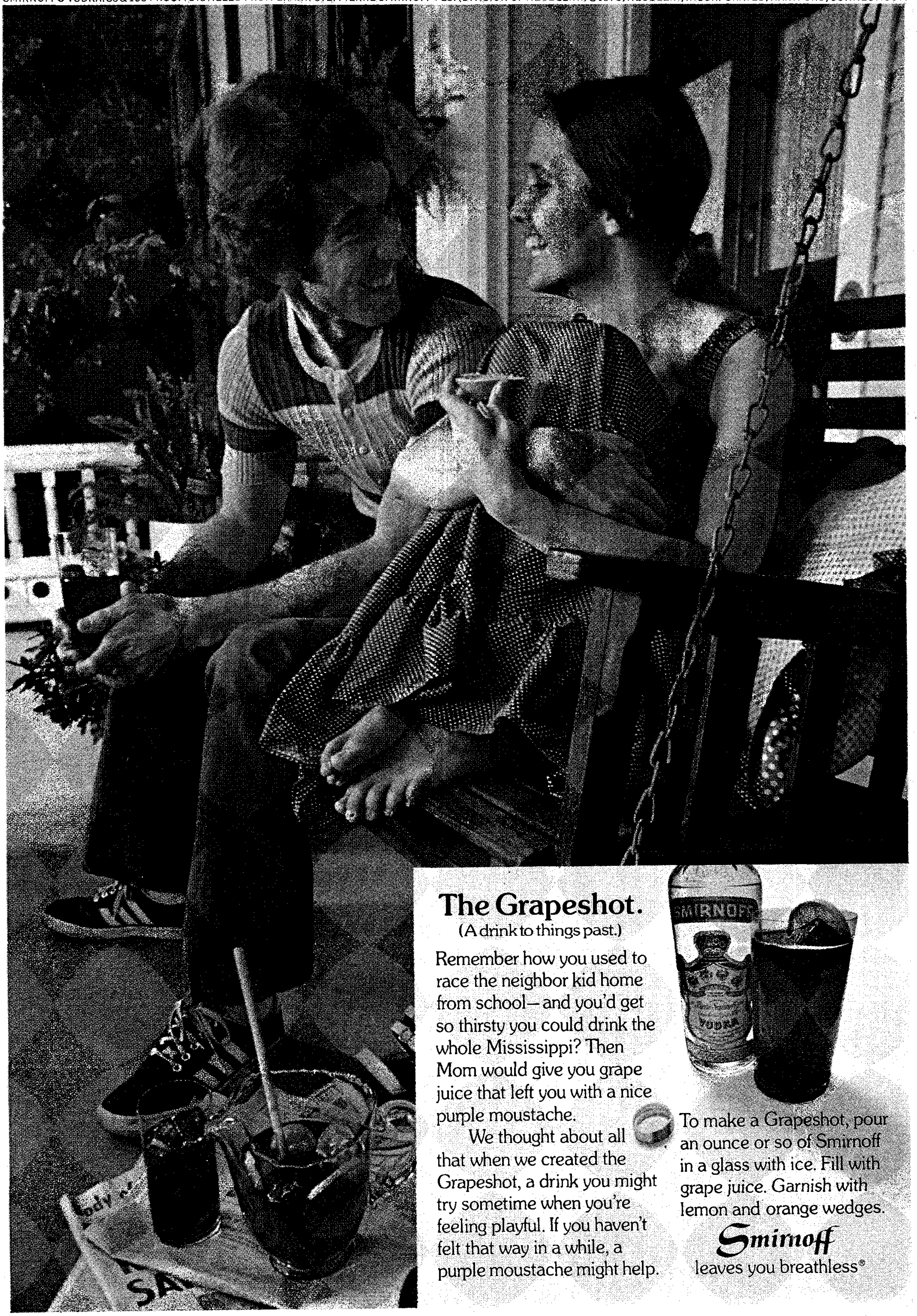

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